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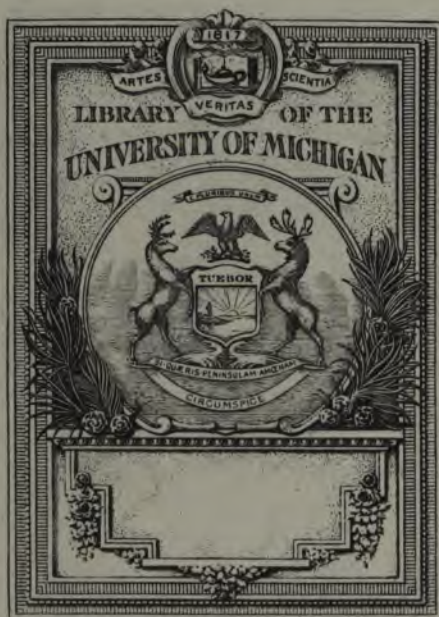
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The Old Cottages Sheep Street

J. Edward Ekins.





THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1807.

BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST INGENIOUS
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS
THAT APPEAR IN THE
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES
OF
MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO,

VOL. XI.

To be continued Annually.

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THE
S P I R I T
 OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

THE BEST HEART IN THE WORLD:
 A DRAMATIC SKETCH, IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ. *

[Original.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old BONCŒUR.	PLASTER, <i>an Apothecary.</i>
Young BONCŒUR.	ROBIN, <i>Servant to Mr.</i>
CHARLES STAMFORD.	<i>Montford.</i>
MONTFORD.	<i>Other Servants.</i>
OUTCAST.	
Sir GEORGE MAIN.	CLARA, <i>the Wife of Young</i>
Lieutenant CARON.	BONCŒUR.
HAUNCH,	MARIA, <i>her Attendant.</i>
GOBBLE,	
GREENFAT, and	
TOPE,	

} *Visitors.*

SCENE—*Part in London, and Part in Hampshire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Boncœur's Seat in Hampshire.—*
An Apartment.—Old BONCŒUR is discovered
reading a Newspaper.

Old BONCŒUR.

HOW pleasing, in the evening of life, is the reflection, especially to a man who has himself paid some attention to his own conduct, connected as it

* The Editor has again to return thanks to his very worthy and much-respected friend, Mr. Moser, for the cheerful promptitude with which

it always is or ought to be with his own interest, that he is possessed of a son who is likely to transmit his name unblemished, and, what is of infinitely greater importance, his estate unincumbered, to posterity; and who is, by every one, allowed to have the best heart in the world! How pleasing, I say, is it to be the father of a youth of whom every one speaks well; who shines the most brilliant meteor of the most elegant circles; who is, in the metropolis, the glass wherein the youth of the age view themselves; who leads the fashion; blazes in domestic splendour; is the idol of the clubs; understands things in the city; governs at Newmarket; shines at Westminster; and, in short, has no vices; at least, none but what he turns to some advantage! Every post brings me intelligence of his fame; every paper is the record of his celebrity; as, for instance, this I hold in my hand. Let me see, where was I? (*Reads.*) "Mr. Henry Boncœur, who possesses the best heart in the world, dreading lest all the arts, the elegances, nay, even the common decencies of life, should expire with the OPERA, has lent his Herculean aid to save the concern from destruction."—Lent: good! I have no doubt but that Harry receives twice as much interest for his *aid* as he would have done for his money if he had not known better than to part with it. (*Reads.*) "A new plan." Good! "Decency to be preserved—undressed wh**** to be banished from the lower

which he met a request, that this work might a second time commence with a DRAMATIC PIECE from his pen*. It must be a gratification to all Mr. M.'s friends to observe, that he can so pleasantly unbend his mind in those short intervals, which the more important and fatiguing duties of a judicial station, in one of the most populous districts of the town, can be supposed to afford a man scrupulous in discharging a sacred trust to the satisfaction of his honour and conscience.

* See Vol. X. p. 1.

parts."

parts." I do not know very well what is meant by WH four stars. I thought all women went **UNDRESSED**, *except their heads*, to the **OPERA** at present. (*Reads.*) "The attention of the town is at present most deeply engaged, by the match which is to be run at this Spring Meeting, Newmarket, betwixt Sir Robert Pigeon's bay horse **COMET**, and Mr. Henry Boncœur's black gelding **DEEP ONE**. Immense sums are depending upon this race—policies are open every where. It is most singular that Mr. H. B. sold **COMET** to Sir R. P. because he did not carry his *tail* well." Not at all singular; Harry knows **COMET** from the head to the hoof; has all his paces; irregular in his orbit—he'll run the wrong side of the post—besides, little **TOM** that's to ride him was brought up in this family. What's here, more news about my hero? "The town has long whispered the intimacy betwixt Mr. H. B. and **LADY MAIN**. Sir George is now said to have become a dependant upon her seducer." Well then, what reason has he to complain? Oh! here the editor has taken up my very idea: "No one believes any thing wrong on the part of the gallant gay Lothario, because he is allowed to possess the best heart in the world." The conductor of this paper is a sensible fellow. Possess the best heart in the world—to be sure he does, joined to the best head. Let me now view this darling son as a politician, and I shall have done the pleasing speculation of the morning. A paper of this kind, like the vision of *Mirza*, sets the spirits for the day. Ah! here's the place. (*Reads.*) "The debate was warm and animated—talents opposed to imbecility. Mr. Henry Boncœur rose, it being the first time since his fall from his high situation. He seemed, like Antæus, to have gathered strength from having touched his mother earth." Pretty! "Dashed at once into the river **PLATE**. The members as mute as fishes gaping for loaves.

loaves. Compared his right honourable opponent to TIMON, who gave gold to every one, except those that deserved it; likened himself to ALCIBIADES; flew to the Cape of Good Hope; and then to the Westminster election; turned all the jests that had been made upon OLD BARNACLE and his NEPHEW against the authors of them; proved that a car two story high, would operate as the salvation of the country, because politicians had only before dived to the *bottom* of things, but it was now resolved to look as near to the *top* as possible; so that an ingenious member had contrived, as his first essay, to take a peep into the two pair of stairs apartments of all his constituents. The House, through the whole of his speech, was convulsed with laughter—every blaze of eloquence was cheered with a burst of applause—the minority electrified—the majority petrified.”—Here’s a son!

Enter MONTFORD.

Montford. Ah! here’s a son indeed: to which I may add, here’s a nephew! for so, since he is unfortunately married to my niece, I am obliged to call him; but I see you are justly irritated, therefore I do not wish to inflame you more: yet, I must speak, for all has come out.

Old Boncœur. Out! What has come out?

Montford. All!

Old Boncœur. All! I know of no all, but that you have come out in a very bad humour.

Montford. Why, have you not heard of Henry?

Old Boncœur. I hear of nothing else. The papers are full of him.

Montford. I do not doubt it: the town, I understand, rings of him.

Old Boncœur. From the one end to the other; all men join in his praise; every one allows that he possesses the best heart in the world.

Montford

Montford. Who?

Old Boncœur. Why, Henry, to be sure.

Montford. He! Then you have not heard that he won twenty thousand, the other night, of young SAPPULL?

Old Boncœur. No! but I am glad to hear it.

Montford. Glad to hear it?

Old Boncœur. Yes! ready money is always of use.

Montford. Could it be fairly won?

Old Boncœur. I have not given myself the trouble to inquire.

Montford. Then Lady Main.

Old Boncœur. That's an old story: I have it in the paper.

Montford. Do you not tremble?

Old Boncœur. No! it is impossible any damages can ensue.

Montford. Damages!

Old Boncœur. Yes. No court on earth will give any.

Montford. I do not know what the courts on earth may do, but surely there is a court above where such crimes will not go unpunished. However, I now come to my niece.

Old Boncœur. I hope she is well?

Montford. Well! If by hope you mean expectation, how can you have such an idea after what you know?

Old Boncœur. What do I know?

Montford. Why, you know Charles Stamford.

Old Boncœur. Well.

Montford. I am sorry you think it so: for my part I am of a different opinion, and thank Heaven I am so.

Old Boncœur. The opinions of mankind will differ, Mr. Montford.

Montford. In points of what is just, right, and fitting, they ought never, Mr. Boncœur. But, to

the subject of my visit—you well know Charles Stamford? though I am only acquainted with his virtues.

Old Boncœur. A weak young man: no one ever imagined he possessed any great goodness of heart. I wonder why that old Nabobess, Mrs. Hargrave, left him her immense fortune.

Montford. Where could she have bestowed it better? She was well acquainted with the real goodness of his heart; which in your son is only assumed.

Mr. Boncœur. Assumed! Mr. Montford.

Montford. I say, assumed, Mr. Boncœur, to cover the worst of purposes; which are, alas! at present, however, too obvious. Henry and Charles, I learn, were schoolfellows. I need not detail to you how often the good sense and generosity of the latter were the dupes of the cunning and avarice of the former. At college they were companions. How often your real parsimony, or the fictitious necessities of Henry, extracted more than half of the slender remittances of Charles, I need not relate to you. Blinded as he was by his own integrity of heart, he loved your son as his life; trusted him with all his secrets; and never suspected that he was fostering a viper in his bosom, that would sting him in a vital part.

Old Boncœur. A viper! Well, proceed.

Montford. A service which he had the good fortune to render her father, Captain Montford, made him acquainted with Clara, my lovely niece: he loved her to distraction; and, from the openness of his disposition, communicated his passion to Henry: to him he intrusted the consolation of the lovely girl, while he flew to attend his dying aunt. How Henry broke his sacred engagements, betrayed his friend, and triumphed over the virtue of her whom he had solemnly sworn to protect, you are well informed. What did Charles do upon this occasion?

Old Boncœur. A very foolish thing, in my opinion.

Montford.

Montford. Did he not, to restore the honour of the woman he adored, give a fortune equal to the demands of your avarice, to the man that had betrayed him?

Old Boncœur. Yes, he did. You do not suppose that I should have suffered Henry to have married a woman without a fortune?

Montford. I come not to controvert your opinion upon this subject; but to ask, did not Charles make one, and only one, condition with you and your son; which was, that the part which he had taken in this affair should be kept an inviolable secret from the young lady?

Old Boncœur. Yes! I freely confess that I believe there was such a condition.

Montford. Then how durst your son, your darling, but I say infamous Henry, to break it: and at a moment too, when my lovely niece was suffering from the consequences of her lying-in; at a moment when the physician had stated that her existence depended upon her mind being kept undisturbed; this moment the villain chose to discover a secret which he had most solemnly promised to keep.

Old Boncœur. This was uncourteous.

Montford. Uncourteous! Can you not stigmatize it by a stronger epithet?

Old Boncœur. Impossible! There was no penalty annexed to this breach of contract; so that Charles will never be able to recover any thing.

Montford. Penalty upon breach of contract! Recover!—I am astonished! I wish my niece may be able to recover from the effects of his cruelty.

Old Boncœur. I can't see what you will make of this either in the Commons or the Hall.

Montford. Commons and Hall! I appeal not to courts of law, but to the court of compassion; which

ought to reign in the bosom of every one, especially those of a husband and a father.

Old Boncœur. So it ought; and therefore, in the latter character, depend upon it I will not suffer any body to speak ill of my son, who is an honour to his family. In the mean time, whatsoever little misapprehension may have arisen on the part of your niece, I have no question but he will explain it in a manner redounding to his own credit: therefore you must believe, because it is promulgated in every newspaper, that he possesses the best heart in the world.

[*Exit Old BONCŒUR.*

Montford. Nobody must speak ill of my son!—Explain it when they meet!—That meeting will, I hope, never take place. The only thing Henry has done to oblige his amiable wife, is his consenting that she should reside under my guardianship in the country. In my retired situation it shall be my care, by the most sedulous endeavours, to sooth her mind, and to promote the recovery of her spirits. To do this with effect, may Providence enable her equally to forget the love she has lost, and the husband she has found!

[*Exit MONTFORD.*

SCENE II.—*A Library in Young BONCŒUR's House—
Young BONCŒUR is discovered writing.*

Young Boncœur. The triumphs of Bacchus are short-lived—nor are those of Venus, though infinitely more pleasing, much more permanent—political triumphs are still more evanescent; and those of party the greatest absurdity in the creation: yet, in the mind of a man of the world, each of these passions must take its turn. Why? because if in every thing, except what regards the fair sex, his bosom is hardened with that constitutional apathy so necessary to polite existence, he lurks safely behind the sevenfold shield.

shield of his own insensibility, while he turns the follies and vices of mankind, ay and sometimes of womankind too, to his own advantage, that is, to the advantage of the darling passion, which is, indeed, the only one that a wise man will suffer to predominate—avarice; a propensity which, although declaimed against by the philosophers, and execrated by the poets, is in a greater or less degree mingled in every composition, and expands into different forms, according to the different habits of its possessors. To this passion it is owing that so many start for the goal of celebrity; and, in their course, exhibit an avarice of praise, of admiration, of beauty, of *virtù*, of trifles, of horses, of dogs, of the arts, of dress, dancing, fiddling, and a hundred follies more; that render them liable to the attacks of those who, like myself, possess that superior sort of avarice which only rests upon the accumulation of riches.

Enter OUTCAST.

Outcast. Heyday! Harry! What, are you reading a lecture to yourself, or studying your next speech? Your last we consider as remarkably brilliant; I *did* you, myself, in three of the papers yesterday.

Young Boncœur. I am extremely obliged to you.

Outcast. Are you? Well, then, I'll keep up the ball, by giving you a *quant. suff.* as Dr. Drowsy says, of abuse, to-morrow.

Young Boncœur. That will still heighten the obligation.

Outcast. The hint about Lady Main did you no harm with the fair sex.

Young Boncœur. None in the world.

Outcast. Do you know I have a plan to part you from your wife?

Young Boncœur. How?

Outcast. I mean in the papers.

Young Boncœur. I should have no objection to your doing it in reality.

Outcast. I have provided a gallant for her.

Young Boncœur. That is kind. Who?

Outcast. Charles Stamford.

Young Boncœur. How came you to know any thing about that affair?

Outcast. I know every thing! Besides, I hate him, he's such a sober dog.

Young Boncœur. A vile propensity that.

Outcast. Shocking! You are exactly the reverse. No man has such a cellar, or keeps such a table.

Young Boncœur. It is my foible to endeavour to attract my friends.

Outcast. Good eating is the parent of generous propensities. Good wine, the poet says, breeds good counsel. You had all the young sprigs of fashion yesterday.

Young Boncœur. Yes, the hopes of their country.

Outcast. My hint, which caused the introduction of the cards and dice, was not out of time.

Young Boncœur. It came most appropriate.

Outcast. I observed that you swept the tables—successful in every thing.

Young Boncœur. Why, pretty well: not much of the ready—a good many notes and bills—you must see what you can do with some of them.

Outcast. Let me alone! I am the best discounteer and dun in England. Made Lord Churl take up his son's note before I had been with him half an hour; though, when I first came into the room, he was going to send for the officers, and have me taken to Marlborough Street for a swindler.

Young Boncœur. My name did not appear in that business.

Outcast. Close, in that respect, as the stone statue of Harpocrates in his hall. You intend to have deep doings to-day?

Young

Young Boncœur. I give a turtle to a few friends.

Outcast. I am afraid you have a design upon the city. But what shall I do? I am out of cash.

Young Boncœur. How?

Outcast. Met with Frank Fleece'em last night as I was going home: we went into a house, sat down with him, and he stripped me of my last guinea. You must come down.

Young Boncœur. You should have been more cautious.

Outcast. I'll grant I should; but this advice not only comes too late, but with an ill grace from you, after what I have done for you.

Young Boncœur. Done for me!

Outcast. Yes; have I not let you into the secret? brought you *colts*? did I not, last night, give you the signs?

Young Boncœur. Have I not already advanced?

Outcast. Talk not to me of advancing! Have you not, through my means, obtained a princely revenue? Puffed you in all the papers; extolled your speeches, your stud, and your horsemanship; detailed your dinners, till I've set all the gluttons in town agog to be acquainted with you? in a manner, advertised your house? Have I not brought you acquainted with every one that is worth knowing, particularly with Sir George Main, young Sapskull, and Letitia?

Young Boncœur. Well, you need not bawl so devilish loud: it is not necessary that our affairs should be heard all over the square; therefore, I shall not, by way of recrimination, state what I have done for you, because I must mention things and places that are not quite so agreeable: however, for once I'll relieve your distress: here—(*Gives him some Bank notes.*)—avoid Frank Fleece'em, and be more cautious in future.

Outcast. Your advice is as prudent as your donation is generous. I am sure, I have always said, that you have the best heart in the world.

Young Boncœur. Well, attend at dinner: I may, perhaps, want your assistance.

Outcast. In the mean time shall I take those bills?

Young Boncœur. No! I rather think I shall send them to my banker.

Outcast. There's ne'er a banker in England can dun like me. Shall I call on Sir Robert's groom, and learn how COMET goes on?

Young Boncœur. Yes, you may do that.

Outcast. The match engages the attention of all the knowing ones.

Young Boncœur. Oh! I have no doubt.

Outcast. The flats, instead of laying upon his head, bet on his tail.

Young Boncœur. These are topsy-turvy times.

Outcast. So they are.—Any message to Letitia?

Young Boncœur. I shall probably call on her myself.

Outcast. Then good morning, Mr. Boncœur. I shall be with you at six. Deep doings, I have no doubt: no attraction like a turtle: it is a *bait* for all the loose fish in town.

[Exit OUTCAST.]

Young Boncœur. That's a sad scoundrel; but, as it is impossible to do without him, I must, I think, make the best of him.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir George Main.

Young Boncœur. Show him in.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Sir GEORGE MAIN.

Sir George. I am, Mr. Boncœur, beyond measure shocked: have you seen the papers?

Young

Young Boncœur. Seen them I have, that is certain; but it is equally certain that I have not read them.

Sir George. Yet you must be apprised of the liberties that are taken with the character of Lady Main. The calumny to which the attention of the town was, some days since, directed, is again repeated; and your name, or rather the initials of your name, are again implicated.

Young Boncœur. Why do you not complain to the editors?

Sir George. I intend, Sir, to complain to a much higher power; and hope you will join to do yourself and me that justice which the case seems to demand.

Young Boncœur. You had much better, Sir George, not make a serious affair of such trifles as these.

Sir George. Trifles! Are the honour of a wife, and the keen feelings of an injured husband, trifles, in your code of morality, Mr. Boncœur?

Young Boncœur. They are, when compared to matters of so much greater consequence, which you and I have to discuss. I have large demands made upon me in consequence of my connexion with you—want cash—was going to call on you to request some advance, at least upon the bonds—seven instalments due.

Sir George. Heavens! you know my distressed situation; nay, you know how I was brought into it.

Young Boncœur. I do; but there is one thing that I do not know.

Sir George. What is that?

Young Boncœur. A very natural suggestion where property is at stake, which is, how you will be extricated from it: certainly not by taking notice of the ephemeral lies and scandal of the day. My carriage is at the door: I am going to call upon FORECLOSE, the conveyancer; shall I set you down?

Sir

Sir George. Sir! Mr. Boncœur! This is adding insult to cruelty. The calumny to which I have alluded, is, probably, promulgated by yourself; therefore, if you do not deny it in the most public and pointed terms, and use every means to bring the publishers of it to justice, depend upon it I shall consider you as the author, and punish you accordingly.

[*Exit Sir GEORGE MAIN.*

Young Boncœur. Here's ingratitude! This is the man who had free access to my house, my table, and my fortune: how miserably have I been deceived in him! I thought, from the firm hold that I had taken of his affairs, he would, at least, have been quiet. A dupe to my own sensibility and credulity, it really is, with respect to interest, a misfortune to possess the best heart in the world.

[*Exit Young BONCŒUR.*

SCENE III.—*Changes to a View of Mr. Montford's Cottage—A Paddock before, with a Walk down it, and a Wicket-gate in Front.*

CLARA comes down the Walk, followed by MARIA.

Clara. Lend me the assistance of your arm, my faithful Maria; for, although considerably recovered, I declare I am still so weak, that, short as the walk is from my uncle's house, I feel myself extremely fatigued.

Maria. Ah! I do not wonder at it, my dear good lady, after the troubles you have had, and the recent loss of your infant: to say nothing of the cruelty of your husband, because you bid me never name his name to you again, no more I never will.

Clara. You seem, indeed, disposed to keep your promise; but I must not be offended with that zeal and ardour, though mingled with indiscretion, from which I have, on many trying occasions, derived the greatest consolation

consolation and assistance ;—but no more of my husband.

Maria. He the possessor of the best heart in the world, indeed ! for to come to go to treat you with such cruelty.

Clara. Again, Maria ! In spite of admonition.

Maria. I beg your pardon, Madam ! Thank Heaven you are out of his clutches !

Clara. Thank Heaven I am ! In the cottage of my uncle I have already experienced a dawn of that peace of mind to which I had long been a stranger.

Maria. The worst of it is, that you are so near the stately mansion of your father-in-law ; who, if we can trust to what Robin and the rest of your uncle's servants say, nay, the people of the George, in the village, are of the same opinion, is not a bit better than his son.

Clara. Heavens ! have you mentioned my affairs to my uncle's servants ? Are the people of the George apprised of my situation ?

Maria. Not a particle did they ever learn from me. I only, when we first came down, said, as the house-keeper, Mrs. Keys, is a very civil woman, as you know, for she has been remarkable kind and attentive to you, so I only expressed my joy that we had come from London. “ Mr. B.” I will not mention his name for the world, “ did not behave quite so well as he should do to that angel your young lady,” said she. “ No, Ma'am,” said I. “ He had his mours,” said she : “ No,” said I, “ he had no Moors.” You know, Madam, there was not. “ But he had them of all other colours,” said I. “ Plenty of mistresses,” said she. “ And to spare,” said I.

Clara. Heavens, my good Maria, how are you running on !

Maria. Not in the least, Madam ; I have just done. I did, indeed, drop her a few hints of what she knew before,

before, because she asked me the question. How it got to the other servants I know not; yet I can guess too; for there is no stopping people's ears, or their tongues.

Clara. That I most unfortunately find.

Enter ROBIN running.

Robin. I warrant that our master, who is the best man in the world, that is in Hampshire, will be glad to see the gentleman; tho'f, for zure, it was a very startlish beast.

Maria. What man and beast are you talking about, Robin?

Robin. What, you doant know? may be not: well, then, I'se tell to thee; tho'f I am in a plaguy hurry.

Maria. So you seem.

Robin. Yees! tho'f I think there be no bones broke, only stund and stagnated a bit.

Clara. Bones broke! Stunned! Of whom are you speaking?

Robin. Of the gentleman.

Clara. What gentleman?

Robin. What, you doant know neither? may be not: well, then, I'll tell to thee: I was just going a-field by master's orders, and your orders, Madam, to catch your poney, because——

Clara. Never mind because; I know why I wanted him. What of the gentleman?

Robin. What gentleman?

Maria. Why any gentleman, you blockhead.

Robin. Nay! with you, one gentleman's as good as another, there's a bob for you; so, as I was turning along Cartrut Lane, by Goody Brown's backside (went that way, you mun know, because I was in hurry, tho'f it is main miry), I saw a horse prancing and capering as if the devil was in him.

Maria

Maria. By himself?

Robin. Noa, you filley; a young gentleman was on the back o'un: so I gee's a holloo. Goody Brown run out, so he——

Maria. The horse?

Robin. Yees, zure, flounced and floundered ten times worse, and, at last, do'wn he came, just by the auld stump.

Clara. Heavens! I hope the rider was not hurt.

Robin. Not much; tho'f the stump, I guess, was harder than his head; and his arm was a little wrangled, as we may say, by pitching on it.

Clara. Heavens and earth! run for assistance.

Robin. I have been running all this time, only this way bit that I have stopped; however, Ned of the George, and the gentleman's servant, came up, and they carried him into Goody Brown's hovel. I'll now run again for assistance.

Enter MONTFORD and Servants.

Montford. If your legs went as fast as your tongue, you would have been with me half an hour ago. A gentleman's servant rode up the lane, and informed me that an accident had happened to his master; I sent him on to Mr. Plaster, the apothecary, in the village, and am now going to see if he is in a condition to be conveyed to my house.

Clara. Let me not detain you a moment, my dear uncle: your prompt attention may, perhaps, procure the means to save his life.

[Exeunt MONTFORD and Servants.]

Maria, we will hasten to the house, and order an apartment to be prepared for his reception.

Maria. However your humanity may urge, your health will not allow you to make great exertions; therefore, my dear lady, lean upon me, and I'll support you.

Clara,

Clara. I have indeed need of your support to aid my own imbecility: the smallest accident, and I hope this we have just heard of is of that description, agitates my spirits. Ah, Charles! Charles! why was I informed of thy exalted generosity?

[*Exit CLARA, leaning upon MARIA; they go through the Wicket-gate up to the Cottage, and the Scene closes.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Young BONCŒUR's House—An Apartment.*

Enter OUTCAST, HAUNCH, GOBBLE, GREENFAT, and TOPE.

Outcast. Well, what do you think of our living in the West?

Greenfat. Far beyond any thing I have seen in the East: the dinner was in every respect magnificent.

Haunch. The venison in the height of perfection.

Tope. The wines of the first order. I wonder where our liberal host will get a supply to keep up his stock which he dispenses with such profusion, now that sober dog, who is only to be intoxicated with ambition, has ordered all the vines to be grubbed up, and coffee-bushes to be planted in their stead.

Gobble. Nothing could have improved the dinner, except indeed we had had two turtles——

Tope. And magnums, that would hold two gallons each.

Outcast. Now you speak of magnums, it puts me in mind of a story which Sir George Main told me.

Haunch.

Haunch. Sir George Main!—I expected to meet him here at dinner.

Outcast. Did you? (*Smiles.*)

Gobble. So did I: I have a little account to settle with him.

Outcast. An account to settle with him?—good!

Greenfat. So have I.

Haunch. Mine's not a little account.

Tope. Nor mine: all the wine in his cellar——

Outcast. Is safely locked up. It is not pleasant to me to mention these things. Sir George is a good-natured fellow, but careless; a little dip'd with me. I've set it down among my bad debts. Boncœur kept his head above water as long as he could; he may now go whistle for his money.

Gobble. But I will not whistle for mine, if it is to be had.

Haunch. Nor I for mine.

Outcast. A little derangement of affairs—a small execution or two in his house—nothing of any consequence: Sir George is a good-natured fellow—if he *could* have come, he would—A monstrous joker. Shall I tell you the story of the magnum?

Haunch. We have no time to listen to stories; at least, I speak for myself. I must go about this affair immediately.

All. So must we.

[*Exeunt* HAUNCH, GOBBLE, GREENFAT, and TOPE.

Enter BONCŒUR.

Outcast. Thus far we run before the wind. I have sent some of your city friends, who seem waspish, to sting Sir George.

Boncœur. If the lady is driven from her house, this is open to receive her.

Outcast. How did the bets go upon the match?

Boncœur.

Boncœur. Oh, I have done every thing I w
The company is now retired from drinking, to haz

Outcast. Are Sir Robert Pigeon, young Saps
and Tony Roleau, the banker, gone up with them

Boncœur. Yes; you should not have parted
Tope so soon. He promised to do them.

Outcast. I shall be wanted.

Boncœur. You will.

Outcast. We will go up together.

Boncœur. I'll follow you immediately.

[Exit OUTC

BONCŒUR solus.

With what avidity and eagerness do those er
nothings, whose minds are a vacuum, till some
friend crams a little intelligence into them, s
low the lie of the day! That senseless story res
ing my wife, and that idiot Charles Stamford,
never had the smallest idea of the value of mo
except to do what he calls good with it, that i
throw it away upon the undeserving—that sens
story, I say, appears to have gained universal
dence. I saw half the company above ready to l
with eagerness to inform the other half of what,
it been true, they ought in this house to have
cealed: so I gave a hint which at once unlocked
tongues, and out the torrent burst, in the form of
crations and lamentations. Charles was at once
to the devil, *nem. con.* for violating the wife o
friend of his youth, and the companion of his
years; the lady consigned to perdition for betr
a tender husband, who had taken her without a
tune; and myself, the man possessing the best
in the world, mourned over, and pitied, for h
been equally deceived by friendship and by
Such is the state of modern society; therefore,
the world is so easily imposed upon, let me avail

self of its cullibility. Nothing but affluence secures reputation; therefore be it my part to secure affluence.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Lieutenant Caron, to wait on your Honour.

Young Boncœur. I know no such person.

Servant. He says, that he has not the honour to be known to your Honour, but his business is urgent, and he will not detain you five minutes.

Young Boncœur. Well! shew him in.

[*Exit Servant.*

Caron!—the same name as that of Letitia. Sure, she has “no brother in a sister’s quarrel bold!”

Enter Lieutenant CARON.

Lieut. Caron. Sir, it would be my first business to apologize for this intrusion at so unseasonable an hour, had I not a superior duty to attend to—the honour of a sister; therefore, compliment must recede before the call of consanguinity.

Young Boncœur. I do not very well understand your opening, as a learned friend of mine says; but I am as much disposed as yourself to wave compliment in favour of brevity.

Lieut. Caron. Mr. Boncœur, if you have already sported with the feelings of a sister, do not treat the feelings of a brother with levity, because I warn you, that it may not be quite so safe.

Young Boncœur. What am I to understand by this menace?

Lieut. Caron. I meant it not as a menace. I am, Sir, of an honourable profession; a profession, Sir, whose duty it is rather to act than menace: yet I am tame.

Young Boncœur. So you seem; well, proceed.

Lieut. Caron. I have a sister, Sir—our parents are long since in heaven—I left her about five years ago—
she

she was then a girl of thirteen, in honourable protection. Engaged in the naval service of my country, in various parts of the world, I have not seen her since ; but every letter I received from her assured me that her understanding improved, as those from other quarters intimated to me her charms expanded. When, after a series of hard service, I arrived in this country, I flew to embrace my Letitia—we are, Sir, but two left of a large family—what did I hear?—that she had been villanously betrayed, seduced, and taken from her protector by you !

Young Boncœur. To put her into other protection.

Lieut. Caron. Equally honourable ! You blush, Mr. Boncœur—well you may ; but your turn is not yet come.—Where is Letitia now ?

Young Boncœur. I, I, I declare, I never knew she had a brother.

Lieut. Caron. Wretch ! then, being a man, you was bound to protect a defenceless innocent ; but where is Letitia now ?

Young Boncœur. Sir, I request you will not so exalt your voice. I have company.

Lieut. Caron. Company ! Is the nation in such a degraded state, that you can find society in it ? But where is Letitia now ?

Young Boncœur. Perfectly safe and well : I meant to give her a fortune—and perhaps a sum of money might——

Lieut. Caron. Heaven and earth ! this is adding insult to wickedness and perfidy. Urge me no further, lest I should forget that I am under your roof, and—Where, Sir, is Letitia ?

Young Boncœur. She is with a lady.

Lieut. Caron. A lady?—her name ?

Young Boncœur. Mrs. Useful.

Lieut. Caron. Her residence ?

Young Boncœur. There, Sir, is her card.

Lieut.

Lieut. Caron. 'Tis well. I will first see Letitia ; then, Sir, depend upon it, you shall hear from

[*Exit Lieut. CARON.*]

Young Boncœur. At your pleasure ; though I have pleasure in this intimation, which seems to me it would be attended with serious consequences.

[*Exit Young BONCŒUR.*]

SCENE II.—*The View of the Cottage of Mr. MONTFORD.*

CLARA and MARIA, through the Wicket-gate.

Maria. And so, Madam, as I was saying—bless what was I saying ?

Clara. Nay indeed, I know not, for your tongue has been running on at a strange rate.

Maria. O my dear good lady ! I was saying, you have seen the gentleman's gentleman at the cottage, and he says that his master is much recovered.

Clara. It is singular that he should desire to be removed to such a house, in preference to the elegant apartment prepared for him at Mr. Montford's cot-

Maria. It is certain, Madam, that neither for beauty, or convenience, is the George equal to your friend's cottage ; yet it is an excellent house.

Clara. An excellent house ?

Maria. Yes, the landlord married a cousin of yours, a remarkable pretty woman ; nay, indeed, our whole family are handsome—(*Looking in a pocket-book*)—and, therefore, I have no doubt but that every thing will be done for the stranger's accommodation.

Clara. I hope it will ; for, without being able to account for the sensation, I feel an interest in the person of this gentleman, at once lively and uncom-

Enter

Enter MONTFORD.

Montford. Your interest, my dear niece, respecting which I heard you express yourself as I approached, however lively, is by no means uncommon, for I feel in my own bosom the same sensation ; and certainly never were sensations of this nature excited by a more interesting object. The young gentleman, who most cautiously conceals his name and address, was, I understand, going to old Mr. Boncœur's upon business. Why he should not have desired to be carried to his house, although at some distance ; why he should so pertinaciously refuse the accommodation of mine upon the spot, and order himself to be carried to an inn, are, I must confess, circumstances that involve this affair in a mystery which I cannot develope.

Clara. You have seen him ?

Montford. Not to-day. I hear that he is nearly recovered ; I was just going to him ; but I think that the purpose of my visit will be anticipated by Mr. Plaster.

Enter PLASTER.

Plaster. That it will, for my patient is again upon his legs.

Montford. That is a pleasing circumstance, especially as I learn that the contusion was on his arm.

Plaster. Contusions are as various in their nature as in their symptoms. I have known a crushed foot produce a locked jaw ; this was fortunately not of that species.

Montford. Suppose, Mr. Plaster, instead of telling us what it was not, you state what it was ; or rather inform us of the effects of your care upon the health of your patient at present.

Plaster. They have been great ; his recovery speedy, even beyond my hopes ; though I must tell you that things looked very black at first.

Clara.

Clara. Bless me, what looked black ?

Plaster. His forehead and arm, young lady ; for he had a violent bruise on the one, and a contusion on the other—pulse irregular—dryness on the tongue—a good deal of fever in the system—gave him some draughts—ordered external applications—thought his case so serious, that I called in Bob Bandage, the surgeon ; to work we went, and soon set him to rights.

Montford. Then he is able to go out ?

Plaster. He has walked out with me this morning. I took him through the green lanes, and round the wood—have just left him—he made many inquiries respecting you.

Montford. What could he want with me ?

Plaster. To thank you for sending for me, to be sure. It was fortunate I came as I did—seldom at home—numerous engagements—sent for all over the country—must be shot flying—the man caught me just as I had my foot in the stirrup to go off to visit Lady Lassitude. Hers is a very extraordinary case—never stirs out.

Montford. Very likely.

Plaster. She lost her place near ten years ago.

Montford. I never knew she had one.

Plaster. I mean her place at the assembly—was obliged to let the Countess of Cotillion go above her. The Countess had just then come down—a very beautiful woman, but healthy to an excess. Poor Lady Lassitude could not bear to be outshone—took to her room—became the prettiest patient. Six draughts per day regularly taken, besides other articles—ah ! she's worth a hundred of the Countess, who will never do any good, unless she dances herself into a fever ; but I had like to have forgot—the stranger also inquired after Mrs. Boncœur.

Clara (starting). After me ?

Plaster. Yes—I told him your whole history.

Clara. Heavens ! tell a stranger my history !

Montford. Niece, you seem faint; lean on my arm while I support you to the cottage.

Plaster (interposing). She shan't stir a step. Here, Madam, sit down upon this bank; let me feel your pulse: hurry, hurry, hurry—flutter, flutter, flutter! Try to compose yourself, while I step to my house. I'll mix you a draught, and be back again in an instant.

[*Exit PLASTER.*]

Maria. My dear lady, you suffer every thing, however trifling, to discompose your spirits.

Montford. What, my lovely niece, can the inquiries of the stranger be to you? or, why should you be alarmed at the loquacity of the prattling gentleman who has just departed? Is it of any consequence to you, whose life is exemplary, and who are in safe and honourable protection, who knows your history?

Clara. But there is something so singular in the conduct of this stranger.

Montford. I'll grant that his refusal of an apartment in my house, though I pressed the subject even beyond the general rule of politeness, had in it something extremely singular; yet he might have his private reasons for what he did. He may be a friend of Mr. Boncœur's: his studied concealment of his name is rather extraordinary; yet, conscious of the rectitude of your own intentions and of your own actions, you have no cause to be alarmed. Were it possible to leave you, I would seek him.

Clara. Seek him!

Montford. Yes! It is perhaps his intention to call on me to return thanks for that attention which my duty as a Christian and my feelings as a man demanded: I would prevent him.

Clara. For Heaven's sake, my dear uncle, go: I am much better—perfectly recovered: I wish not to see any friend of my husband's, because I am sure he
mus

must be an enemy to me. Attended by my faithful Maria, I will return to the cottage; therefore lose no time.

Montford. Are you sufficiently recovered to be left?

Clara. I am, indeed.

Montford. Then I will go in search of this stranger, respecting whom, I am much deceived if he be not every thing totally opposite to the man who is said to possess the best heart in the world.

[*Exit MONTFORD.*]

Maria. Ah! I am of the same opinion; nay, for that matter, so is every body else. Robin says, that he is so gentle, so good, and withal so generous; he has given a mint of money to the servants who went to inquire after him. He has, besides, almost made goodly Brown's fortune; and moreover, they all say that he is a very pretty man.

Clara. What is this to me? I think you are in love with him by hearsay.

Maria. Indeed, Ma'am, I am: if I could but once see him, I should be distracted.

Enter CHARLES STAMFORD (his Arm in a sling).

Oh! bless me! who is this that approaches—

Clara. Where! Oh, heavens! there wanted but this to complete my misery.

Maria. My dear, dear lady!—(*Runs to her.*)

Clara. Mercy shield me! shield me! 'Tis he, 'tis he himself!—(*Sinks in MARIA'S arms.*)

Charles. What vision have I now encountered, Maria?—Clara, my lovely Clara!—(*Goes to support her.*)

Clara. Ah! he's here again—ah!—(*Shrieks and faints.*)

Enter PLASTER.

Plaster. Stayed longer than I intended—a case came

in demanded immediate—Hey dey ! what 's the matter?—the lady in a desperate situation—my patient, the stranger, not in a much better—you must not, Sir, use your arm, I can tell you—let me come to the lady—have a draught in my pocket, here it is.

Maria. Oh, Sir, your kind assistance !

Charles. Save her ! oh, save her !

Plaster. That I certainly shall :—You must stand further from her—'t is well I am come in time—how was she taken ?

Maria. I believe she took this gentleman for a ghost.

Plaster. Well she might ; he's as pale as e'er a ghost in the parish—Pour this draught into her mouth.—(*MARIA administers the draught.*)—You'll soon see what effect it will have—I wish I had brought another.

Charles. I wish you had. Oh, Sir ! save the most lovely and the most injured woman in the creation.

Plaster. You should not have come so abruptly upon her. I told you to go home, and not walk any more this day.

Charles. I merely came to view this delightful spot ; which, from the distant hill, had strongly engaged my attention. How is the fair sufferer ?

Maria. She seems a little to recover.

Plaster. Recover, to be sure she will !—you must, Sir, stand further from her—animation, which was for a few moments suspended, seems to rekindle.

Maria. She does, indeed, revive. My dear, dear lady !

Clara (sighs).

Plaster. You had better, Sir, retire ; for if she sees you, she will be frightened again.

Maria. I hope not, now the first shock is over.

Charles. It is impossible for me to leave this place, till I am assured of her recovery.

Plaster. You may be assured of her recovery, now she

she is under my care. It was well I came as I did—this is exactly like a case—a young lady was going to be married, or, as we now say, led to the altar, which is an idea taken from the ancients—Homer——

Charles. For Heaven's sake, Sir, attend to the lady.

Maria. She is, indeed, much better.—My dear lady!

Charles. I adore you, Maria, for your attachment.

Plaster. He seems to adore them both—(*Aside.*) My medicine has, indeed, had a surprising effect.

Clara (recovering). Ah, cruel Charles! cruel Charles!

Charles. How!

Plaster (whispering him). She's a little light-headed, a common consequence of these cases—I wish I had another medicine.

Charles. You had better fetch one.

Plaster. I think I had.

Maria. You will not, Sir, leave my lady?

Plaster. She is so far recovered that I can do it with safety; besides, I leave her in good hands.

[*Exit PLASTER.*]

Clara. Ah, cruel Charles! why would you thus break in upon me, to disturb my repose at a moment when my mind, like my body, was slowly recovering from a long indisposition?

Charles. Believe me, my Clara—nay, start not—for whensoever I see you, though this shall be the last time, I must call you so;—it is neither a want of compassion for your indisposition, nor delicacy for your situation, that induces me to claim a moment's attention. I have travelled for more than twelve months since——

Clara. Since what? for Heaven's sake, Charles, say not a word that may awaken retrospection, and add additional poignancy to the stings that now corrode my bosom!

Charles. I have only to lament that my credulity,

my fond belief in the rectitude of the greatest villain upon earth, placed them there.

Clara. Whatsoever may have been the conduct of my husband towards me, I must not, Sir, have his name traduced.

Charles. Nor mean I, lovely Clara, to traduce it: fallen as I am, that is no part of my character. He has triumphed over me in love; his marriage with you secured him from my vengeance. The pains I have taken to avoid him, to banish you from my mind, you may conceive; the smallest part of my feelings upon this, or any other occasion, I hope you will never experience. I have, for your sake, become an outcast from society, and so I shall continue; for, can I take any pleasure while I know you to be unhappy? I sought not this meeting; my short residence in this place was, as you know, purely accidental. I came, indeed, to expostulate with the elder Mr. Boncœur.

Clara. Oh, Charles! I know, at least I can guess your motive, and shrink to nothing in my own opinion before your exalted generosity. I know!—what, indeed, do I not know, respecting your—— Heaven and earth! my brain burns!

Maria. My dear lady, repress your emotions, or I will not answer for the consequence.

Charles. It is I that excite those emotions; but here (*kneeling*.) I solemnly promise never again——

Enter Old BONCŒUR.

Old Boncœur. Ha! what have we here? my son's virtuous lady; and Charles Stamford, her first, and, I fear, her last love, in the public path, in the face of day, in the sight of the whole village, for aught I know, kneeling to her.

Charles. Sir! Mr. Boncœur!

Old Boncœur. Nay, attempt not to defend yourself; this will be a *crim. con.* business—work for the lawyers
in

in Westminster Hall—large damages! Henry will, I see, in every thing be the height of fashion.—I no longer wonder at the paragraphs that have been in the public papers.

Clara. Paragraphs in the public papers! Shield me, protect me, Heaven!—(*Throws her arms round MARIA.*)

Enter PLASTER.

Plaster. What, have I come just in time again? Here's the medicine.

Charles. Mr. Boncœur, whatsoever your heart, which I know to be equally mean, suspicious, and unfeeling, may dictate to you, from having found me in this place, and in that situation, you may depend upon it that you, and ultimately Henry, shall neither of you enjoy your savage triumph with impunity. There is a point, even in morality, beyond which forbearance ceases.

Old Boncœur. This is excellent! I find you on your knees to the wife of my son; and you hint to me, that you are prepared to defend the action, as I have no doubt you will every other of your profligate life.

Charles. Your finding me here at all was accidental. I was upon the point of calling upon you, to exostulate upon a most flagitious and infamous breach of promise, which has affected the health, and, perhaps, may the life of the most lovely and most injured woman in the world: the reason why I was impeded in my intention, and detained in this place, that gentleman can inform you.

Plaster. Do you wish me to state the whole case?

Charles. No, nor any part of it, further than that such was the situation of my health, it was impossible for me to proceed on my journey.

Old Boncœur. This is a good hint, however.

Plaster. Hint! Sir: no one has hitherto affronted me.

me so much as to suppose I ever wanted a hint to perform the great moral duty which conscience requires: however, I'll be my own patient in this case, and compose myself.

Charles. Suspicion is always an ingredient of a guilty mind.

Plaster. You speak learnedly upon the subject, young gentleman: it is, indeed, an *ingredient*, which always floats at top. However, I aver, and would, were it necessary, defend my assertion in the face of the whole College of Physicians, that your case was such, that it was impossible you could take a journey with any degree of safety. Ask Bob Bandage, who is as pretty a practitioner——

Old Boncœur. I care little for the opinion of Bob Bandage, or yours either.

Plaster. I moreover aver, though I did not then know the reason, that my patient, here he stands—ah! it was well I was called-in in time—most positively and pertinaciously refused the repeated offers of Mr. Montford, who urged him to accept of an apartment in his house.

Old Boncœur. What is all this to the purpose? What does this prove?

Plaster. It proves that, in your constitution, bile and bad humours predominate: I wish I had you under my care, I would soon endeavour to correct them.

Clara. It proves, that the system of avarice, perfidy, meanness, and fraud, which has been, alas! too apparent ever since my unfortunate marriage with your son, still continues to operate; and that you consequently endeavour to seek my destruction.

Enter MONTFORD.

But protected by my uncle, whose presence inspires me with confidence, I set at defiance the efforts of your interested, your infamous malignity.

Montford. From me, my dear Clara, you shall ever find protection and redress: convinced as much of your innocence, as I am of the villany of your husband and his father, you shall always find in me a parent and protector, and, in my cottage, a home.

Old Boncœur. This is exactly as I expected; but it is not to any of you that I mean to apply: the laws of the country have been violated, the connubial rites have been invaded, by this young man; and to those laws the injured husband will resort for redress.

Charles. Monster!

Enter OUTCAST.

Outcast. I have, Mr. Boncœur, sought you in vain at your house. I am sorry to be the bearer of news equally important and melancholy.

Old Boncœur. I am sorry, Sir, you have arrived to witness the degradation of my son.

Outcast. It is impossible, Sir, that he can be laid lower than he already is.—Let me speak to you in private.—(*Takes him aside, and speaks.*)

Old Boncœur. Dead! Is Henry dead?

Outcast. He is, Sir: he fell yesterday morning, in a duel with Lieutenant Caron, whose sister he had——

Old Boncœur. Hush!

Outcast. Oh! Sir, there was nothing dishonourable in the conduct of your son: they met—seconds—Henry fired first, and the fortune of the field declared against him: he lived above an hour after he was taken home.

Old Boncœur. Who takes care of his effects? There must be vast property.

Outcast. Immense.

Old Boncœur. I'll go to town immediately.

Outcast. Do! All the bets upon Sir Robert Pigeon's match were decided in favour of Henry.

Old Boncœur. Well, that is some comfort however.

Outcast. So it is; besides, all his friends allow that your son made a fine end, and died possessed of the best heart in the world.

Old Boncœur, to Montford and the rest. It is not agreeable to me to say any thing that may give you pleasure; yet, as I see that it may be necessary, I apprise you that my son is no more.

Montford. Dead! Is Henry Boncœur dead?

Charles. Dead!

Clara. Oh, Heavens!

Old Boncœur. Nay, begin not your exultation before I leave the place. You, Sir—(To CHARLES.)—have, perhaps, the most reason to rejoice. With respect to your settlement, Madam, I may have a further occasion to talk with you upon the subject. Mr. Montford seems already to triumph.

[*Exeunt Old BONCŒUR and OUTCAST.*]

Montford. Men of the world are too apt to judge of the feelings of others by the narrow prejudices that govern their own minds: if I have any occasion to rejoice at this event, it is only on the account of my niece.

Clara. Who will, you may believe her, bear her situation as she ought; that is, in a manner which may neither disgrace her own character, nor the memory of the man who certainly used her with more than necessary harshness.

Charles. For myself, lovely Clara, that not even the smallest shadow of obloquy may light upon your character, I here most solemnly promise to banish myself from the country, nor ever see you till your full time of mourning has expired. Whether we shall then meet—

Montford. Must be left to Providence; who, in the punishment of the wicked, always has in view the rewarding of the innocent.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

A RECKONING

A RECKONING WITH TIME.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

[From the Satirist.]

COME on, old Time!—nay, that is stuff;—
 Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough;
 Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!
 But tell me, Sandman! ere thy grains
 Have multiplied upon my brains,
 So thick to make me stupid—

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!—but no;
 Hear thou *my* speech;—I will not grow
 Irrev'rent while I try it;
 For, though I mock thy flight, 't is said,
 Thy forelock fills me with such dread,
I—never take thee by it.

List, then, old *Is*,—*Was*,—and *To-Be*!
 I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me:—
 Thou gav'st me, first, the measles;
 With teething wouldst have ta'en me off,
 Then mad'st me, with the whooping-cough,
 Thinner than fifty weasels.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon, now,
 That Jenner combats on a cow;)
 And, then, some seeds of knowledge;
 Grains of grammar, which the flails
 Of pedants thrash upon our tails,
 To fit us for a college.

And, when at Christ Church, 't was thy sport
 To rack my brains with sloe-juice port,
 And lectures out of number:—
 There Fresh-man Folly quaffs, and sings,
 While graduate Dulness clogs thy wings
 With mathematic lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which, while they live,
 Fan all our birthdays to the grave,)
 I think, ere it was prudent,

Balloon'd me, from the schools, to town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
A dapper Temple-student.

Then, much in dramas did I look ;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord Coke ;
 Congreve beat Blackstone hollow ;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale,
 To supersede Apollo.

Ah, Time ! those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind :
 How cool is retrospection !
Youth's gaudy summer-solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store ;
 An autumn of reflection !

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,—
 Gull'd by some slight applauses ?
What's verse to A when *versus* B ?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
 To pleading John Bull's causes ?

But, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
 Some ragged muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos ! 't is most true,
To thee,—(and, faith, to *others* too !)
 I'm very much indebted :

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inur'd me to each day that's rough,
 In hopes of calm to-morrow ;
And when, old Mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
 Some *few* dear friends will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose or rhyme
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,
 Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find churchyard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,
 “ *Thank Time for all his favours !*”

ANSWER

TO MR. COLMAN'S SPIRITED LINES, ENTITLED
" A RECKONING WITH TIME."

[From the General Evening Post.]

THE gay, the sparkling Colman too,
Railing at Time, like me or you,
In melancholy number!—
How! does Sol's favourite son lament,
That he has follow'd Nature's bent,
And cut with *legal lumber*?

When he of measles too complains,
And sloe-juice racking his hot brains,
He sure forgets those days
Which gave, in childhood, thoughtless mirth,
In youth, gave generous feeling birth,
And frolic, joy's full blaze!

He 'plains too of the pedants' flail,
Which much afflicted his sore tail,
('Bout a poor noun or two ;)
But vengeance he hath surely had,
For, with poetic birch, the lad
Their backs hath tickled too!

Knowledge, he owns, with flogging came,
Which smooth'd his way to deathless fame,
And fame is no bad thing!
Though solid beef 't will not produce,
Nor eke a partridge or a goose,
As prudent poets sing!

My Lord Chief Justice now he sees,
With deep regret—and thinks of fees,
Whose chink out-rattles praise;—
But, had he chosen law's dull state,
Tir'd with unmeaning verbose prate—
He 'd sigh'd—and wish'd for bays!

In short, we poor weak bits of clay,
 Although "we fret our hour away,"
 Ought *all* to bid engravers,
 (Considering well the goods we feel,)
 Trace on our tombs with grateful steel,
"Thank Time for all his favours."

THE HORSE AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

TO HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE HEREDITARY GRAND
 DUCHESS OF WEIMAR.

WRITTEN AT SLESWICK, DEC. 1806, BY SIR BROOK
 BOOTHBY, BART.

The following pleasant and ingenious *Jeu d'Esprit* was altogether an occasional production, and suggested by the singular situation both of the worthy Baronet, the Author, and the august Princess to whom it is addressed. In the month of October 1806, Sir B. B. was on the road to Weimar, when he was informed of the critical position of the hostile armies. He proceeded, however, to Naumbourg, and was scarcely arrived before he heard the French military in the streets. With difficulty he procured post-horses and reached Berlin. It was evening when he arrived; and his first information was, "The French are coming to-morrow." He found the principal inhabitants on their flight, and the whole city in confusion; however, he had the great good fortune of again procuring horses, and posted with an English Nobleman to Brunswick. In danger of being met by some of the scouring parties, he yet escaped; but when he reached his destination, as if haunted by his pursuers, the cry was still, "The French are coming!" He then passed to Hamburgh; but that town affording no security, he went to Sleswick, where he met the Grand Duchess of Weimar, whom he had known at the Court of the Duke her father-in-law. It was some conversation at her table which gave rise to the following Apologue:

PRINCESS of true Imperial blood,
 Accomplish'd, beautiful, and good!
 If in these lamentable times
 You can attend to idle rhymes,

And,

And, real evils to divert,
Let weary thoughts with fancy sport ;
I, in a fable, will relate
The story of a modern State.

A man a palfrey long possess'd,
A quiet, serviceable beast ;
Spavin'd, indeed, and somewhat blind,
But still his way he well could find ;
And if he stumbled now and then,
Was soon upon his feet again.
In short, for many a year, this hack
Had borne him safely on his back.
Taking a ride one fatal day,
He overheard some coxcombs say,
“ For such a man, 't is quite a shame
To mount a beast old, blind, and lame.”
“ Ah,” replied one, “ I know a steed,
Would nobly carry him, indeed ;
Young, vig'rous, beautiful, and sound,
His like is nowhere to be found.”

In evil hour an ear he lent,
To see this boasted courser went :
Unwary, on his back he got,
And tried to put him in a trot.
He rear'd and leap'd, and plung'd about,
Till from his seat he shook him out ;
Then, kicking, pitch'd him o'er his head,
And laid him on the pavement dead.

The raging creature, left at large,
On all his fury would discharge.
This, from behind, his heels surprise ;
Trode under foot, *that* sprawling lies ;
Another, who would seize the reins,
Is bit and mangled for his pains :
But want of nourishment and rest
Will tame at last the fiercest beast ;
And rage itself suspend its course,
Exhausted by its proper force.
No more his eyeballs flash with ire,
No more his nostrils snorted fire,
At bay he stands, fatigued and lank,
With flagging ears and beating flank.

A hardy

THE HUMPS.

A hardy Jockey, young and able,
 Offers to lead him to the stable ;
 Soothes, and his neck begins to pat,
 And the corn rattles in his hat ;
 By hunger drawn—repell'd by fear—
 The wild horse neighs, retires, comes near ;
 Lur'd with the scent, begins to eat,
 The Jockey vaults into the seat,
 With vig'reus hand the bridle plied,
 And struck his rowels in his side.
 Some bounds and curvets still he made,
 But soon submissively obey'd.

The horseman, who such skill had shown,
 Resolv'd to keep him for his own ;
 And off he gallop'd with his prey
 To rob upon the public way.
 The horse broke in, to his command
 Answers each motion of his hand.
 He, seeing constant work alone
 Can keep this wicked spirit down,
 Is night and day upon his back
 To lead him to some new attack :
 The road is safe nor far nor near,
 The Highwayman is every where.

 THE HUMPS.

[From the Morning Post.]

SIR,
 YOUR agreeable paper possesses such early intelligence of every fashionable novelty, that I am rather surprised not to have already seen the subject of the following letter noticed in it. The absence of the great people from town must have been the cause why you have remained so long unacquainted with a matter of such high importance. Unless you think that a publication of such general interest ought to be delayed till the full season, I am sure it would be relished

relished very much now. Satisfied with committing the communication to your discretion, I am, Sir, with great respect, your very obedient servant,

D. E.

EAST INDIA HUMPS.

THE newest and most extraordinary delicacy of the table at present in vogue is the Hump. This article of luxury consists of the tumour that grows on the back; fear not, my Lord K. it is the back of the buffalo that is meant. The consistency of the fibre somewhat resembles that of tongue, but the taste is much more agreeable; and the method and materials of curing are such as to improve, to the highest point, the natural flavour of the meat. Humps have long been a favourite dish at the splendid entertainments of the great Lords at our principal settlements in India; but it is not till within these very last years that persons in more humble situations presumed to give them at their grandest fêtes, or that the Captains of the Company's ships have been able to bring home one or two at an odd time, as presents to their most particular friends. This year more extensive orders were sent out, and great exertions were to have been made to procure a larger supply. It is said that the turtle-dressers were concerned in sending out these orders; and if that was the case, the steps that have been taken to disappoint them were the more meritorious. The Lady of a legal Baronet, lately arrived from the East, jealous of the high prerogative of tables of the first rank, and indignant at the degradation her sumptuous board would suffer, if any oriental dame less dignified, or any European lady of whatsoever dignity, could set before her guests a treat which she had been the first to introduce, determined to omit no efforts to engross to herself, for some years at least,

the

the sole power of giving humps. With a view to secure to herself this high pre-eminence, this distinguished Lady dispatched a mandate to Calcutta, enjoining the principal hump-curer, who had been long accustomed to consider her Ladyship's words as law, to buy up all the humps that could be had, at whatsoever price, and to ship them for Europe, to her address, and for her sole use.

Figure to yourself, Sir, if you can, the unparalleled consternation that the publication of this order spread over the whole peninsula. It was a double privation to the great Lords and great Ladies of Calcutta, to have lost the female who held the first rank among them, and to be at the same time debarred from enjoying the dish in which the pride of their entertainments consisted. "Was it not enough," exclaimed the most indignant, "for her Ladyship to withdraw from us that presence, which always took care to make itself felt as the most important amongst us? Will not her Ladyship be satisfied, without making us feel that she thinks nobody she has left after her at Calcutta fit to eat a hump? Does she think she cannot exhibit her superiority sufficiently, without showing us, that, if she chooses it, she will eat humps in England; and if she chooses, will not suffer us to eat them here?" Such is the language of the great Ladies still remaining at Calcutta, if great they can be called, when they can no longer eat humps. The poor buffaloes every day feel their fate harder. It is said, they are now often killed for the humps alone, as the oxen in South America are for their hides and fat; or, according to a more improved practice lately introduced, have the hump frequently cut down to the root, and then suffered to grow up again, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Bruce's Abyssinian rump-steaks.

However this may be, the precaution of the Lady has effectually succeeded in confining the dish to her
own

own circle. It therefore cannot possibly become vulgar; a misfortune which cannot easily be guarded against with respect to other luxuries, in a country where a common tallow-chandler is often rich enough, and, what is more, extravagant enough, to outbid the greatest Lord, and to purchase, at a higher price, the rarest articles that come to market. Horace, surprised at the unrestrained practice of luxurious entertainments in his time, takes occasion to mention, that it was not very long before that the table of some Auctioneer had been the subject of general outcry for having sturgeon. Our Auctioneers enjoy every luxury of the day without comment or observation. When they are employed to sell the mansions, and furniture, and demesnes, of great Lords, neither turtle nor venison, nor any thing that can be had, is considered too good for them. They themselves act on the principle of the savages, who, when they cut down a tree, light a fire on the root, to make merry at; and those who employ them seem to consider the occasion as a sort of funeral festivity, in which all expense may be disregarded, as it must be the last. The gentlemen of the hammer must, however, content themselves with turtle and venison. It will be some time before the Lord of Fonthill himself will be able to give them a hump at their annual clearing off of the costly collections, which his caprice assembles and dissipates at so vast an expense, merely to sport with his immense fortune. We mention it to the honour of Lady —, and for the satisfaction of the aristocracy of eating, of which this distinguished service ought to render her an honorary member, that she has raised a barrier against the vulgarization of the hump, which cannot be broken down, either by love or money. To be sure, it must have cost her Ladyship a great deal; but that is nothing in comparison with the accomplishment of so great an object. New fortunes, like
young

young trees, may grow better for having their exuberances lopped off. When the epicure, who had dissipated his estate in drinking Tokay, was asked, what his children should do? he answered, "Let them smell to the corks." The case is not so bad in the present instance. The children may go and eat humps in the country of the humps; and when they get there the market will probably be open, by the removal of the monopoly that now exists.

The subject of the humps includes a multitude of very important moral and political considerations.—When Lord Lauderdale gave a turtle at Paris, every one recollects the variety of important conclusions that were drawn from so extraordinary an event. When Lord Wellesley shall be found to give a hump, deductions equally grave and momentous will, no doubt, be derived from the fact and the circumstances. Many persons, no doubt, expected that there would have been given, in this article, the mode of cutting off, of curing, of dressing, serving up, carving, eating, the sauce, &c. of the hump, the more particularly as that grand history of a year's eating at the Marquis of Buckingham's, lately published by his Lordship's cook, contains nothing of the matter; but it was the moral, not the sensual effects of the thing that appeared to call particularly for public notice. And here again there is occasion to applaud and to congratulate Lady ——— on the effect of her aristocratic engrossing. It will be some years at least before the grand and select circle of her Ladyship's friends will be annoyed by seeing placarded on the coffeehouses, or pastry-shops, "A hump dressed here to-day," or before they will have their dignity hurt by seeing advertisements of a similar nature in every newspaper they can take up. Turtle and venison have been sufficiently profaned in this way to warn those who wish to
eat

eat genteelly, to keep every new good thing to themselves.

Such has been the effect of the precaution taken to confine the consumption of the humps to Lady ———'s circle, that a celebrated Baronet and Alderman, who has been some time at Margate qualifying himself by repeated voyages in his fine sailing-boat, to command the gilded flotilla of the city-barges in their grand expedition from Blackfriars to Westminster, on the 9th of November, and who has been also exercising himself in the preparatory practice necessary to enable him to participate largely in the other glories of that great day; even he, it is said, though he took care to meet the last fleet from the East Indies out at sea, and did not hesitate to declare, that no money should prevent him from tasting a delicacy which he wished for beyond all the turtles ever found in the Old South Sea—even he had the mortification to find all his solicitations and all his offers unavailing.

After the failure of so great a personage, I can, with less shame, though not with less vexation, avow myself, as I must,

A DISAPPOINTED EPICURE.

NEWSPAPER MISERIES.

[From Beresford's "Miseries of Human Life."]

THAT Mr. A. and his family have just come into Osborne's hotel; or that Mr. B. and his have just gone out!—That some Lord yesterday had a turtle for dinner, followed by a dry catalogue of the people at table: I wonder they don't go on to inform us, "from authority," who took calipash, and who calipee!—Then comes a *prospectus* of the different ways in which twenty or thirty folks round St. James's have agreed

to

to kill their time for a week to come.—Next for *Court news*.—What a fine thing it is to know that the Hon. Mr. L. had the honour of kissing hands on his return from—Blackheath!—In *one* place, when you are posting the columns, eager to see whether the alliance between Russia and Prussia is *going on*, to find merely that that between Mr. Smith and Miss Jones is *going off*; in *another*, instead of the seasonable appearance of an Emperor in full force in the field, to be treated with the *un*-seasonable appearance of an apple-tree in full blossom in a garden! or perhaps to receive “*advice*” from Norfolk of some overgrown *turnip*, two or three yards in the waist, and fit for nothing—but to be measured!—At length; however, a long article, with the words “THE FIGHT” in tempting capitals at the top, seems to promise full satisfaction of your thirst for military intelligence; when, all in a moment, the expected “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” dwindles into an affair of knuckles between *Gulley* and the *Chicken*, with a detailed bulletin of black eyes and bloody noses; together with an accurate muster-roll of lemon-squeezers, bottle-holders, &c. in the illustrious persons of Jemmy from Town, Dutch Sam, the Ruffian, &c. &c. Nay, you can’t even cast your eye on the list of marriages, just by way of seeing whether any of your friends are changing their state, but ten to one you are presented with the interesting information, that “on Saturday last Humphry Hogg, Esq. sausage-maker, in Blow-bladder Street, led to the altar of Hymen Miss Celestina Huggins, fourth daughter, by his fifth wife, of Diggory Huggins, Esq. formerly an eminent rag-merchant in St. Wolcroft’s in the East,” or some such unheard of hole.—In the midst of your fury at all this, your literary curiosity is roused at an account of an extraordinary *exercise* lately performed by certain “*College youths*,”—till you presently find, that
these

these academical honours have been gained by half a dozen brawny blockheads, for having jingled six or eight thousand "triple bob majors," or some such gibberish, upon the bells, through the ears of some peaceful neighbourhood all the day long!—With much more of the same sort of instruction than I can bear to think of—such as *walking wagers*, where one fool is nimbler than another, and that's all!—*eating wagers*, where a beast (after a barrel of oysters for a whet) washes down a stipulated number of legs of mutton, pounds of beef-steaks, and plum-puddings, with gallons of strong beer *ad infinitum*; and all this, alas! without *always* killing himself;—or, that "eight persons are now living in a village in Lancashire, whose united ages make 1250 years," the booby who tells the wonder not having instinct enough to see that it is a lie.

AN EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE BESS.

BY TIMOTHY STONECUTTER.

BENEATH this rugged stone doth lie
 The rankest corpse that e'er did die;
 Whose softest word to dearest friend,
 Would make your hair to stand an end.
 You'd think storms rising when she sung;
 Thunder was music to her tongue;
 When in her real storms did rise,
 Lightning was twilight to her eyes.
 Her mildest look so fierce a sight,
 Great chance you'd catch an ague by 't;
 And when her person mov'd—huge rock!
 No earthquake gave so great a shock.
 Where she abides seek not to know;
 If they want sulphur, she's below:
 If she's above—gods, hear my pray'r,
 And send me—any where but there.

Amen.

The

The Inner Temple Gate, London, having been repaired and curiously decorated, the following INSCRIPTION honour of both the Temples, was proposed to be over it.

AS by the Templars' holds you go,
The *Horse* and *Lamb* display'd,
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The *Lamb* sets forth their *Innocence*,
The *Horse* their *Expedition*.

O happy Britons ! happy isle !
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

DELUDED men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves ;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'T is all a trick ; these all are shams,
By which they mean to cheat you ;
But have a care, for you 're the *Lambs*,
And they the *Wolves* that eat you.

Nor let the thoughts of *no delay*
To these their courts misguide you ;
'T is you 're the *shony Horse*, and they
The *Jockeys* that will ride you.

EPIGRAM ON A COOK.

SAYS my Lord to his Cook, " You son of a punk,
How comes it I see you, thus, ev'ry day drunk ?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow
A man for his health to get drunk—as a sow."—
" That is right," quoth the Cook, " but the day they
say ;
So for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk ev'ry day."

TIMES PRESENT WORSE THAN TIMES PAST.

[From the Lewes and Brighthelmston Journal.]

I WAS reading, the other morning at breakfast, to a very worthy old lady—indeed, my grandmother—a lucubration of your newly acquired correspondent, Mr. Merryman; but, to my astonishment, instead of appearing pleased, several deep sighs escaped her; and when I had finished, she broke out into lamentations upon the old worn-out topic—the alteration of the times: she observed, that, in her opinion, young Hopeful, as she called him, might think himself very fortunate in preserving his handkerchief at the expense of his letter; for she'd warrant, had he walked the streets of London in his careless and coxcomical manner, some of the wanton husseys, or pilfering boys, would have made a prize of it; and then, she observed, what a dilemma the coxcomb would have been reduced to! I presently removed this insinuation, by telling her, that he could soon have replaced his loss, as trade was now carried on in so extensive a manner, that every second or third shop was a linen-draper's: this she was very glad to hear; but yet it puzzled her, if trade was in so thriving a condition, to account for the long lists of bankrupts that every Tuesday morning I read to her from your paper! it was not so in her time! She really thought that the tailors and pick-pockets were in a confederacy together; for if the good old fashion, in which usefulness and grace went hand in hand, had continued, when the pockets of a coat were well covered with a length of flap, and of a depth sufficient to contain a moderate sized Bible—such a one as then lay before her—when the skirts hung gracefully in many folds down to the ankle, distended into a beautiful form, with horse-hair and buckram; the latter of which she remarked (and a smile of self-approbation, for a moment, took pos-

session of her venerable countenance) was not, in her time, confined to their *bills*: but now, instead of the person's being protected and kept warm and comfortable, the dignity of the man preserved, and his property protected, the popinjays of the present day, by the absurd and horrid fashion prevalent in dress, were exposed to the cold winds and inclemency of the weather; all that dignified consequence totally extinguished; and our purses and handkerchiefs left an easy prey to the street-walker and public marauder; and looked for all the world like so many game-cocks trimmed for the pit. Happening at this instant to cast her eye upon a whole-length portrait of her late husband Mr. Alderman Molasses, adorned with a brigadier of immense dimensions, a full-dressed suit of blue velvet, loaded with buttons of gold lace; ruffles of the finest cambric down to his fingers ends; a gold-headed cane, of size sufficient to level an ox; and a small silver-hilted sword, peeping through the skirt of his coat; she desired I would mark the contrast between that dress and that of a print which happened to hang exactly opposite, attired in the pink of the present costume; and which, to avoid prolixity, I will just mention had the words following printed under it:—"John! don't the Ladies admire me?"—In compliance with the good old lady's desire, I cast a glance at both, and at the same time taking out my watch, and finding it was 'Change time, I told her I thought "much might be said on both sides," made my bow, and set forward to meet a merchant in the Irish walk, on the Royal Exchange.

For my part, I laugh at the present times, have laughed at the past, and, as long as it shall please the Almighty Power to permit me, doubt not but I shall see occasion to laugh at the future; and cannot entirely agree with my worthy relation, when she insists most peremptorily on the *dignity*—a word she
is

is as fond of as Colonel Bath, in Fielding's *Amelia*—the delicacy—the gentlemanly deportment of the men of her day, over the bell-swaggers—as she emphatically calls them, of the present day: and the prudence, reservedness, discretion, and virtue of the maidens of her time, over the hoity-toity, bold, forward, pert flirts of the present day! Now, all are gadding, the mornings taken up in preparing dress for the evening ball, where they expose themselves (she is told, for she never goes to them herself) in dancing the Irish wriggle, with any fellow in a bit of scarlet and a feather, or gambling at the card-table, losing their money, souring their tempers, and, by their dissipated lives, giving the other sex an aversion to matrimony; for she is informed as a positive fact, that, in point of expense, the girl who has not a prospect of five hundred pounds to her fortune, will vie with one who has as many thousands; and hardly such a thing as a spinning-wheel to be seen in any private house between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. She really is tired of the profligate manners of the present day; it is this, and only this, that makes so many prostitutes: in her time, young women spent the morning in spinning linen (here she cast a significant look, and observed there were not such numbers of linen-draper's then) for the family, and the evenings in an innocent game of Hot Cockles and Hunt the Slipper; or, by way of variety, at cards: at the amusing games of *My Lady's Hole*, or *Strip Jack Naked*; games which, however sneered at in the present times, carried excellent morals with them, and were entirely free from the deep thinking in the game of whist, so much now the vogue; which, she asserts, is full of artifice and contrivance, and only fit to teach young people to over-reach one another, and fill their minds with hypocrisy and deceit. Such women were very unfit for wives; and were she a man, and young as formerly, she would

rather live a single life than yoke herself to one whose mind was every where but at home: it was not so when she was young—*then* there were no false colours hung out to allure birds; no, a maiden depended then upon her discretion and housewifery for a husband, and having established *that* character, she had no occasion to wander abroad for lovers. Then the good old lady, placing her fore-finger on her thumb, would begin to recount what lovers she had, all of whom she had dismissed in favour of Mr. Molasses; for she always thought, and a glow of pleasure and satisfaction sat upon her countenance when she said it, that a British merchant was the first of all characters!

Having, I fear, much exceeded the limits of your paper, I will reserve the arguments I made use of in favour of our own times, till my next letter; which, as soon as I can gain time from the hurry and bustle of fitting out and freighting half a dozen vessels for our new-acquired settlement at Buenos Ayres, I will, with your permission, address to you.

I remain, Sirs, your obedient servant,
Throgmorton Street, TIMOTHY HOMESPUN.
Dec. 8, 1806.



MORE FROM MR. HOMESPUN.

[From the same.]

I HAVE been so busy, and have had my time so much taken up in procuring and shipping the articles which the recent capture of Buenos Ayres has opened a market for, that I have not had a moment of leisure to resume my correspondence with you. Upon my return from 'Change, I found the good old lady in very low spirits, and upon my salutation on entering the parlour, she accosted me nearly in the following words:

words: "So," says she, "this villain hath at last accomplished what he has been so long aiming at!" This exordium you may think greatly surprised me; for there was no one in the room with her, but my youngest son Peter, a boy of about seven years of age. When my astonishment had a little subsided, I was going to inquire the meaning of the exclamation I had just heard, when she thus went on: "Ay! you may forbid all your orders, and lay up your ships till better times; if, by the blessing of God, we are ever to see them! Here," says she, "Peter has just been reading to me from the evening paper which our neighbour, Mr. Dowlas, sent in, that that tyrant Bonaparte has just put all our ports into a state of blockade; so that trade is ruined, and not a ship can put to sea."—"Lard, grandmamma," says Pe—I call my dear little boy (who, to be sure, is a wonderful sensible child of his age) by that abbreviation, in a spirit of fondness as he sits on my knee and prattles away in hopes of obtaining a halfpenny for barley-sugar or gingerbread—"Lard," says he, "I wonder if that bad man has got all our men of war, and ships, and all our ports, I wonder we don't see him in the city! for nurse often tells me, if I don't go to sleep and leave off talking or crying, that Fee-faw-fum will come and fetch me." I could not help—excuse, good Sirs, the fondness of a father, catching up the dear little soul in my arms and kissing him; for I could not tell which was most conspicuous in his observation, innocence or discernment; for certainly there was great sense and propriety in what he said, much beyond what could be expected from a child of his age. I begged my worthy relative to make herself perfectly easy; what she had heard was, I told her, only an idle gasconade of Bony's, assisted by his prime minister Talleyrand; that our ports were as open as ever, our navy rode as triumphantly on the ocean, and such a

spirit of enthusiasm warmed the bosoms of our volunteers, that we set at defiance all that the usurper could do by sea or by land; that my bills of lading were already made out, and by to-morrow's dawn I hoped my vessels would be able to weigh anchor and proceed on their voyage. "My dear son," says the good old lady, "this man, or d—l, I don't know which to call him, is certainly sent as a scourge and punishment for the sins of mankind; and when the Almighty's will is accomplished, he will be cast off, 'his days will flee as a shadow, his flesh will wither like grass;' for the king is not saved by a great army, nor shall the giant be saved by his own strength; the Lord giveth and taketh away. But pray," added she, "they tell me this prime minister, this Talleyrand, is a priest?" I answered her, he was an ex-bishop, Bishop of Autun; but that he had broken his vow of celibacy and had married. For some time the good old lady remained silent, but at length resuming her discourse with a sigh, said, "Well! I cannot say but I always thought it a cruel infringement on the natural rights of mankind, the preventing *Popish* priests (for the good creature is not *wholly* divested of a marked dislike to Roman Catholics, a dislike which these more enlightened and liberal times have almost worn away) marrying; for we are told, 'the man that glorieth in his own strength, shall fall by reason thereof.'" She had indeed heard so before; but could scarcely believe that a people who, she was told, were so strict in their fasts, in their observance of the ceremonies of their church, and were so attentive to their flocks, could quit the service of so good, so benign a Master, for any worldly consideration; but if a man vaunted so much in his own strength as to make a vow, he ought at all events to keep it—she had never made but one vow, and that she religiously kept; and, indeed, she disapproved of all others. She asked

asked me if this was not the man they called *Beaucoup de l'Argent*? I nodded assent. "He must be a shocking character," said she; "and no wonder that he, who has broken his compact with Heaven, should become the engine of every thing that is bad and wicked! My dear Mr. Molasses used to say, 'Tell me not *who* you are, but *what* you are.' A man may call himself a *Gentleman*, and the King may make *Lords* and *Knights*; but unless a man hath the amenity, the suavity, that is, the distinguishing characteristic, the *morem gerere*, as the dear man I think used to call it, he may be called honourable and right honourable; but, *these* wanting, and he is only the *shadow* of a *gentleman*; the *essence* is wanting: Mr. Molasses used to say, that a man behind the counter, that serves out a halfpenny-worth of snuff, or a farthing's-worth of pins—though indeed such offices are cruelly encroaching on the prerogative of our sex, who ought not to have every door of industry shut against them for getting an honest livelihood—may be more of a gentleman than the country 'squire, who rides over his own grounds, and horsewhips every man he finds on them as a trespasser. In saying a *gentleman*, you say every thing that is valuable in one word—in-genuous, virtuous, modest, and moral; the gentleman will not give an affront, and therefore needs not to fear one—a gentleman will always be true to his word and a slave to truth; if he hath cause of offence offered him, he will expostulate with the offending party with that gentleness of manner and becoming language that corresponds with his *dignity* and character; or if he hath himself unfortunately given offence, he will come forward and candidly confess his fault; which, if the person he has offended is at all worthy to have his pardon asked (far from appearing a poorness of spirit), will assume all the grace imaginable; for what can endear a friend to us more

then explaining us to understand that we are of so much consequence to him, and he has so much respect for religion, he feels himself unhappy till he hath explained the appearance of an offence he never intended, and he is restored to our good opinion?"

"And her I approved of every word she said," said she, "if all this is necessary to form the character of the gentleman, how much more so that of a priest? who has superadded to the necessity of practising these amiable qualities himself, the care of teaching the same to others, who look to him for an illustration of his doctrine by the severity of his practice; and who, if they find his life and doctrine at variance, will lose all respect for the man; and, what is of infinitely worse consequence, perhaps have their principles weakened or overturned."—"Yes," said I, "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.*"—"Pray, my dear," said the good old lady, "tell me what that is in English."—"The meaning, Madam, is, as I apply it, that it is doubly incumbent upon those who have the teaching of others, that no blemish should be observable in their own conduct."—"True," said she; "and therefore if we pity (I will not say despise) any man who professes to support a character in life, for telling an untruth, endeavouring to get money by improper means, or doing any thing derogatory to that line of life he wishes and ought to support, or to lessen him in the eyes of those he is accustomed to associate with, what shall we say to a priest and a bishop? or what language can paint our horror when a man so exalted, a man to whom we would wish to look up with veneration, debases himself by such unworthy acts? Indeed, indeed, I am afraid Mr. *Beaucoup de l'Argent* is a very bad man, and, although a priest and a bishop, a man of no better morals, and as little religion as his master Bonaparte."—"Oh, grandmamma," cries out little Pe, "did

"did you never tell a story?"—"Never, to my knowledge, my dear child; at least, none of any consequence."—"A—h, don't you remember, grandma, that you said you would give me a little horse to ride?"—"So I will, my dear, if I live to see you a man." The good old lady is in her eighty-fourth year. I thought it was now time to use my authority, and told Peter to hold his tongue, and not take such liberties with his grandmamma. The poor child was so affected with my reproof, that his little heart was full, and he was going to burst into tears, sobbing out that he did not mean any harm: the good old lady was moved, and calling him to her, desired me to give him half a glass of wine, which I did accordingly; and the little rogue's countenance cleared up, and his eyes sparkled like the wine in the decanter. While I was doing this, my worthy relative launched out into the praise of port wine, saying, she made it a rule to drink three glasses every day, and she believed it had kept her alive many years. Just then my eldest son Timothy, a youth of seventeen, returned from Mr. Twist's, the tailor's, where I had sent him after dinner to be measured for a suit of clothes; he is just come home for the holidays from Eton, but in so ragged a condition, that I was ashamed to see him: he is a fine spirited lad, but rather too volatile and lively: hearing a young lady wanted a person to take half a chaise to London, he waited on the father and offered himself for her *protegé*, which was accepted; but what does my spark do, but, the post-boy having occasion to quit his horses for a moment at Salt Hill, whips out of the window, seizes the reins, and drives away at a furious rate, never stopping till he got to Turnham Green, where he begged the lady a thousand pardons for the fright he had put her into, and hoped she would excuse it, as it was only a Christmas gambol. Mrs. Orthodox, our rector's lady, coming in, I

"FLASHES OF MERRIMENT;"

OR, A NEW ROAD TO WIT AND PLEASANTRY, CUT THROUGH
THE NEWSPAPERS.

[From the Morning Post.]

Ecce iterum, Momus.
Dulce est desipere.

HOR.

" 'Tis pleasant to amuse,
By clippings from the News."

THE Opera of *False Alarms*—

Went off at *score*, and kept the lead the whole way to the end.

Whatever may be the event of war—

"*All in the Wrong*" has, of late, been performed both "*At Home and Abroad*."

Twenty Shares of 100*l.* each—

Wanted, by some Gentlemen in the Rules of the King's Bench, board and lodgings.

On a Motion in the House by Mr. —, sitting Member for —, the debate took a long and *interesting* turn; when a ballot being demanded and taken, the Ayes had it by a great majority, for the *duration* of—

N. B. Dinner on Table at six precisely.

The Creditors of the Hon. Mr. — having met—

They discharged a pistol each without effect; when the affair was amicably adjusted by the interference of the seconds.

As the Watchman of St. —'s parish was going his rounds—

The burglary was committed without the least interruption, the family being all from home on a Christmas festival.

Prince *Jerome* has not yet obtained—

The wages due to his past conduct: the Magistrate justly observed, he deserved a halter, and that, for the *present*, he had had a miraculous escape.

The

The difference of opinion between Ministers and Mr. *Whitbread*—

We are led to believe began and ended in *smoke* only, as no *fire* appeared on a general search being made by the firemen.

The prevalent rage of mad dogs and puppies, about town—

It is said *the gang* were too numerous to be suppressed; but his Worship has issued proper orders on so alarming an occasion, and hopes are entertained of their being *properly dealt with*.

Persons afflicted with the Rheumatism, when all other things fail, may find a sure remedy—

In dying—the hair to any colour, these oils are found most efficacious.

As two Gentlemen were sauntering down Jermyn Street, they were suddenly stopt—

By the rattling of the dice-box—much business is supposed to be carried on in a neighbouring square, due west.

There is no truth in the report of *Bonaparte*—

Being taken and carried to the office in Marlborough Street, and was committed for further examination, on suspicion, various implements of *burglary* being found upon him. *Non constat*—but he's the man.

Mr. *Morton's* new Comedy, entitled *Town and Country*—

Yesterday underwent a final examination, and was committed for immediate trial.

The malicious reports of *Madame Catalani* and her husband being suspected as Spies—

Mr. *Kelly*, Acting Manager of the Opera House, has *reset* in his happiest manner, and may be had at his Saloon Music-shop in Pall Mall—*By Authority*.

The rage of *Private* Theatricals is such, that—

Doctors' Commons was never known so full of employ, as for the ensuing Term.

It

It may be truly said of the Opposition, that—

On hearing the evidence on both sides, his Lordship informed the Jury they must find all the parties guilty, but would do well to recommend them to mercy.

MOMUS.

THE MILLER WITH THREE THUMBS:

A PROPHECY.

[From the British Press.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALL persons at all conversant with English prophecies, are very familiar with the predictions of Nixon, the Cheshire prophet, who delivered his oracles in the reign of James I. Nixon was a peasant-boy, bred up on the estate of the Cholmondeley family, at Vale Royal, in the county of Chester. About the age of 15 or 16, he neglected his work, and began to utter those prophecies which have excited the wonder, and the accomplishment of which forms part of the creed, of the good people of Cheshire, even to this hour. His prophecies, that the park wall would fall down, and the owner of the mansion be hanged before his own door, having been fulfilled, the first unaccountably, and the second by the accident of Mr. Cholmondeley's getting his neck entangled in the loop of a hay-rope as he was riding into his courtyard, at night, gave him a reputation through the kingdom, which has since been enhanced by the accomplishment of the prophecy, that he should himself be starved to death.

The prophecy which now particularly engrosses the attention of the people of this county, is that in which Nixon foretels, that—"in the reign of George, the son of George, the son of George, the son of George, a Miller shall be born with three thumbs, who shall hold the horses of three kings, between

between whom England shall be bought and sold." The people here observe, that, at the time this prophecy was spoken by the boy, for he could neither read nor write, it was impossible for any one to foresee, otherwise than by inspiration, that there would have been even one sovereign, much less a line of them, of the name of George, in this country.

Now, Sir, for the strange solution given here to this prediction. We all recollect the interview between Bonaparte and the Emperor of Austria at a mill, the then residence of the former, which, amongst us, is deemed sufficient to constitute him a miller. The difficulty which would next present itself respecting the three thumbs, is completely removed by a story prevailing amongst us, that Bonaparte was born with the impression of a thumb on his left ear; in consequence of his father, who was a surly jealous-pated little Corsican, having pulled his wife's ear rather sharply, when the good dame was pregnant with the embryo Emperor. If this account be correct, (and who will take Bonaparte by the ears to ascertain it?) this mark, in addition to his two natural thumbs, as far as relates to the Miller with three thumbs, is a literal fulfilment of the prediction. With respect to holding the horses of three kings, that is equally easy of solution. We have only to suppose, what indeed must at all events be probable, that, when the interview took place at Bonaparte's mill, the two Emperors were on horseback. Now, these two in themselves constitute three Kings; as Bonaparte is King of Italy, and the Emperor Francis, King of Bohemia and King of Hungary. In respect to holding the horses, it does not signify whether Bonaparte himself was the groom upon that occasion or not. It is sufficient that they were held, and that he, the Miller, was the means of doing it; for it is not necessary that a prophecy should be fulfilled in the manner that

that people may understand at the time, otherwise the prophecy which related to Mr. Cholmondeley, would not have been verified by the accident of his riding into the yard, so as to have his neck entangled in the loop of a hay-rope, as was the fact, or unless he was executed by a course of law. We come now, Sir, to the last and most important point, of England being bought and sold, at this conference between the Kings, which must be left for time and events to determine: for, at present, I think it a mere matter of conjecture. It is not unusual for people to buy and sell, upon speculation, that which they never may be in possession of; but, though my opinion is, that it is not in the power of those, or any other kings, to barter between them a single acre of Old England, the attention of some of my neighbours is, however, so much engrossed with this prophecy, that I fear there is danger of our being, this year, deprived of a considerable part of that excellent old Cheshire cheese, for which, perhaps, you, as well as myself, have infinitely more *relish* than for all the boding prophecies that Nixon ever uttered.

Chester, January 11.

DAVID FLUELLEN.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE MR. PITT.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

I SHALL be obliged by your early insertion of the following article; which, from your liberal plan of holding your Paper open to free discussion, may be published without pledging you to any agreement in its principle.

“ De mortuis nil nisi bonum.”

This sentiment has, from its humanity, obtained a general concurrence, and it has been deemed illibera

to offend against its direction; yet, in respect to public utility, it can bear no comparison with the Chinese custom of a rigorous investigation into the conduct of the dead; and in weighing the authority due to it, we should ever take into our consideration the character of the individual who is the subject of our examination. If a private man, no matter what his station, we ought implicitly to obey its dictate; why should we rake up the ashes of the dead? Of what use is it to enumerate and expose his mistakes, his follies, and his vices? They might have affected the sphere in which he moved, but beyond that, their influence could not extend, and beyond that, their record should not be known. But if he has been a public man, his acts die not with him; he still lives in their consequences, and is still subject to the judgment of the public, especially if, in quitting this world, he leave behind him a set of attached adherents to tread in his steps, to pursue his measures, and to ape the boldness of his conduct, without possessing his mantle to dignify their presumption.

No man can more justly estimate the extraordinary talents which distinguished Mr. Pitt—the splendid flow of his eloquence, which graced every measure—and the manly firmness of his mind, which braved every opposition, and every disaster. There is, indeed, no quality more rare, and no one more essential to a statesman, than that decision of conduct which is independent of the wavering judgment of the populace: but dreadful are the effects of that firmness of mind inclining to temerity and presumption. Of what great consequence is it to the nation, that its minister be pure and disinterested? Suppose him the reverse, a few thousands a-year make the utmost of his defalcations. But in directing the conduct of the nation, a higher injury may be sustained; lives, fortunes, liberty, independence, are at stake, if the
measures

measures he designs are pursued from pertinacity of opinion, from contempt of advice, and from defiance of opposition.

At this moment I would not indulge in one reflection upon the political character of Mr. Pitt—I would willingly say, Peace to his Manes! if it were not for the party, formed under the shelter of his name, which has almost deified his abilities. I must always feel their every interest combined in following up his measures and plans of policy. They are, indeed, of no note for splendid talents: they have been intended to work under him in most subordinate capacities: they have owed the whole of their consequence to their connexion with him: like satellites, they have shone with a borrowed lustre; yet, as incapacity and presumption go ever hand in hand, I have to apprehend, that, forgetful that all their efficiency centred in him, they may now imagine themselves competent to undertake the charge of the nation.

I therefore feel it a duty to open the mind of the public to the consequences of Mr. Pitt's measures, as a war minister; and to prove, that every one originating from unfounded confidence, from miscalculated plans and insecure combinations, have all invariably met the same fate, disappointment and discomfiture. During the long and warring period in which he held the reins of Government, we indeed obtained many signal successes; but, surely, they were more owing to the skill, the valour, and discipline of our forces, than to the sagacity and foresight of his political arrangements. In proof of this position, I appeal to the results of our conquests. Though we have been victorious in almost all encounters on land, in all at sea—though the valour of our troops, and the intrepidity of our navy, have raised the glory of the country to an unequalled height, yet every plan,
every

every combination to check the progress of our enemy in his schemes of aggrandizement, have been vain and ineffectual. Here, and here only, I look for the triumph of a statesman. I cannot allow a minister to divide the dearly achieved glories of an Abercromby and a Nelson. His fame should result from using their talents in the attainment of the objects of the war. But what has been the consequence? They have conquered and died—the courage of our army, the pre-eminence of our navy, have been established, and our foe has subjugated Europe!!!

An able statesman is considered to measure his views by his means; his pretensions by his power; to contract alliances upon which he can depend, and which shall prove beneficial to his country; to form combinations which he can insure, from common interest, shall be compulsive upon the common enemy to the attainment of a secure peace.

If facts are to form a fair criterion of character, in what instance of political negotiation has Mr. Pitt succeeded? His ministry has been a scene of warfare. We have had coalitions upon coalitions; subsidies upon subsidies to bind those coalitions; yet what one has attained its object? Has there not been failure upon failure, loss upon loss? I appeal confidently to the sickening recollection of every reader.

The ruling error of Mr. Pitt's administration has been a succession of vain attempts to influence to his purpose foreign states by subsidies; the merest ropes of sand ever imagined, which last only till new interests, ever springing up from the vicissitudes of warfare, dissolve them: and then what has been our resource?—ever a new ally and a fresh subsidy! I go upon facts, and will stand to the proof. If so erroneous has been his conduct in the duration of the war, in which the nation, under his long guidance, has been constantly involved, how does he stand in the public

public estimation, as the Home Minister of its concerns? Where are his laws for the restraint of vice, and encouragement of virtue? Where are the proofs of his vigilance in the preservation of its liberties? I am afraid his legislative acts are only to be found in the Custom-house and Excise-office. Can he lay claim to the character of consistency of principle? The system of expediency, which ever governed his conduct, renders that claim inadmissible. The unbounded haughtiness of his demeanour was softened by a convenient pliancy of principle. He set out in political life, the warm advocate for Parliamentary Reform; yet, when in power, he never could find a time expedient for its introduction. To attain the support of Mr. Wilberforce and his friends, he lent himself to the Abolition of the Slave Trade; yet, with all the force of Government at his command, he had not influence to obtain that abolition! He was an advocate for peace, yet, for the support of the *Portland* interest, he yielded to their antipathies, and engaged the nation in a war with France. He was conscientiously pledged to the Catholic Emancipation; yet imperious circumstances impelled him to forfeit that pledge.

Are these facts to be controverted, or explained away? Impossible; he could not do it himself, and he has left behind no tongue of equal power.

In one circumstance Mr. Pitt is eminently singular; he has uniformly triumphed over Opposition at home—and has uniformly been discomfited by adversaries abroad: and at the precise moment when the failure of all his measures was to be heaped upon him, he is saved from the disgrace of public censure, of loss of office, by a removal from all earthly judgment; still leaving it in the power of his followers to assert, that, had life been spared to him, his eloquence would have made a victorious defence. Now that the blaze
of

Of that eloquence, which formed our fascination, is no more, let us maturely consider the measures that, in the exigency of the situation in which he has left us, it behoves us to adopt, and let the public voice call those men into office, who hold out the fairest promise of carrying them into execution.

It is nothing to the nation, who possesses the patronage, the honours, the emoluments of office, or the reins of Government; but it is every thing to the nation, that they should be placed in the hands of those who will use them to the nation's best advantage. To aid the judgment of the public in its proper choice, and sedulously to watch over the exercise of the power that choice confers, will be to me a most grateful and constant duty.

CANDIDUS.



ECCENTRICITIES OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

[From "Flim Flams," Second Edition.]

Hence, *without parent*, by spontaneous birth,
Rise the first specks of animated earth!

TEMPLE OF NATURE, Canto I. ver. 247.

Was this the med'cine PARACELsus
Could make a *Man* with, as he tells us?

HUDIBRAS, Part II. Canto III. ver. 299.

AMONG the travellers who visited my philosophical uncle, I have an unlucky minikin; whom, however, I do not deem the least important personage recorded in the philosophical drama of nature and art. I could publish his life in four handsome quartos; though (as I feel in the present chapter) the less I said about my hero the better it would be for him. And this is not meant as any allusion, though he should turn out as facetious a scoundrel as Leo X. My present hero did more for philosophy than that ambitious, voluptuous,

voluptuous, and immoral pontiff did for those arts of which he heard so much, and cared so little.

It was when the evening set in of a gloomy December, that a messenger from a neighbouring inn brought the following note to my uncle :

“ One most intimately connected with the late illustrious naturalist Hartzoeker ; one who finds a philosophy in pleasure, and a pleasure in philosophy ; a wanderer in Europe, would make a singular physical inquiry !

“ The stranger solicits that the first interview may take place in the dark. Does it look suspicious ? Every thing which relates to this writer is mysterious ! Yet if it is any accommodation to Mr. Jacob, the writer will submit to a quiet and modest light.

“ *From the Tumble-down-Dick.*”

My uncle, having read the note, was indulging a system of pleasurable ideas, a little philosophical gallantry ; but the whole system was changed by the messenger assuring him, that though the stranger was muffled all over, and no one admitted into the apartment, yet the head-waiter, who attempted to hand him out of the post-chaise, affirmed, that the stranger could not entirely conceal that he wore boots !

An affair with a pair of boots in the dark assumed a serious aspect. My uncle had his great sepulchral lamp lighted, and I was concealed as a watchful observer. At nine, the stranger was privately announced to my uncle, and the hall was cleared.

When this mysterious being entered the library, he was so gloved, so capped, and so booted, and without any apology kept his hat on his head, that, excepting I observed he walked on all three in a kind of triangular posture, and that positively he had no nose on his face, I was not sensible, as Jacob declared he was, that this urchin was

A SUPERNATURAL BEING !

With submission to my honoured uncle, I do not believe a word he said of his *presentiment*. This thing happens to us all, that when we meet with something extraordinary, and draw our inferences *à posteriori*, we really conceive that we did them *à priori*; but in all such cases we do more honour to our discernment than it merits.

Innocent reader, start not! But this creature, whose like has never been biographically recorded, was

AN UNCREATED MAN !

not born of a father and a mother! The blood is chilled in my veins!—but yet, Madam, this “*new man of feeling*,” this homunculus, this microscopical being, this *primum ens*, this primitive element, this hero of ontology, might have turned out another *Fleetwood*, under the balancing pen of Mr. GODWIN! He was so virtuous, so urbane a being! but a little queer when fantastically furious on a certain point; usually the case with a metaphysical old bachelor, who, from mere whim, marries a girl as fresh as a flower!

Curious reader, the being now presenting himself before thee, would have been considered as a dwarf, even in an island of dwarfs, and Abbé ROCHON might have had the whole figure engraven as large as life, and still observed him by a microscope*. His head
was

* The existence of the Kimos, or tiny dwarfs, in the centre of the Isle of Madagascar, was long discredited: Abbé ROCHON, wishing to put to rest our too wakeful suspicion, has actually recently described them as his very particular friends. He assures us that they do not exceed in height *three feet*, but then they possess a wonderful intellect! I own, for the sake of poor CAMPER, I do not credit there

ATRICITIES OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

price broader than his body, which fortunate
gent had made such a hodmandod one of the
greatest philosophers of this age; but it had also given
the appearance of those rude and grotesque figures
which German wit carves out for a humorous pair of
nutcrackers; or what is more spiritedly fantastical, one
of those devilets of CALLOT, which so well mimic
human life, and have scarce any thing human about
them*!

There was an amiable modesty in this homunculus,
which instantly won on the humanity of my uncle.
It was evident the urchin felt itself an object of com-
miseration; a pathetic melancholy was thrown over
its whole figure, powerfully expressing its forlorn
state.

"Be seated, Sir!" said Jacob, looking on the
boots.

The stranger sighed against the edge of the chair—
all awry, as if rubbing against a thistle.

"I fear," said my uncle, perceiving his extreme
restlessness, "that in travelling you have suffered an
attrition of the fine cuticle of the skin, an excoriation
of the epidermis; in plain English, you have lost
leather: a malady among young travellers, and
which I am surprised Dr. WILLAN has not noticed
in his elaborate treatise on the Diseases of the Skin!"

there can be such TINY PHILOSOPHERS in the world—the
very humming-birds of human nature! Yet, I myself am
so scrupulous in my veracity, that I dare say ROCHON is as
much so. He tells us he formed intimacies with these dan-
diprats; yet surely the Kimoses never asked the Frenchman
into their houses—if they meant to keep one over their
heads. One is curious to know how the Gallic *voyageur*
contrived to *persifler* a Kimos! He must have stooped—but
that a Frenchman will not find difficult.—BOBTAIL.

* See his Temptation of St. Anthony, one of the most
original inventions of the ludicrous.

The

The stranger burst into a shower of tears, and cried, "I never could sit on a chair!"

"Strange!" exclaimed Jacob—"a man like you——"

The urchin interrupted my uncle with a wildness in his gestures: he violently addressed Heaven, as a persecuted innocent, an unborn wretch! Then his piety seemed greater than his sufferings; and brushing away, with the back of his hand, some drops that glittered on his lids, he relapsed into his own natural sweet melancholy, and exclaimed, "I am no man!"

"Your pardon!" cried my uncle, bowing to his boots. "Of the lovelier sex then?" he added, in a chuckling tone.

"Sir, I am no woman!" solemnly replied the tristful thing.

"I understand you now!" said Jacob, his eye gloating with curiosity. "You are that perfect philosopher, Mons. DE SALES tells us, *qui se suffit à lui-même* *!"

Here

* The author of "*La Philosophie de la Nature*" informs us what race of human beings he deems the most perfect—and to the astonishment of the innocent reader, they turn out to be *hermaphrodites*!—that is, those who have at once two sexes! He shows, that in the golden age all were hermaphrodites; and Plato describes "the first men as *androgynes*." To have only one sex, is a state of degeneration. See Vol. V. p. 280.

But what is more extraordinary, he blames legislators for their intolerance in considering such to be monsters! and advises the most perfect of all hermaphrodites (if any such may be found), who can become father and mother without any assistance, to people a desert! "May that amiable being," he cries, "tranquil in a desert island which he himself can people, bless the Divine Being that he is sufficient for himself! and console himself for the persecution

Here he uttered a strange sound of vexation, something like that of a rattle-snake in a rage : his throat and his ear were not finely adjusted to each other, as in the human species, so that all his musical sounds were thrown out at random.

" You cannot understand me ! " cried he ; " I am the sport, not of nature, but of science ! "

My uncle rose with trepidation. " Did you not tell me, you were intimately connected with the great naturalist, HARTZOEKER ? "

The miserable thing felt my uncle's reproach. " Sir," he replied, " I am no impostor. I am, I know not what ! but still an ethical being ! Behold in me the miserable fruit of *experimental philosophy* ! There is nothing perfectly human about me ; yet I proudly bear the resemblance of man ! but here I am so curtailed, or there I am so redundant, I am so huddled together ; nay, my *birth* itself has been such a process, that, standing as I do in the midst of creation, I ask myself why I am here ? I dare not rank myself in the scale of being ! "

My uncle's curiosity was as great as any philosopher's ; but frighten a man, and he has no curiosity at all.

The truth is, the urchin now exhibited signs too evident that he was—a supernatural being !

This homunculus was a profound Lavaterist ; for though he could not make man his model, he did his study. But whenever he was stung by the sense of his misfortunes, and moreover, being endowed with

of legislators ! Still more extraordinary ! he thinks he has discovered a spot on the globe, where such beings exist." It is in those vast deserts of Africa which the fire devours in silence, and which seem for ever inaccessible to a timid sex, from the skies and tigers, which there unite to make a vast grave of Nature herself ! Vol. V. p. 269.

too exquisite a penetration for his own happiness, the dandiprat was choleric like all other diminutive beings, whose sensibility is inverse to their forms; greater, as they are smaller.

His two eyes (he had a pair) had hitherto looked like two ink blots; they now suddenly stretched half down his gigantic Chinese face. Ungloving himself, for his fingers he did exhibit several black attenuated feelers; and these he laid on my uncle's hand, who felt them crawling over him like the legs of a spider.

My uncle's blood ran cold under them; and so turning himself a little from the urchin, inclining towards the door, he affected a stride or two; but petrified, he did not venture to turn towards the urchin; yet wishing to observe if he was advancing on him, he bethought himself to bend his head downwards and peep between his own immovable legs, and there he saw what made him reel towards a chair, when, palpitating with terror, he exclaimed, "I can bear no more!"

Can you credit it? the urchin was parading about my terrified uncle on all fours, wagging a red fox-like tail, which hitherto he had concealed with such painful politeness.

I know that to the Philos there is nothing extraordinary in all this—their souls would not have been harrowed up at the sight of one of these *homines caudati*, or tailed men; but as I am always a Christian, and my philosophical uncle too when he was frightened, we were shocked at this degradation of our species*.

"Ah!"

* It is well known, that Lord MONBODDO has reared a whole system on the notion that men formerly wore tails. See the history of tailed men in his *Origin of Language*, Vol. I. Book 2, chap. 3. One of his confirmations is a

"Ah!" exclaimed the urchin, while he crawled on all fours, but strangely affected by a conflict of passions, he chuckled like a hen, pittered like a grasshopper,

story of a Scotch schoolmaster, who underwent the operation of having his tail rescinded; but he was afterwards so fondly attached to it, that whenever he travelled (such was his brutish disposition), he always carried it about him in a small box.

Now Mr. WHITE, in his 'Gradation of MAN,' p. 24, saith, "*It is necessary to discountenance the opinion of Lord MONBODDO, that some of the human species have tails! Were this true, it would break the law of gradation; for in descending through the species of apes (the Philos always affront us in this sly manner!) we meet with no tails till we reach the baboons, which are farther removed from MAN than the apes are!*"

Thus, by magic, would Mr. WHITE do away the interesting discovery of the great Scotch metaphysician; but very unfairly. He asserts, *a man cannot have a tail*, because it is against the LAW of the SCALE OF GRADATION in *man!* But my uncle insisted, having adopted the other hypothesis, that this *gradation in man* was Mr. White's own patent invention; a private concern, not a public matter; it might not be *Nature's scale!* My uncle added, he was sorry to say, that we had but too many proofs that men are brutes, and had worn tails!

My uncle liberally allowed any antagonist on this head all the ancient authorities, as so much dust in the wavering scales of argument; though he would add, St. Austin tells us he had preached to a people without heads, and with eyes in their breasts; and I don't like to give that great saint the lie. Now a man with a tail is not half so wonderful to credit. But did it not puzzle Linnæus to classify the *homo caudatus*, whether among men or apes? he puts him in the class of man, because "he lights his fire, and cooks his own victuals;" a most evident proof of the characteristic dignity of human nature! BULWER tells us, in his day there was a Kentish family all tailed; and indeed, whenever my uncle quarrelled with any family in
that

grasshopper, and ended in the guttural tones of a Catawba, jabbering his *quogkoononogkodtash*. "Pity the horrors that now strike you! Heaven forgive the choleric spasms which seize on me, and spoil in one moment fifty years of sound philosophy! Do not shrink from me! this miserable band sheds no blood—alas! it has no fingers! though, to be sure," raising the other, "this has a claw like a tiger's*!"

Touched

that county, he was sure to declare that they were the very family in question. Many of the Irish are tailed. But does not Dr. LOCHNER, in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, 1689, relate most minutely a case of a tailed boy? and when that learned physician was called in by his disconsolate parents; not suspecting any thing of the matter, he began to unbutton his waistcoat, to examine the hardness of his belly; but the father and mother both shook their heads, and declared the complaint lay much lower—they would have died before they would have acknowledged that their young Ascanius was tailed. "And in 1771 (these were my uncle's conclusive proofs) did not Dr. GUINDANT publish many cases, all tending to confirm the tailed system; and that the islands of Formosa, the Molucca, and Philippine, had whole races of men with tails? And BERGMAN, the greatest experimentalist of this age, gives an account of people with cats' tails. Now put the Scotch schoolmaster with these authorities, and deny the existence of tailed men, and you are only shutting your eyes on the sun."—Thus opined my uncle.

I refer the reader to Dr. FERRIAR's very curious essay on "The Varieties of Man." He concludes that the *os coccygis* might sometimes have an accidental elongation. P. 222.

* Dr. Darwin, according to his own system of generation from a filament, conceives that the entire creation is *one matter*, differently modified.—"From this account," says he, "of reproduction, it appears that all animals have a similar origin, viz. from a *single living filament*; and that the difference of their former qualities has arisen *only from the different irritabilities and sensibilities, or voluntarities, or*

Touched by the philosophical language and the modest demeanour of the inoffensive stranger, and as my uncle, after all, was in *theory* a Monboddist, though he was so frightened when made so by *conviction*, Jacob calmed his terror. He stroked the homunculus by its tail, with all the complacency of a theorist.

"This tail of mine," said the homunculus, "is the source of my perpetual curiosity. Oh! that, like the tadpole, I could have lost it when I had no farther use for it! In what degree in Mr. WHITE'S scale of man do I rank? Has science no consolation?"

My uncle felt flattered at this appeal to his knowledge as a naturalist; he did not wish to conceal the melancholy truth, nor to offend the nice feelings of the tailed gentleman, so he most curiously jammed the too curious urchin between a couple of theories.

"Must we, then," said my uncle, "believe that the dignity of human nature consists in a *rump bone*?"

"Ay!" cried the homunculus, thoughtfully shaking its head, "that is the question! LINNÆUS classes man among *monkies* and *bats*: and therefore some hope is left for me!"

My uncle continued—"CASPAR HOFFMAN was convinced, by his own experience, that he was a brute,

associabilities, of this original living filament." ZOONOMIA, Vol. II. p. 230. 8vo. edit. And at p. 240, he pushes his researches; "*millions of ages before the commencement of the history of mankind!*" The Philos, they say, will not believe in their Bible, but they can credit all such exquisite madness as DARWIN'S and DE SALES'S. Let that be as it may! Dr. DARWIN, alluding to this *original living filament*, says, "In some this *filament*, in its *advances to maturity*, has *acquired hands and fingers*, a fine sense of touch, like mankind; in others, it has acquired *claws or talons*, as in tigers and eagles." Vol. II. p. 236.

and

and therefore did CASPAR adopt the tail system; but hard pushed for proofs and illustrations concerning men with tails, though he acknowledged that the *os coccygis* in untailed animals was indeed no tail, yet he confused his adversaries by asserting, that it was the *mark of a tail in untailed animals!*"

"This is most consolatory to me!" exclaimed the urchin, highly gratified.

"But," continued my uncle, "RIOLAN, whose delicacy was excessive concerning the rump-bone of a man—'t was a tender part with him; for he had an hypothesis respecting 'the final cause of the sedentary posture'—poured forth a most bitter invective and most pompous declamation against CASPAR, concerning the dignity of human nature, which, he insisted, entirely depended on this *os coccygis*; 'because,' said he, 'man is a cogitating animal; and the only convenient posture he finds in which to cogitate is to sit on his rump; and never could it have been any other thing than the untailed rump; it is so finely constructed and so happily adapted for the sedentary posture.'"

The current ran now against the urchin, who was too sensible that he never could sit on a chair. The little good that honest CASPAR had brought, by my uncle's impartiality in jumbling the two theories together, RIOLAN had entirely done away.

The urchin was again fermenting through his blighted body, when my uncle, now somewhat bolder, remonstrated with the choleric creature.

"Alas!" replied the urchin, checking his passion, "you know why *little men* are so choleric! We are soul all over! men of three feet in height are more haughty than men of six—we are so compressed that our passions are too concentrated; our hearts are placed so near the great passage of digestion, that they are easily put into a ferment; a palpitation more or less

suffocates us in our throats, or sends the heart of a little man fuming with our very excrement !”

“ I laid before you a couple of cool theories,” said my uncle ; “ they required no such violent passion : with a couple of theories, you have only to choose the most convenient. Your walking on all fours is a more suspicious circumstance than your tail !”

“ Your pardon,” calmly replied the softened urchin : “ on honest CASPAR’s system I assert it to be a remains of the primæval state of innocence. To walk on two legs, when nature has bestowed four, is a posture as unnatural as disadvantageous. I am not of that imperious puppy RIOLAN’s opinion, that the sedentary posture characterizes man ; for to lie down, like a dog, one’s whole length, is much more refreshing ; and civilized men, when most fatigued, do not sit on chairs, but stretch themselves on sofas. By walking on four legs you are more firmly supported than on a pair ; if you slip you will not fall ; on four you see a hundred things which escape you on two. The most thinking philosophers, the only children of nature in this age, have their necks bent, with down-cast eyes. The erect look towards heaven, which some of your naturalists boast as the privilege of man, is in the first place a lie, for ’t is horizontal ! and what do you get by it ?—a mouthful of air * !”

“ You are a very close reasoner,” observed my uncle, “ and no doubt you will gratify me by an account how you were begotten, that I may be able to throw some new light on my new system of generation.”

“ Of the processes of animal growth,” replied the pensive homunculus with great dignity, “ I presume not to resolve the enigma. For eighteen centuries the world was satisfied with the accounts of HIPPO-

* See these various systems in Blumenbach on Generation, p. 13.

CRATES and ARISTOTLE ; one I think was in favour of the right side, while the other of course adopted the left. Modern philosophers with their glasses have put the creation into confusion ; theory has burst out of theory, and the younger always turned out of doors his elder brothers ; theorists are such a very quarrelsome family ! Are we extracted from an egg ? do we open ourselves in a germ ? or do we float along, spermatric creatures, lively and active, to be detected only by the microscope ? Are we all much older than we suppose ourselves to be ? or are we, every soul of us, of the same age, having been originally pent up in the *ovaria* of our common mother Eve ? or do we descend by one original filament elongated from Adam ? or is there any connexion between us and our first parents* ? Of all this I know nothing."

" A most lame and impotent conclusion !" cried my uncle : " You seem to have no idea of chemistry. I have converted my Argand's lamp into a chemical apparatus ; it has a retort and a receiver ; I shall probably be able to get a child by my Argand's lamp ; I expect one day, that a certain *combination* will take place in the upper bell-shaped glass. I suppose you know philosophers have projected men in chemical vases † !" — " Those

* Some philosophic minds have been greatly distressed, and not without reason, as it has an immediate reference to a right deportment, by the following inquiry :—*Is man naturally a biped or a quadruped ?* Until this point can be decided, he who walks uprightly does not walk surely ; every step he takes may transgress the fundamental law of nature. ROUSSEAU, MOSCATI, Lord MONBODDO, &c. have done their utmost to bend the stubborn neck of man down to the earth : BUFFON, ZIMMERMAN, and BLUMENBACH, unite their efforts to set him up again.

The curious reader may find their arguments stated in Appendix to Monthly Review, Vol. LXXX. 686.

† Professor BLUMENBACH notices PARACELSUS's notion, how a man may be manufactured ; the passage is preserved

—“Those men must have been as cold as crystal!” observed the homunculus; “I was not so begotten! The villanous philosopher, my father, wrapt up in his system of spontaneous production, flattered himself that he could make God Almighty’s creatures by *veal-broth*, or *mashed potatoes**, or by *creating eels* with a little paste and vinegar †!”

“These animalculæ,” observed my uncle, “are very important personages with Gobbo †!”

“My

in Dr. GREY’s notes to Hudibras. Recently the painter Gautier affirmed that he was able to produce a perfect human embryo. The celebrated HARTZOEKER assures us, he did see the little *embryo sitting* in the body of each animalcula in the same *crooked and confined posture* as in the female womb.

He gives an account of an *artificial boy* blown up with all its perfect parts, and in action, in a capacious glass bottle; but this fond darling of philosophy was of so delicate a texture, that had he been well shaken, he would not have been able to have stood it out! It required the utmost caution to keep him alive: he could only have been a pencilling of humanity, a piece of crayon colouring which a feather might have brushed away!

* Réaumur put some boiling veal-broth and hot mashed potatoes into hot phials, closed with glass stopples, and both of them became full of animalculæ, &c.—*Zoonomia*, Vol. II. p. 314. 8vo. edition.

† Eels were probably at first as minute as other microscopic animalculæ, but by frequent, perhaps *hourly reproduction*, they gradually became the *large animals* they are, possessing wonderful strength and activity.—*Temple of Nature*, additional note 3.

‡ Modern naturalists, with fine imaginations, have given a new concussion to the curious world, by the miracles and visions of their microscopes: a number of controversies and calculations have mutually destroyed one another.

LEUWENHOEK and HARTZOEKER saw “millions of animalculæ in a drop, less than the smallest grain of sand;”
and

“ My father repeated an experiment which LEUWENHOEK had performed ! and, lo, one morning he discovered me by a microscope, and, in mad ecstasy, picked

and as this drop was the production of a cock, they alarmed their imaginations with more cocks than can possibly exist on the face of the earth.

BUT DALEPPATIUS afterwards declared, he saw “ one of these animalculæ break through its coat or covering : it was no longer an animalcula, but a real *human body, with two arms and legs, and a breast and a head;*” in fact, it was a little man not half an hour old !

BUFFON, to convince the world that the whole was a flim-flam of DALEPPATIUS, takes up his terrific multiplication table ; he assumes the body of man as an unit, and a spermatic worm of the first generation, being a thousand million of times smaller than a man, it must be expressed by this fraction :

$$\frac{1 \quad \text{Man !}}{1,000,000,000 \text{ Spermatic worms !}}$$

He pursues the speck to the sixteenth generation, till it drops into the abyss of non-entity ! A calculation not less terrific was made by SPALLANZANI ; he calculated the spermatic particle of a toad designed to fecundate a tadpole, and he finds that it has the 2,994,087,500th *part of a grain*. In the fluid of the pen, now blotting my paper, a world of frogs might float !

BUT to perform my duty completely in these profound commentaries, I must present the world with the words and ideas of a sublimely minute biographer of an animalcula. Take MARTINIERE’s account of a pair of the very smallest possible : they are the *volvox bulla*—oval bodies like soap-bubbles ; some are solitary, but they are often seen in small parties of six or nine. MARTINIERE thinks to assist his friend BUFFON’s system, by assuring us, he saw one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature ! Perhaps had he not been so impatient, he would not have been disappointed ; however, he has been enabled to describe a pair of these soap-bubbles in a desperate fray, in an eloquent style, “ like

84 ECCENTRICITIES OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

picked me up with a pin ! He sealed me hermetically in a phial, and, in secret rapture, beheld me expanding like that metallic vegetable the tree of Diana. At first I was so light I vibrated in waves, and whirled about in a living wheel, as DARWIN describes ; at length, more quiescent, I had more consistency ; and in a more solid shape, he gently poured me out into sunshine and freedom ! I was nursed amidst the children of experimental philosophy ; I swam with subnatant tadpoles, I frisked with volatile newts : my first companions of any size were frogs ; and while I wrestled with slippery eels like an infant Hercùles, I grappled the innocent serpents, and triumphed in my cradle !”

My uncle was nearly stifled by his excessive politeness, and retaining his gravity, he exclaimed, “ You are an homunculus !”

two strong and active WRESTLERS, they immediately rushed together, and attacked each other on every side ; sometimes one would dive, leaving its adversary on the surface of the water ; one would describe a circular movement, while the other remained at rest in the centre : their motions at length became so rapid as no longer to allow me to distinguish one from the other !” This is dropping the curtain in the abrupt manner of KOTZEBU, and we are not perfectly gratified by seeing how matters end ; the imagination is left to work for itself, and there is an end to its caprices : however, Monsieur MARTINIÈRE gives a supplement, which I confess is very flat, after having raised the expectations of the reader with the Achilles and Hector of soap-bubbles ! “ Having quitted them for a short time, on my return I found them (would you not imagine, after this fray, that one of the soap-bubbles had shed blood ?) reunited as before, and amicably moving round the edge of the glass, by their common exertions !” —Animal Biography, Vol. III. p. 370. Notwithstanding these strong and active wrestlers, attacking each other on every side, I suspect they never attacked one another at all.—BORTAIL.

“ I am !”

"I am!" in a humiliated tone, replied the mortified, but affecting thing; "the dignity of creation is not mine*!"

"My father compared me with a favourite foetus, and I seemed more lovely; a parent is so partial to his own progeny! Often has he told me, that in the glass jar I was born handsome; but as soon as he landed me in atmospheric air, I caught cold! the moisture affected my constitutional delicacy, and monstrous changes took place in my limbs!

"He was long puzzled to decide what to make of me; I seemed like those vegetable monsters, a 'columbine with a triple nectary, or a primrose with a 'triple petal;' meanwhile I kept shooting out like the roots of a tulip. He now lamented that he had given me exuberant nutriment, which had diffused into a luxuriance of legs, and no arms! He took fright when he considered he had actually produced a chimera of the ancients, a sphinx or a centaur; and he was long anxious whether the rector of the parish would not insist to burn the only child my father cared for!"

* Some of the Philos differ widely among themselves, whether these *homunculi* are to be considered with that respect which some do. BLUMENBACH says, "I am at a loss to imagine how another set of philosophers have been induced to dignify these animalculæ of a stagnant animal fluid, to the high rank of the organized germ of successive generations." Again, "I shall add a few reflections, which, to the most uninformed readers, will appear sufficient for calling in question this *imaginary dignity* of these *animalculæ*!"—*Essay on Generation*, p. 9.

Dr. DARWIN even suspects whether these embryos are "gentlemen born;" for, says he, "if these animalculæ, as seen by the microscope, be rudiments of *homunculi*, &c." Again, "I do not assert that these moving particles, visible by the microscope, are *homunciones*; perhaps they may be no creatures at all! but if they are embryos, &c."—*Zoonomia*, Vol. II. p. 209. 8vo. edit.

What

"What pangs of care, what anxieties of curiosity, you must have cost your father!" observed my uncle.

"His affection increased at every new twist in my mishapen body; and every day he had hopes I should assume a new form. I received an excellent private education; but of what aid is philosophy to a man cooked out of veal-broth, and poured hot out of a bottle? I have long sought for a Scotch metaphysician to still the tempest of my soul! I am in the creation, but I do not belong to it.

"Once I cherished a fatal passion for that masculine feminine, the late Princess DASHKOFF. She sat in the president's chair in the Royal Society at Petersburg; yet I considered her as an *imperfect president*: for though she had a beard, she wore no breeches. Surely the president of a scientific society has ever retained that privilege—though I could never: the ukase of Catherine reversed the grand distinction*.

I do

* The manly portrait of this philosophical Amazon has been lately engraved in the Philos. Mag. She was one of the miracles of a female and despotic reign, a *LADY presiding in a Royal Society*! She *signed* letters on all subjects. I have seen several on map-making, new comets, on logarithms, &c. subjects, which must have made her Highness's brain as dry and as hard, as the last remaining biscuit in a voyage round the world. I am surprised the late Empress had not a *Lord Chamberlain petticoated*: a Russian ukase could have converted a *lady* into a *lord*; as Ovid relates of Miss *Cenis*, who having been violated by Neptune, at her own request, was changed into *MASTER CŒNEUS*!

"Give me no more to suffer such a shame,
But *change the woman* for a better name!

—And while she spoke,

A stern, majestic, manly tone she took, &c."

Dryden's Ovid.

The Princess DASHKOFF, and many of the INSTITUTION LADIES, ought to undergo the same metamorphosis.

I ac-

I do not approve of *ladies* as presidents of royal societies; their meetings will be consumed in awkward gallantries.

"EULER gazed on the Princess DASHKOFF's twinkling eye, as on those nebulae scarce to be seen at an almost incalculable distance: her capacious bosom PALLAS contemplated as a mountain of snow; and Linnæus would have considered her as an hermaphrodite flower! But you seem cogitating, Mr. Jacob!"

"I am thinking," replied my uncle, "that a marriage with you would be a philosophical experiment!"

"I own," replied the *homunculus*, with admirable candour, "that if naturalists are allowed to nurse up all the *homunculi* and the *homunciones* they imagine they see floating before their microscopes, the world has reason to be alarmed at an invasion of living filaments. SPALLANZANI positively *made a dog*, and it is rumoured JOHN HUNTER *made a lord**! The creation is in some danger! I wish I was out of it!"

My

* I acknowledge my favourite author much resembles HOMER; I frequently catch him *nodding*. But I can assure the reader, that his obscurest passages are pregnant with divinest conceptions; in the present one, nothing seems expressed, but it is an Iliad in a nut-shell! I could write a very saleable volume, taking the above line for my text.

In respect to the *philosophy* of this supernatural production (I mean our author's book), our author resembles ARISTOTLE. How few possess the golden key to the concealed treasures so deeply buried in these volumes! The diction of our profound genius is allegorical and mystical, and all which appears "flat and unprofitable," is full of instruction. I am indebted for this hint to Mr. T. Taylor, the *Platonist*. Our author frequently gives into the dark spirit of the ACROAMATICAL philosophy, where every thing is to be explained in an occult way; so that what is said is not to be understood, but what is to be understood, is not said.

According to Mr. TAYLOR, ARISTOTLE had his *acroamatical* and his *exoterical* doctrines. The latter were on the superficial

My uncle considered the wish of the *homunculus* to be reasonable enough, and that if he were to get rid of himself, it would hardly amount to suicide ! However, the homunculus was extremely civil: it requested my uncle would assist in concealing its tail ; sighed as its hat was fastened to its head, and slowly paced with a sweet and melancholy air !

After the departure of this extraordinary personage, my uncle and I stared each other in the face, but never a word was spoken. He sat with his philosophical cap on, cogitating on germs, eggs, fluids, animalculæ, Adam and Eve, and veal-broth, during the whole month !

DARING ROBBERY.

[From the Oracle.]

THE annals of depravity have lately recorded a transaction which a feeling mind cannot contemplate without horror ! Our immortal Bard has wisely observed, “ Who steals my *purse* steals *trash*,” which inculcates very strongly a contempt of the “ *auri sacra fames* ;” but what shall be said to palliate the following most atrocious burglary :—On Twelfth Night, Mr. Lanza, who composed *The Deserts of Arabia*, for the express purpose of displaying the vocal powers of Incledon, and who purposes taking the music to America, made a present to the Orchestra of a Twelfth Cake, and a dozen of Port wine. The gentlemen of the band were extremely grateful, and no doubt each

superficial parts of learning, and any one might hear him lecture, as at the Royal Institution ; but the former were kept for his particular friends—abstruse firm flames ! Now in respect to the *acroamatical* doctrines of our author, he is to me what PLATO is to Mr. TAYLOR. I have had *revelations*, but my bookseller shakes his head at them : so the world is now informed of all I have to say !—BOBTAIL.

individual

individual privately determined to play the *first fiddle*, but it was resolved that the treat should be postponed until the ensuing evening. They met in *full band*. The closet door in the *hair-dresser's* room, in which the dainties were deposited, was opened; when, *horribile dictu!* they had all vanished!—The cake and wine were stolen! The *sharps* had proved too many for the *flats*. To describe or delineate the consternation of the orchestra, requires the pen of Fielding, or the pencil of Hogarth. The bass grumbled, the hautboys squeaked, and the whole band, in mournful unison, struck up the dismal elegy of, “Oh! cruel, cruel case!” and “My courage is out.”—Thus it was clearly proved that “*Procrastination is the thief of cake.*” The following persons were suspected of having perpetrated this most atrocious deed:

Mr. Kemble, who proved that he sat up all night, attempting to *revive a dead tragedy*.

Mr. Cooke, who sarcastically exclaimed, “I’m busy; thou troublest me; I’m not in the vein.”

Mr. Brandon, who immediately gave his acenser a *box—on the ear*.

Mr. Munden, whom a *Kentish-Town* watchman proved to be in bed; as he mistook the tuneful accompaniment of his nose for a drove of *swine*.

Mr. Liston, who was seized with a *shivering fit*; but discharged, on an alibi being proved by *Mrs. Grim*. It is strongly suspected, that by the activity of the Bow Street officers, who are no *cakes*, the theft will be traced to *Mother Goose*; in which case it is supposed Simmons will lose his *giblets*, and turn out to be a luckless *gander*. Grimaldi, in the pantomime, very illiberally produces a piece of cake, and addresses the orchestra with “I like twelfth cake!” It is extremely cruel—but what *manners* can be expected from a *clown*? Mr. Ware, the leader of the orchestra,
is

is so anxious to discover *where* the *cake* is, that he has affixed the following hand-bill to the stage-door :

“ Whereas a cake has been stolen from the hair-dresser’s room, whoever will give the necessary information shall receive a reward of *ten crotchets*.

(Signed) “ W. WARE.”

Unhappy fiddlers ! alas, ye cannot exclaim with the Moor—

“ He that is robb’d, not *wanting* what is stole,
Let him not *know* ‘t; and he’s not robb’d at all.”

MORE PARTICULARS.

[From the same.]

THE nefarious peculation of *fiddler’s cake* still remains buried in the same obscurity as Mr. Kemble’s *dissyllabic* pronunciation of *aches* in the *Tempest* ; but leaving this knotty point to the learned author of the *short-lived* farce of *Mr. H.* we shall proceed to state some additional facts which have come within our knowledge. From several circumstances which have been promulgated it has been ascertained, that a large slice, either of *buttered bun* or *plum cake*, was seen carried into the lodgings of Mr. *Ledger*. It was by no means a *common-place entry* ; and, as it was done in the *evening*, it could not have been inserted in the *day-book*. A search-warrant was consequently obtained from Bow Street ; but after a minute inquiry, the investigation proved unsuccessful ; though, upon its being communicated to *Townsend*, the *knowing trap* acutely observed, “ *Vy*, my jolly master, didn’t you look under *Glumdalca*’s petticoats ? ” The *treasury* have incurred their share in the obloquy ; for which unjust accusation, Messrs. Hughes, J. Brandon, and Tull, have determined to give their accusers a *check*. Mr. Ware, the leader
of

of the fiddlers, the giant among pigmies, the *one-eyed* monarch of the *blind*, is much hurt at the disgrace put upon the *sons of rosin*. He asserted, in the Green Room, that the *orchestra* was not to be considered as *secondary*; to which an actor, of approved and estimable celebrity, aptly retorted—"No, Sir, *fourth* or *fifth*." Thus remains the case: but we are concerned to inform the *hungry fiddlers*, that, from certain information, we can state, in *black letter*,

"The cake is eaten."

THE RAPE OF THE CAKE:

A COVENT GARDEN ECLOGUE.

INSCRIBED TO THE MUSICAL BAND OF COVENT GARDEN
THEATRE, ON ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT THEFT OF
THEIR TWELFTH CAKE.

[From the same.]

"Quid rapuisti?"

THE night was dark! fast clos'd the plunderer's hand!
And idle Jehus slept upon the stand!
The lone Piazza, erst the gay resort
Of flash and fun, and meretricious sport,
Then only echo'd to th' unvarying sound
Of drowsy watchmen, pacing their dull round.
Kiddies no more at *Glue* or *Brilliant* sup,
And e'en the far-fam'd *Finish* was *done up*.
All rest in sleep! save—*those who were awake*—
The wicked wags who stole the *fiddlers' cake*.
Not with more silence did Ulysses tread,
When he relentless struck King Rhesus dead;
Not with more caution did th' invading Gaul
Attempt to storm the Capitolian wall;
Not with more care did valorous Smith advance
To burn the navy of insulting France;
Not with more ease did Belcher beat poor Burke,
Than those vile plunderers did the dreadful work!!!

But

92 FRAGMENT OF A COVENT GARDEN PASTORAL.

But say, my muse, what *prodigies* appear'd?
 The rain fast pour'd, and horrid screams were heard!
 Loud thunder shook the gay theatric pile,
 And Kemble first relax'd into a smile!
 The theft announc'd, the *band* were in dismay,
 And nought was heard but "Oh! and Well-a-day!"
 The leader Ware, with anger in his soul,
 While his limbs tremble, and his eyeballs roll,
 "D—n!" cried, "this insult's too imposing,
 Shall we bear this, ye *scraping sons of rosin*?"
 The puffy Parke, who never was a starter,
 Said, "In this cause I wish to die a *Martyr*!"
 Hawtin, with face inflated like a crumpet,
 "L—d bless us!" said, and dropp'd his brazen *trumpet*.
 And smirking Davy, with his *powder'd* pate,
 Plump'd snug upon his seat, and *grinn'd* in state.
 While feeble Woodcock let his anger loose,
 And fix'd the theft on harmless *Mother Goose*!!!
 But say, my muse, and then I'll cry farewell!
 Who stole the *cake*?—"Indeed I cannot tell!
 And this I swear, in accents strong and slow,
 I cannot tell!—because—I do not know!"

TIM TARTLET.

FRAGMENT OF A COVENT GARDEN PASTORAL.

[From the same.]

"Despairing beside a clear stream."—GAY.

DID you see a Twelfth Cake in your round;
 A good one as ever was made?
 'Tis sweet, and weighs many a pound,
 Alas! it is stolen or stray'd!

You may know the dear Cake by this mark—
 On the top is a gilt sugar lyre,
 And the bust of Apollo, that spark
 That sets every genius on fire.

To the fiddlers, that sweetly do play,
 This Cake was presented so fine;
 And, because it was on a Twelfth Day,
 Came grac'd with twelve bottles of wine!

In

In a hair-dresser's room was it stow'd,
And carefully lock'd was the door,
Where nor mouse nor a rat had abode,
Yet the Twelfth Cake was never seen more!

Long they search'd, and they search'd all around,
Long they search'd, but, alas! 't was in vain;
When they heard a deep bass viol sound,
And a voice, sweetly sad, thus complain:

"Ah! whither, Twelfth Cake, art thou gone?
Shall we ne'er see thy sweet face again?
Art thou curing John Kemble's sad moan,
And dispelling his *itches* and pain?"

"O no!" Johnny Kemble replies,
"By my *suoran* power I swear,
By my *burd*, and the *conscience* I prize,
That Twelfth Cake did never come here!"

"O'er Baddeley's Cake have I been
Full many times *cheerful* and gay;
But the *fiddlers'* cake never have seen—
Then away, base complainer, away!"

He said, and he march'd through the room,
With a monstrously dignified air;
And with him went all the sad gloom,
Dane Tragedy's stalk and her stare.

Then listen once more unto me,
In sorrow 't is well to be brief;
And if the dear Cake we can't see,
Let's find out the name of the thief.

The box-book they search'd all in vain
Jem Brandon be lent them his aid;
But in the old *Ledger*, 't was plain,
A *sweet double-entry* was made!

"O ho!" cried the *fiddlers* all round,
"We swear by our gut-scraping fame,
That, though our Twelfth Cake be not found,
This *Ledger* conceals the rogue's name!"

* * * * * CÆTERA DESUNT.

THE

THE TASTE OF THE TIMES.

[From the Morning Post.]

SOME whim or fancy pleases every age ;
 And talents premature are now the rage.
 In music how great Handel would have smil'd
 T' have seen whole crowds in raptures with a *child* !
 A Garrick we have had in *little Betty*,
 And now, we're told, we have a *Pitt* in *Petty*.
 All must allow, since thus it is decreed,
 He is a very *Petty Pitt* indeed.

THE SAFETY OF THE COUNTRY.

[From the same.]

——Non deficit alter

Aureus ; et simili frondescit virga metallo.

WHEN Richmond's great Duke long ago sallied forth,
 He entrench'd the whole country—south, east, west,
 and north :
 For he held that this mis'able nation of ours
 Must be sav'd by mud walls, palisadoes, and towers.
 Next Windham, with projects and crotchets quite new,
 Comes forward (for he will be Quixotting too) ;
 And with Crawford, as *Sancho* and *Dapple*, to back him,
 He defies all the windmills on earth to attack him ;
 Our *army*, which cost us such trouble to train,
 He begs to set free, to enlist them again ;
 Our *militia*, he thinks, to our strength may conduce,
 If, to make them more strong, you their numbers reduce ;
 While the poor *volunteers*, those unfortunate elves !
 He dresses in green—to be kill'd by themselves :
 And their leaders—whom fortune and rank may make
 prouder,
 He mentions as proper provision for powder.
 Jack Tar, who has heard them these projects discuss,
 Exclaims—" *Let them leave but the ocean to us ;*
We care not a jot what these lubbers are a'ter—
They shall find that the land shall be sav'd by the water."

MILITARIS.

HIS

HIS MAJESTY'S FURNITURE.

[From the British Press.]

THE King, we learn, has ordered his tradesmen to provide him with a **NEW CABINET**. This order has excited a good deal of surprise; as that in His Majesty's possession, at present, is little more than a year old, not a bit the worse for wear, perfectly sound, of most excellent materials, and of great value. It has been reported, that there were some cracks and flaws in it; but, upon a late and close inspection, it has been pronounced one of the most compact and solid pieces of workmanship imaginable.

The New Cabinet is to stand upon an old block of Portland stone. The artificers who have undertaken to execute it are not remarkable for taste or genius; and the materials of which it is to be composed do not promise that it will be either useful or ornamental. The principal timbers are said to be a piece of old Scots fir, from Melville Castle, and an Irish pollard from Castlereagh. These, with a few chips and fragments of the old Cabinet, which fell to pieces on the death of Mr. Pitt, are the whole of its component parts. The workmen, finding them very supple and pliant, can bend them to their will, and make them assume whatever shape or place they think fit; but they complain, that some of them, particularly the Castlereagh Pollard, is of a bad grain, that some are dozed, and others spongy and hollow.

It is not supposed, that the most ingenious artificer could make a really good article of such materials; or that all the state glue and oil of influence in the kingdom will suffice to make the New Cabinet shine, or hold together for six months.

March 24.

THE TEMPLES AND THE CHURCH.

The following Impromptu was found suspended to the door of the official residence of the Paymaster General of the Forces, at Whitehall, on the morning of the 25th of March 1807, and is supposed to allude to the expected removal of a certain brass-plate, which has been attached to the above door, *since Christmas last*, by the present noble resident.

[From the Morning Post.]

* *Templa quam dilecta!!!*

How beloved are the temples of the gods!!!

YE loungers, us'd each morn to call,
In idle round, at gay Whitehall,
Cease now to urge your vain research,
The *Temple's* mov'd to save the *church*.

THE PATENT RAT TRAP.

[From the British Press.]

A GREAT House in Westminster, situate near the river, has, within these few days, evinced symptoms of being infested with *Rats*. They have been tracked in their movements from one side of it to the other, principally in the direction of what is called the Treasury Bench. They are neither Norway Rats nor Water Rats, but a species of Land Rats, very fond of rotten boroughs. These vermin are apt to make their appearance about the time of a change of Ministry, in consequence, we presume, of its being the season of a plentiful distribution of loaves and fishes. Some of them have been known to enter St. Stephen's Chapel, as poor as church mice, where they have soon become as plump as the weazel in the fable, and never since found their way out. They possess a most voracious

• The family motto of the Noble Lord.

appetite,

appetite, and, by an extraordinary instinct, attach themselves to every new Minister. The *candle-ends* and *cheese-parings* with which that gentleman is supplied, are considered the cause of attraction, and not oil of rhodium, or other vulgar rat-catching device. A gentleman, who had long and successful practice in the art and mystery of rat-catching, during the Administration of Mr. Pitt, but left off business when that gentleman went out of office, has, within these few days, resumed his practice.

Apply at the *George and Rose*, Palace Yard, Westminster.

March 31.

“ALL THE TALENTS,” &c.

[From the Morning Post.]

WHEN the broad-bottom'd junto, with reason at strife,
Resign'd, with a sigh, their political life—
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tir'd,
They gave back to the devil the soul he inspir'd—

The Dæmon of Faction that over them hung,
In accents of horror their epitaph sung;
While Pride and Venality join'd in the stave,
And canting Democracy wept at the grave.

“Here lies in the tomb that we hollow'd for Pitt,
The consistence of Grenville, of Temple the wit;
Of Sidmouth the firmness, the temper of Grey,
And Treasurer Sheridan's *promise to pay*.

“Here Petty's finance from the evils to come,
With Fitzpatrick's sobriety, creeps to the tomb;
And Chancellor *Ego*, now left in the lurch,
Neither dines with the Jordan, nor whines for the church.

“Then huzza! for the party that here are at rest,
By the tools of a faction regretted and blest;
Though they sleep with the devil, yet theirs is the hope,
On the downfall of Britain, to rise with the Pope.”

March 31.

CIVIC ANECDOTE.

THE Lord Mayor, finding himself whimsically implicated in the present change, held a *Council of Inquiry*, on Friday, at the Mansion House, to learn whether, having already invited the old Ministers, as usual, to his Easter dinner, he must, in point of civic etiquette, send cards of invitation to the *new Ministers* also! His *Remembrancer*, being called upon for his opinion, declared that he did not *recollect* a case in point: however, Sir W. Curtis settled the matter, by saying, "By G—d, my Lord, you must give a dinner to them all! I'd stuff both sets of them; the old one from *charity*, and the new one from *policy*, whom you may make pay well for it in due time."

March 31.

THE DISGRACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

WHILE I fully agree with you in most of the reflections you have offered on the present strange attempt that is making to botch and darn the worn-out rags of a worn-out faction, I must differ from you, and from certain gentlemen in a certain Assembly, who have thrown out insinuations against those persons who are making good bargains in their own favour, and are for having something *down* before they commence their services.

If you will please to take a view of those gentlemen, their present situation, and their future prospects, you cannot be surprised if they charge a good deal more than the mere price of *labour*, and charge it upon account of an *article* which I shall not name, but endeavour to illustrate it by a short story.

Dr. Shebbeare once wrote a very libellous pamphlet,

phlet, for which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory. The Doctor never had much decency in his writings, but he had not lost the *sense* of *shame*. (I protest, Sir, I mean no comparisons; I am sure I cannot be supposed to allude to any of the *new men*.) But, however, the Doctor, being a little ashamed of his elevation, hired an Irish chairman to hold an umbrella over his head during the painful ceremony, and for this service the Doctor rewarded him with a guinea.

Next day the chairman called upon him, and hoped his Honour was well—began to hum! and ha! as if he had more to say. The Doctor, suspecting his drift, said, “My friend, what do you want? I thought I paid you yesterday very handsomely.”

“To be sure now,” said Pat, “and so you did for the *trouble*; but, please your honour, consider the *DISGRACE*!”

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

March 31.

SNAP.

A SONG.

BY THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

[From the same.]

FULL well I know the people say,
That “P——d’s Duke has had his day,
He totters on a crutch;
His brain, by sickness long depress’d,
Has lost the sense it once possess’d,
Though that’s not losing much.

“Let him, in his official seat,
Again attempt to lie and cheat,
To fawn and lick the dust;
He’s too well known to be believ’d,
And none, you know, can be deceiv’d
By him whom none can trust.”

But spite of all the world can say,
 My talents yet feel no decay,
 They're what they were before ;
 And now, at sixty-nine, I still
 Can fold my paper, point my quill ;—
 And when did I do more ?

Large parties, too, I still invite,
 Nor these, as services too slight,
 Ye Tory friends, condemn :
 The Whigs, those Whigs who knew me well
 For thirty tedious years, can tell
 I did no more for them.

Then what's such idle talk about ?
 Think ye that age shall keep me out ?
 No ! if so old I grow,
 Less time to lose I thence infer ;
 And as to friends and character,
 I lost them long ago.

A SALE.

[From the Dublin Evening Post.]

TO be sold, the following articles of *wearing apparel*:—A coat that has been *often turned*, made in the county of *Down*, that will button on any side, and large enough to conceal a *bow with two strings*.—A large coat, made originally for the *purser* of a sloop of war. It has passed through almost as many editions as Sir Roger de Coverley's. The pockets are very large in the *inside*, but nearly worn out in carrying candle's-ends and cheese-parings.—A *shabby suit*, worn out, in the *Dutch style*, with some British embroidery on the breast, which was once the chief ornament of it, till it was sullied and spotted; nor can any *Fuller's earth* take out the stains.—A suit of fustian, the texture very flimsy, lined with long speeches, in the declamatory style, with a large quantity of *staytape* and *buckram*; the wearer first appeared in it at Eton, and afterwards concealed

concealed it under a *naval cloak* : it will take any colour, and of course suit any person engaged in *dirty work*.

April 1.

VERSES

TO THE HONOUR OF MR. DEPUTY BIRCH, WHO MARKS
" NO POPERY " ON HIS PIES.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

I 'LL sing the praise of Mr. Birch,
Whose pastry, watchful for the church,
Whene'er it sees or fears a plot,
Comes from his counter piping hot,
To warn us of the dire intent,
And, like himself, is eloquent.
Pale biscuits, and stout gingerbread,
Th' alarm of danger wisely spread,
The quaking custards join the cry,
And tartlets squeak—No Popery!

Defender of the faith—rare cook,
Who mak'st thy pastry-shop a book ;
Whose Church-of-England oven bakes
Protestant apple-tarts and cakes !
Children, that feed upon thy pies,
Grow in religion as in size ;
While, often as their mouths they ope,
They chew damnation to the Pope.
Fame shall desert th' ingenious Quaker,
To celebrate our cross-bun baker ;
Whose willing pupils, apter far
Than all the school of Lancaster,
Shall read and eat his name enroll'd
On cakes of gingerbread in gold.

But let me now to those be just,
Who join'd in raising Birch's crust :
Blest be they all ! be blest the stuff
That was the oven for this puff,
(I mean the mother of the lad ;)
And blest, whoe'er he was, the dad

That made his paste ; but o'er the rest,
 May that propitious Power be blest,
 Who from the paste of Mr. Birch
 Kneaded the pillar of our church !

April 1.

POLITICAL PHANTASMAGORIA.

[From the same.]

SIR,

March 25, 1807.

——— The time has been,
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end.——

Under this idea, we were congratulating ourselves
 upon the dissolution of party ; and little apprehended
 that it would

———rise again
 With twenty mortal murders on its head,
 To push us from our stools.——

When, lo ! a masked Galvanic battery is unexpectedly
 opened, and the monster is recalled to a momentary
 and convulsive semblance of life, with all its ghastly
 gesticulations.

But we live in an age of experiments and of exhibi-
 tions. In the grand raree-show of the world, while
 we are quietly looking at the “ Temple of Solomon ”
 in all its glory, it is instantly whisked away with a
 “ Hey ! presto ! pass ! ” and a shattered “ Arch of
 Palmyra ” is substituted in its stead, with the great
 key-stone crumbling by its side, in the dust ! The
 mere contrast might amuse us, did we not shudder
 for the traveller whom we see madly seeking shelter
 from the Arab or the tempest among its ruins. Poor
 creature ! his chief peril is from his protector.

It is unnecessary for me to say, that I allude to the
 political phantasmagoria recently displayed in His Ma-
 jesty's

jesty's councils. The change, it must be confessed, is a very thorough one: and its suddenness may perhaps gently try our temper: but we are not apt as a people to fly, like Prince Rupert's Drops, on every little concussion. For we can think as well as feel: and though we may "shed a few natural tears" over the violent extinction of such a body as that composed by a Grenville, a Spencer, a Fitzwilliam, a Howick, a Henry Petty, a Holland, an Erskine, an Ellenborough, a Moira, a Sidmouth, and a Windham, if we can duly appreciate character, we shall "soon wipe them," when we reflect upon that of their successors. They have, indeed, abolished the Slave Trade; in the midst of a most expensive war, they have suspended taxation; in the possession of power, they have consented to abridge its patronage and emoluments. But what are these labours, or these sacrifices, compared with the energies and the disinterestedness which we may expect from the green old age of a Portland, the artless eloquence of a Canning, the unembarrassed finance of a Castlereagh, the mature assiduity of a Chatham, the profound law of a Perceval, the blunt and (I may call it) awkward honesty of a Rose, the unparalleled genius of a Mulgrave, and the *tried* integrity of a Melville?

But the matter is too serious for burlesque; and, unless the notion of the wild Indians can be realized, which supposes that the abilities of their victims may be plundered with their other spoils, I see no chance of salvation for my country. We have been often told, indeed—upon suspicious authority, I own—that "All the Talents" have failed; and hence it seems to be inferred, by a spurious kind of logic, that the total want of talents must succeed. What ingenuity overshoots, imbecility may stumble upon. Yet this is a poor plank, on which to embark, in a stormy sea, the ponderous fortunes of Great Britain. And I must

still lift my voice against the measure, as pregnant
with, perhaps, irretrievable mischief, although

April 1.

NO PAPIST.

THE MAGPIE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

[From the Oracle.]

LET others sing the "two-string'd bow,"
"Mercurio tam quam Marte;"
And warlike skill of Castlereagh,
That frightens Bonaparte:

Let others sing of Hawkesbury's
Truth, parts, and public spirit;
And how Pitt's Cinque-port grant, for life,
Scarce pays such long-tried merit:

Let others sing Lord Chatham's care,
Economy, and zeal,
To guard the Ordnance purse from waste—
His own he's kept so well:

Let others sing Lord Camden, and
The sapient Westmoreland;
Their talents, purity, and wit,
That bless'd poor Paddy's land:

Let others sing of Mulgrave's skill
To rule by land or sea;
Brilliant alike for troops or ships,
Or for diplomacy:

Let others sing of Portland's powers
For council and debate;
His active mind and eloquence
To save a sinking state:

Let others sing of Eldon's faith,
And "conscience" clean and pure:
Lord Sidmouth will most surely vouch
His honour tried and sure.

But

But we will sing of P—ce—],
 And "peril that environs"
 Th' "*Inspector of the Meltings*," and
 The "*Heater of the Irons*."

Pitt thought his purity and worth
 Sterling like new-coin'd gold ;
 And so thought Addington, till both
 Found he blew *hot* and *cold* !

Yet all can vouch his temperate speech ;
 His doubts and modest fears ;
 His unassuming manner, tones,
 "*His law on Volunteers* !" —

Must England give for such a tongue
 And head, with nothing in 't,
 The Duchy and the Treasury,
 Th' Exchequer Seals, and Mint ? —

Thou chatt'ring Magpie-minister,
Pert, vain, half black, half pale ;
 The Commons' vote has clipp'd your wings ;
 Hop off, and save your tail !

April 2.

Miso-Mac.

THE PREMIER'S SONG.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

SIR,

I AM a constant reader of your valuable paper, and am ready to acknowledge that my preference of the Morning Chronicle is in some measure founded on the scrupulous delicacy with regard to private life, which has generally distinguished its columns. Unlike your contemporaries, you disdain to feed the appetite for scandal with the tittle-tattle of the day, and scorn to betray the confidential intercourse of private society, for the gratification of a prurient curiosity in the public. It was therefore, with some surprise, and I must add with equal concern, that I observed the pub-

lication of a Song of a Noble Duke in your paper of the 31st of March *. Effusions, whether musical or not, uttered in the unguarded moment of conviviality, should not lightly be exposed to the criticisms and observations of a censorious and ill-natured world. The ancients thought that the rites of hospitality exacted the corresponding duties of discretion and secrecy. In political morality, indeed, the publication of written communications, however confidential, between State and State, between Ambassadors and their Courts, and even between a King and his Ministers, may be justifiable, and I am sure the party of B—rl—gt—n would admit that such disclosures may be justified. Nay, the mutilation of such documents, and the misrepresentation of the facts, have in certain cases been thought useful, and, if useful, must necessarily be just. But the quotation of a repartee, the report of a conversation, and above all the publication of a convivial song, is a breach of those laws which can alone render the intercourse of private society unreserved and agreeable. To mention such things is imprudent; to alter or misrepresent them, is absolutely wicked; but your printer has been surprised into committing both these offences. The innocent mirth of B—rl—gt—n House has been made the subject of public animadversion; and the jovial manner, as well as the actual words, in which His Grace was pleased to promote the pleasures of the table, have been grossly and shamefully misrepresented. This renders a short statement of the particulars absolutely necessary. The fact then is simply this:—The late events had animated the company, and the Noble Host having for once and away tasted meat and drank wine, did, at the earnest solicitation of his colleagues, give them a song on the occasion, notwithstanding his infirmities; for

* See page 99.

it was remarked pleasantly enough, that His Grace was to the full as fit for such an exertion as for the duties which his new office had imposed upon him. A correct copy is inclosed; and to prevent any more surreptitious publications of similar effusions, I shall attempt to procure the words of the other numerous songs which contributed to the conviviality of the day. In the mean while you may depend upon the authenticity of the inclosed, as well as of every thing you may receive from your faithful servant, and constant reader,

VERITAS.

By people I am often told,
 " My good L—D—e, you're growing old;
 Your body, worn by age and pain,
 Is grown as feeble as your brain;
 Your hair is thin, your stature dwindles,
 Your cheeks are lank, your legs are spindles.
 How can you bear the toils of state,
 Or sit up even one debate?"

But what care I for all they say,
 Or if my brain or limbs decay;
 Still as before I'm grave and clever,
 Can seal dispatches well as ever;
 And if old age comes in so fast,
 I'll have my pleasure to the last.
 In youth desir'd, in age possess'd,
 The Treas'ry still inflames my breast;
 There will I job, and there enrich
 Myself the first, then little Titch.
 And let men call me knave and fool,
 And avaricious slavish tool!
 Say that I fawn, and cheat, and lie!
 And if all's true, why what care I?
 I'll keep my place, and fill my purse;
 Nor deign to care a single curse
 For all their jokes, and all their verse.

}

April 2.

DUET

BY THE D—E OF P——D AND V——T C——GH.

[From the same.]

SIR,

IN pursuance of my promise, I inclose a Duet, which I am the more anxious should be correctly reported, as it is liable to much misrepresentation.

VERITAS.

TUNE—“ *I’ve kiss’d and I’ve prattled with fifty fair Maids.* ”

V——T C——GH.

I’ve jobb’d and I’ve cheated with fifty First Lords,
And chang’d them as oft, do you see ;
But of all that could promise and break their words,
Old P——d’s the lad for me.
His head is as thick as a stout brick wall,
And no one believes what he says ;
He’s just the man that it’s proper to call
To govern in perilous days.

D——E OF P——D.

I’ve join’d, and I’ve acted with every side,
And all did in turns betray,
But of all that to do the like have tried,
There’s no one like C——gh.
His tongue is as dull and as smooth as grease,
He’s the properest youth I see,
Since I never could speak, and must hold my peace,
To talk and tell lies for me.

April 3.

THE SECRETARY’S SONG.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN pursuance of my promise, I send you the inclosed, which was given by Mr. C——g, on the same joyful occasion at B——n House, and sung to the

tune of "John Bull, for pastime, took a France; or,
Monsieur Nong-tong-paw." VERITAS.

SINCE mostly now my place relates
To Ministers from foreign states;
To one of them I took a walk,
To try how he and I could talk;
But he, when first I op'd my jaw,
Said, *Monsieur je ne vous entend pas.*

No, *Nong-tong-paw* is not my name,
Nor yours, I know you well by fame,
I'm Mister C——g, you know me
The Foreign Minister to be;

Lord H——ck's going to withdraw.
So—*Monsieur je ne vous entend pas.*

Who's *Nong-tong-paw*, what's he to do?
My business is to speak with you;
I wish to know how yon report,
The dispositions of your Court;
Pray, do the French your counsels awe?—
Oh! *Monsieur je ne vous entend pas.*

What's *Nong-tong-paw*? I never heard
Of such a name, or such a word;
If you will utter nothing more,
Our talk will not be long before
It must to a conclusion draw,
Mais! Monsieur je ne vous entend pas.

Upon my life I never heard
A way of talking so absurd,
How can I treaties make, or know
Whether your King's a friend or foe;
Such stubbornness I never saw—
Good by t' ye, *Monsieur Nong-tong-paw.*

April 6.

THE GENUINE SONG OF A NOBLE DUKE.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING seen in your Paper lately many Songs
which are stated to have been sung by His Grace
the Duke of Portland, at his first Cabinet dinner, at
Burlington

110 THE GENUINE SONG OF A NOBLE DUKE.

Burlington House, and having myself been present on that occasion, I can take upon me to aver that the whole are absolute forgeries, and that the following Song is the genuine one sung by His Grace on that day.

TUNE—"The Chapter of Kings."

You're welcome to Burlington House, my friends,
Though you seem but a parcel of odds and ends;
But "the Talents" are out, and our parts are cast,
So a bumper let's drink, that we all may last.

Yet, somehow or other,
My fears I can't smother,
My spirits are so overcast.
Yet, somehow, &c.

For myself, you perceive I'm an old man grown,
And indeed in my youth I can't say that I shone;
Then as for poor Titchfield, my eldest boy,
He is but a kind of a hobble-de-hoy:

So somehow or other
My fears I can't smother,
I cannot give way to much joy.
So somehow, &c.

But, gentlemen all, you must do your best,
Whilst I stay at home and feather my nest;
For myself it's enough if I raise the supplies,
To satisfy all my damn'd creditors' cries:

So somehow or other,
Amongst one another,
On you, Sirs, the government lies.
So somehow, &c.

Come, Perceval, give them full measure of jaw,
Never mind the mistakes that you made in your law;
The Duchy *for life* was a famous good hit:
You've prov'd in finance that you far surpass Pitt.

There's not such another
As you and your brother,
For finding a little tid-bit.
There's not, &c.

Come, Hawkey! my boy, your boots prepare;
You may now march to Paris, when nobody's there;
And

And no doubt that the fame of your lantern jaw
Will soon make master Boney return from Warsaw.
He'll be damnably nettled,
To find you are settled ;
And I warrant he'll shortly withdraw.
He'll be, &c.

I wish, Jemmy Pulteney, you letters could write,
Though fighting at Ferrol is Jemmy's delight ;
But whate'er be his fame for dispatches so clear,
Jemmy's voice is so suited to tickle the ear,
That without any slighting
Of his writing or fighting,
We can't do without Jemmy here.
That without, &c.

Neighbour Canning, I'm told that the town 'complains,
You've not got much land, nor yet blood in your veins ;
So brush up your very best jokes I pray ;
And though you can't speak any French they say,
Why as for that matter,
Fitzharris can chatter,
And you may keep out of the way.
Why as for, &c.

Come, Mulgrave, cheer up, let us drive away care,
Though all the world hate you, yet never despair ;
You've got to an excellent birth for a job,
And for puffing and lying there's nothing like Bob.
Then you know I might mention
A certain snug pension,
Which gives you some claims upon Bob.
Then you know, &c.

In Ireland our matters will all go right
Under Charley the bold, and Sir Arthur the Knight,
And Charley shall reign like a jolly Nabob,
And I warrant Sir Arthur will settle the mob ;
For he and his brothers
Soon settled such others
In a place which they call the Dewab.
For he, &c.

Come

Come Melville, my Lord, I perceive that you feel
 For this damnable thing that's come out about — ;
 But, whatever the public may think of you two,
 I'll warrant Lord Eldon will carry you through :

Indeed, my Lord Eldon,
 Your part you have well done—
 We could not have stirr'd without you.
 Indeed, &c.

April 8.

EPISTLE

FROM THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—FROM HORACE.

Donaram pateras, &c.

[From the same]

I REALLY wish that I could grant
 To all my friends the things they want.
 I'd give, but 't would engender strife,
 To ev'ry one a Place for life,
 Something to all their wives secure,
 To ev'ry child a sinecure.
 Nor shouldst thou, S—r! if I durst,
 Come off by any means the worst.

But sure a Minister you'll pity,
 Curb'd by that Finance Committee;
 So pray, your ardent mind restrain,
 And check your noble love of gain!
 And be content, you can't do less,
 (Since they have carried the Address,
 And I'm too weak to force a measure,)
 To take the Duchy during pleasure!
 And add the Seals of the Exchequer!
 As good a Protestant as Necker;
 For our church, unlike the Roman,
 Denies pluralities to no man.

To give such Places is my right,
 And you in many take delight;
 Their value you have not to learn,
 Nor what you owe me in return.

For

For, faith ! not all the tombs they raise
 To speak a fallen patriot's praise ;
 Not all the statues or inscriptions,
 Bought by their grateful friends' subscriptions,
 With half such fame your name can grace
 As the possession of a Place.

Not all P—tt's speeches, wars with France,
 Not all his measures of finance,
 Though they deserv'd my approbation,
 Secur'd him half the admiration,
 Or mov'd my praises half so strong,
 As that he kept his place so long.

For what avails the empty fame
 That gilds a politician's name,
 Unless that name has held positions
 On Treas'ry patents and commissions ?

Who ever heard of C——'s name,
 Till office dragg'd him into fame ?
 Names nature doom'd on earth to lie,
 Yet, wing'd with pensions, sweep the sky.
 Each from his native night emerges,
 W——d, H——d, H——n, and St——s.

Could W——d, the blustering churl,
 Or aught so dull as C——'s Earl,
 By their own wits themselves promote,
 Or ever gain the slightest note ?

We ne'er had heard of at this day
 The eloquence of C——gh,
 Or H——ry's sense, or M——ve's wit,
 Had they not been in place with P——tt.

And who, in truth, my little pleader !
 Had ever heard of me, your leader ?
 Or who, that saw my former reign,
 Dreamt they should see me here again ?
 But here I am ; for nought can quench
 My fondness for the Treas'ry Bench,
 In age and sickness no whit more
 Unfit to sit there than before.

Since the Gazette to ev'ry name
 Is the best register of fame,
 'Tis fit we give each highest post
 To those who need this fame the most.

114 THOUGHTS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL 1807.

By this rule places are conferr'd,
 The dullest men the most preferr'd.
 So, now farewell! and don't be touchy,
 But be contented with the Duchy.
 For one year there surpasses far
 All you've acquir'd at the Bar.

April 4.

THOUGHTS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL 1807.

BEING THE DAY APPOINTED BY GENERAL CONSENT TO
 CELEBRATE THE FORMATION OF THE NEW ADMINI-
 STRATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

Quando ullum invenies parem?—Hor.

MUSE! come not borne on Fancy's wing,
 Nor arm'd with Satire's pointed sting,
 In feign'd congratulation;
 But come, with grave and sober truth,
 To sing the charms—the age—the youth—
 Of a new Administration!

First Port—d sing—'t was idly said,
 "Old Port—d surely *must be dead!*"
 No—let us not dissemble,
 He lives—his country's pride and boast,
 He lives—again "*to rule the roast,*"
 And make all Europe tremble.

What though he ne'er was wondrous wise,
 And now—has neither ears nor eyes—
 He still is "*pure and hearty;*"
 Like Old Kaminsky (*who had both*),
 Believe me, he'll prove nothing loth
 To outwit Bonaparte.

His son—chaste image of himself!
 Shall, with him, heed the public pelf—
 Then hail, thrice happy hour!
 When Port—d raised from the dead,
 To loll upon a *roseate bed*,
 Returns to place and power!

Next

Next in the Ministerial host,
In wiles, intrigue, and cunning lost,
So tardy—so uncertain—
That politician deep I sing,
Who kept the conscience of the K—,
Himself *behind the curtain*.

Lo! clients weep—attornies smile,
That justice now must pause awhile,
In hopeless indecision;
When ev'ry case, however clear,
So nice, so doubtful will appear,
It must await revision!

Yet still—a *lawyer* holds the seal,
Well—so much for the public weal—
To ev'ry man his station;
But lawyers now-a-days advance,
To take upon themselves finance!
Woe! woe! unto the nation!

Now haste we, gentle muse, to greet
Two comely youths in *D—wn—g Street*,
For there, in truth, we've seen 'em!
To whom kind Fortune gave, I trow,
Three strings unto their *pliant bow*,
She gave the three between 'em.

Both zealous Churchmen, (who 't is said
Unto *St. Patrick* homage paid,)
Hail! ye twin sons of *Erin*!
First, thou! who hast the gift of *lungs*,
Without, alas! *the gift of tongues*,
Hail *Secretary Foreign*!

This youth is apt—and he can speak,
Of Latin plenty—and of Greek,
For he was late at college;
But—(save what English he hath got)
Of *living* languages, God wot!
How scanty is his knowledge!

The other—who had fill'd his fobs
Once on a time by *doing jobs*,
And thus obtain'd promotion;

When

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 Of Latin plenty—and of Greek,
 For he was late at college ;
 But—(save what English he hath got)
 Of *living* languages, God wot !
 How scanty is his knowledge !

The other—who had fill'd his fobs
 Once on a time by *doing jobs*,
 And thus obtain'd promotion ;

When

TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW.

When fiscal talent ran so low,
To the *Exchequer* straight to go
Conceiv'd an *humble* notion.

Unfortunate!—'t was just bespoken,
But as *no* office was *no* joke,
He wav'd all ceremonial;
And for *religion*, not for *fame*,
State Secretary he became
For business *colonial*.

The charge domestic—to a man
Who lov'd *six thousand pounds per an.*
Was offer'd—namely *Jenk-y*;
Who for a place howe'er unfit,
From want of *manners*, or of *wit*,
Could never say, "*No, thank 'e.*"

Ambassadors from friends or foes!
Diplomatists, and *Plenipos*!
Forbear ye all from laughter!
What though they *Statesmen now* are not,
(Who shall divine another's lot?)
They *may* be so—*hereafter*.

But for the Navy?—who is he
Who claim'd dominion o'er the sea?—
Sad end to this sad story!
The Navy at discretion yields,
A *General* her trident wields!
Adieu to England's glory!

April 4.

" TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW :"

A NEW BALLAD.

[From the Oracle.]

WHEN Castlereagh stood first for Down,
And found the Court resist him,
He look'd about to see what *Church*
Or *Sect* could best assist him.

He found "the *Church*" was very *sky*
 On such a choice to venture,
 For there were whispers which suppos'd
 His *Lordship* "a *Dissenter*."

He therefore thought his surest game
 Was for the "*Kirk*" to stickle;
 So down with *Church*, *Tithes*, *Bishops*—and
 Huzza! for "*Conventicle*!"—

When "Uncle Camden" was sent o'er
 To rule the Irish nation;
 For *Ulster's synod*, *elders*, *kirk*,
 He found no more vocation.

So quickly left these "*civil rights*,"
 And doctrines as "*schismatic*,"
 And vow'd himself, in *Church* and *State*,
 A true "*Aristocratic*."

The "rights divine" of *Priests* and *Kings*
 No *Bishop* could hold higher;
 A good "*Episcopalian*" he,
 As *High Church* could require!

The "*Protestant ascendancy*"
 He held the "true *Communion*;"
 And "*Catholics*" were sent to pot—
 Till Pitt propos'd the "*Union*!"

The "*Kirk*" oppos'd, the "*Churchmen*" trimm'd,
 His *Lordship* was much puzzled;
 So help from "*Catholics*" he sought,
 And "*Orange-men*" were muzzled.

The *whippings*, *pickettings*, were stopt;
 Their *Chiefs* and *Priests* are courted;
 Poor *Paddy* thought that all was gain'd,
 And so they all supported.

His zeal now grew so hot, you'd swear
 With "*Rome*" he made alliance;
 For "*tests*" and "*penal statutes*" they
 All gave him full reliance.

He *pledg'd* himself, the *Ministers*,
Cornwallis, *Pitt*, and all,
 Should steadily *support* their cause,
 And with them "*stand or fall*."

The K—g flew out; talk'd of his oath,
 And spread a wide alarm;
 His Lordship found this "*Roman cloak*"
 Would *never* keep him warm.

So turning short, once more he sought
 The arms of "*Mother Church*;"
 To the Catholics he *left* his *pledge*,
 And *left* them in the lurch!

Conforming most religiously,
 His scruples are the King's!
 And both in politics, and faith,
 His *bow* must have "*two strings*!!!"

God grant the *Turk* may not, by arms,
 Or threats, or force, disturb one;
 For it would grieve us all to see
 His Lordship take the *turban*!

April 4.

THE NEST FOR LIFE.

[From the same.]

A CHATTERING Magpie *pert* and *loud*,
 Who long had scrambled for the best,
 Left his old friends the humbler crowd,
 To *build* and *feather* well his nest.

He took materials far and near,
 And form'd it on an *eagle's wing*;
 The *royal plumage* shelter'd *Mag*,
 Who loudly chatter'd—*Church* and *King*!

His first materials *from the Mint*
 He brought all hot, to keep him warm;
 Then the *Exchequer purse* he brought,
 Well *lin'd*, to keep him safe from harm.

The *Treasury* he next assail'd,
 Picking where'er he chanc'd to roam ;
 Then flew a-field to *Lancaster*,
 To bring the richest plunder home.

John Bull, who mark'd the *thievish bird*,
 Now check'd him in the very nick ;
 The nest was stopp'd—and *Mag* is left
 To try some other *slyer trick*.

April 6.

Miso-MAG.

THE FEAST IN GALILEE.

IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF "ELIJAH'S MANTLE."

[From the Pilot.]

A CERTAIN *King*, in times of yore,
 We learn from parabolic lore,
 Proclaim'd a *sumptuous feast* :
 Whate'er his kingdom could afford,
 In vast luxuriance grac'd his board,
 To glad each welcome guest.

To give delight, no cost was spar'd,
 And when the supper was prepar'd,
 He sent his menials forth,
 To *bid* the noble-born—the sage—
 With strict injunctions to engage
Men of undoubted worth !

Obedient to the *King's* behest,
 They ask'd his subjects to the feast,
 For, lo ! the board was spread.
 But all, as with a common mind,
 Humbly the royal treat declin'd,
 And back the bidders sped.

Excuses to the *King* they brought,
 That one "a *piece of ground* had bought,"
 Was therefore forc'd from home—

The

The *next* was gone "his team to try"—
 The *third* "had ta'en a wife that day,"
 And, *therefore*, "could not come."

Enrag'd, he sent them forth again,
 To search *each road, each street, and lane*,
 More willing guests to find.
 They went, and all the city scour'd,
 And soon the viands were devour'd
 By *maim'd—by halt—and blind!*

So have we very lately seen
 A royal board, well spread, I ween,
 With *loaves and fishes rare*.
Fish!—to the taste of men high-bred—
Loaves on which *selfish* courtiers fed—
 Of each a plenteous share.

The gracious mandate issu'd forth,
 T' invite the men of sterling worth—
 Their *country's boast and pride*—
 Men known for *talent, virtue, wit*—
 Men who were for a trial fit—
 And men who *had been tried*.

The news was carried far and wide—
 St. James's—Charing Cross—Cheapside,
 E'en to the Royal 'Change.
 The *guests* were *ask'd*—the *feast* *proclaim'd*,
 The table spread, and *Stewards* nam'd,
 Its order to *arrange*.

Wellesley was offered Fox's chair—
 To puzzle Benevento here,
 With wiles of Hindustan!
 European systems to attack—
 To throw Napoleon on his back—
 Most *mighty little man!*

Wellesley would fain have been a guest,
 For great his cravings were to taste
 The *sweets* of pow'r at *home*.
 But o'er his head there hung a load,
 Impeachments for his acts *abroad*—
 He therefore "could not come."

Melville was call'd to take a seat—
To *guide* the *rudder* of the *State*—

But he the *helm* declin'd—
Not that his thirst of pow'r was quench'd,
He knew his "mantle" was not blanch'd,
Some spots remain'd behind.

To chase the cloud from Erin's brow,
Like Cincinnatus from the plough,

Was Powis woo'd to place.
But, Ireland, he has scorn'd thy seat,
Left thee to rue the talents great
Of Clive's immortal race.

Thus—"all the talents"—all the wit,
School'd in th' *academy* of *Pitt*,

The royal feast declin'd.
Enrag'd, the King sent *Stewards* forth—
"If I can't have these *men* of *worth*—
Bring *maim'd*—or *halt*—or *blind*."

Full many a doughty Knight and Lord
Rush'd hungry to th' attractive board,

And each secur'd a place;
Each fix'd his eye with anxious wish
On some long-sought-for fav'rite *dish*,
And almost curst the grace.

Lo! Perceval has ta'en his seat!
And carv'd from off the royal treat

A *modest double share*;
Casts, reptile-like, his wig and gown,
And leaving briefless law *renown*,
Figures a *financier*.

Say, *learned Statesman*, proudly prone
To animate beyond its *tone*

The arm of *civil power*,
Shall poor Hibernia's children feel
The stripes of thy *mistaken zeal*—
Beware that fatal hour!

But Castlereagh is by thy side,
Sad Erin's son—if not her pride,
He will arrest thy arm—

He flies his pledges to redeem,
To dry his mother's tears that stream,
Her *wasting woes* to charm.

Thou proudest *protégé* of Pitt,
Call'd Statesman, Orator, or Wit,
Of blushing shame bereft—
Cunning or *Canning*, canst thou dare
To occupy that hallow'd chair
Which Fox has scarcely left !

With satchel at his back from Pitt's
See Hawkesbury at the table sits
T' assist his country's doom ;
He takes a Secretary's seat—
In what department of the State
Can Hawkesbury *be at home* ?

Mulgrave's perch'd on the wooden walls,
To steer the ship through streights and squalls,
Through seas that *may* o'erwhelm !
For shame ! Oh tell it not in France,
That lawyers labour o'er finance,
That soldiers seize the helm.

Now to the board what numbers throng !
See Titchfield, Bathurst, Camden, Long—
Alas ! a Chatham goes !—
Keen Huskisson, and Sturges Bourne,
To "pretty pickings" now return,
With honest *Georgy Rose*.

Now gliding see the Wellesley shoal—
Sir Arthur—Henry—Wellesley Pole,
Fill'd with the brother's soul ;—
And next to this rare-gifted race,
Ranks the gude clan of *old Dundas*,
Who still maintains *control*.

Still vacant stands the *Premier's* chair,
Not even Canning ventures there,
The feast must not proceed.
The modest guests the seat decline,
But fly to search the *Portland mine*,
To serve their *master's* need.

By sculptor's art they soon complete
 A *Portland Statue* for the seat,
 Pitt's mantle's round it thrown.
 The Courtiers, pointing to their head,
 Exclaim, "O Lord! thou gav'st us bread,
 We give to thee a *stone*."

 ROYAL INSTITUTION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

AN historical picture with this title (complimentary, it is supposed, to a certain learned body) has recently been exhibited to public view, not far from St. James's. The design, I understand, is by a young artist from *Cumberland*, the finishing by a more known and illustrious hand. I have carefully observed the performance, and beg leave to offer a few remarks on it to the public:—It appears to me to be totally deficient both in keeping and contrast. The figures are ill-grouped, none of them are in appropriate situations, and the innumerable cross-lights and dark shades throw such a confusion over the whole, that it is quite impossible to look on it with the smallest sensation of pleasure.—But let us descend to a more minute investigation of its demerits:—the principal figure is an old infirm man, with a vacant and distracted countenance, whose eyes are fixed on a kind of meteor that rises before him, and to grasp which he is attempting to raise his feeble and swollen limbs from the couch of sickness. This figure is evidently a copy from the celebrated "Raising of Lazarus," by West; or the still more celebrated Sick Man, commanded to take up his bed and walk, by Domenichino.

The second most conspicuous figure is of a small active form, and in a loose black robe. He stands in

a sort of fearful, pensive attitude; on one side of him is seen a heap of parchments, pens, ink, and paper, and blue bags, and on the other a table, covered with squares like a chess-board, and on which is a budget filled with papers, from which depend seals of different weights and sizes. This figure and attitude strongly bring to our recollection Sir Joshua's famous portrait of Garrick hesitating between Tragedy and Comedy.

Three figures, of nearly equal eminence, next claim our attention.

The first seems like a schoolboy unexpectedly and hastily called to say his lesson. He has a French grammar in one hand and a map of Europe in the other, both of which, at the same moment, he is eagerly and confusedly attempting to study. The artist here must be allowed great merit; he has, by the most bold and accurate touches, distinctly marked in the countenance and manner of this figure, that presumptuous vanity which can aspire to high station, and that consequent confusion and despair which is produced by the first conviction of inability.

The second figure of this coequal group is represented in the livery of a servant, crawling on his hands and knees, with a hook through his nose, and a seal on his lips.

The third is the perfect copy of a Judas, ready and anxious to betray. The colouring of this figure is cold, or what is termed dead colouring, and there is evidently too much oil used in the operation.

Behind the above-mentioned figure, on a pedestal of Portland stone, is a leaden image with a trident in its hand, and near it a man of dark and scowling visage, with a pair of scales weighing doubts and scruples, and apparently undetermined on every object, save that of keeping his seat.

Innumerable groups of inferior figures fill up the picture;

picture; but all in situations so extraordinary, and so strangely mixed, that a judge of composition must turn in disgust from the performance. The scene of this chaotic sketch is a room with a table, to which the figures are advancing: a large chair is seen in the back ground, behind which several figures, larger than the chair itself, are represented smiling at the group before them, and pulling certain small wires that appear to communicate with the figures in the foreground. The artist has completely left us in the dark as to the particular subject represented; and we own ourselves at a loss to determine whether it be meant for Milton's celebrated Pandæmonium, or a sketch for the opening scene of the new pantomime that is to succeed Mother Goose. In a word, whatever be the subject, the design is weak, the filling up confused, the colouring washy, and the artist must be ranked with him who composed a picture of materials so various and so dissimilar,

" Ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ !"

I am, Sir, &c.

APELLES POLITICUS.

N. B. I shall, in a few days, transmit to you my remarks on a performance still more celebrated than the one I have just criticized; which may strictly be considered as a national concern, and which is entitled the *British Institution*.

April 6.

" HOW LITTLE WISDOM RULES THE WORLD."

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

OLD Blenstiern, that artful Swede,
Once sent his son, we somewhere read,
To some fam'd Congress, where were met,
From every nation cull'd, a set

Of gravest Ministers of State,
 'To settle Europe's future fate.
 * "Go thou, my son!" in words of truth,
 He thus address the parting youth,
 "And thence, *how little wisdom*, know,
 It is, that rules this world below."

Whoe'er in any foreign nation
 Would choose this course of education,
 Whoe'er would wish this truth imprest
 Deep on his offspring's youthful breast,
 This moment let him seize with joy,
 And quick to Britain send his boy;—
 For here we boldly, proudly say,
 While Hawkesbury, Canhing, Castlereagh,
 While Camden, Mulgrave, Westmorland,
 With Eldon, rule this menac'd land,
 (I mention not their several claims,
 'Tis quite enough to name their names,)
 And sinking deeper, deeper yet,
 While Portland heads the looby set,
 That we can show your foreign youth
 More clear and more distinct this truth,
 By fact made sure, in practice tried,
 Than all the world, alas! beside;
 Than all past times in hist'ry's page;
 Nay, challenge every future age.

April 7.

EPIGRAM.—BY SIR JAMES PULTENEY.

[From the same.]

I PUT my night-cap on my head,
 And went as usual to my bed;
 But (most surprising to relate!)
 I rose a Minister of State.

* The words really made use of are said to have been these—"I, mi fili, et vide quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus."

FOUND!!!

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

I PICKED up the enclosed odd kind of a paper some days since, which I can make neither head nor tail of: I rather think that it was dropped out of the hand of a tall thin gentleman who stoops in the shoulders, while he was making some violent motions with his right arm. I have shown it to many friends, who gave different guesses as to the nature of the contents: several think that they are the memorandums of some poor gentleman a little *beside himself*—while others imagine that it contains a dark plot against *Church and State*. Should you agree with the latter, you will, perhaps, publish it, in order to put His Majesty's new Ministers on their guard against such foul designs.

Yours, &c.

A PASSENGER.

COPY.

HINTS preparatory to Wednesday, the 6th inst.

1. Not to be seen in the streets on the 1st of April. Ad—m to stop the mischievous witticisms of Sheridan's flings.

2. *Irish* Members doubtful—always best *half seas over*. Shake up Castle—gh's *Down-bed* for him again.—Quiz Perc—l for quitting *Coke* for *Cocker*.—Robs—n to examine C—n—ng in the *tongues* of the Foreign Department.—*General M—lg—ve*, First Lord of the *Admiralty*—famous hoax!—Mem. No allusion to *Army Jobs* till Fitzp—ck retires.

3. Rehearse the *Cabinet Door* scene again with Grenville—cursed stupidity! his head more heavy than his —! Secrecy of Cabinets laughable—obsolete—Oaths of Privy Counsellors ridiculous—regarded

but as those of “dicers or of lovers.”—Squeeze out a dying joke, if possible, from Court—y.

4. Br—nd not to be too *fiery* for fear of an awkward volley of puns.—P—tty to attend more to Perc—val’s arguments than his own *attitudes*.—Franc—s to be ready with an *Oriental* tale.—Grat—t—n’s long promised philippic in favour of Irish Catholics. Avoid naming the Pope—his Holiness not popular enough yet for a Parliamentary eulogium.—Wilb—force guarantee for the *Saints* from rising at the sound of the word *Test*.—When R—se “vows to G—d,” in pious zeal, for the good of the Church—*horse-laugh!*—Anst—r, and other *long faces*, to sit on the back benches.—Romil—y to *bake* the Master of the Rolls over again in his own Chancery oven.—Dr. Laure—ce for *time* to reply to both, by adjudged cases from the Roman civilians, by way of *digest*.

5. If Sidm—th still squeamishly loyal, attack him! Watch Lauder—le’s *pitch-pot*, that it does not boil over!—Staff—d to flog the Bishops.—Introduce the *Royal Pledge* with deep solemnity—rise in pathos—broken utterance—reverence—affection—unshaken loyalty to his sacred person. Eloquent transition to public duty!—national honour!—violated Constitution!—Charles the First!—*Impeachment!*—*Denunciation!*—*Axes!*—*Scaffolds, &c. &c. &c.* (*Withdraw, solus, under repeated cries of Hear! Hear! Question! Question! Hear!*) [April 7.]

THE CONFESSION OF A GREY FRIAR:

A SOLEMN DIRGE.

To the Tune of “The Vicar of Bray.”

[From the Morning Post.]

IN good Charles Fox’s bustling day,
I came to man’s estate, Sirs;
To blue and buff stuck *patriot* Grey,
Like nit to beggar’s pate, Sirs.

By nature proud I scorn'd control ;
 For place and power I panted,
 And though a despot in my soul,
 'Bout liberty I canted.
 For this with Whigs I was enroll'd,
 The Whigs of modern day, Sirs !
 But *now* with them few tenets hold,
 A *motley* Whig is Grey, Sirs.

Near twenty years in Stephen's fane
 'Gainst Pitt I rail'd and voted ;
 To Edmund Burke preferr'd Tom Paine,
 On th' Rights of Man I doted.
 For good O'Connor's faith and truth
 I would have pledg'd my own, Sirs !
 At Quigley's sentence I was wroth,
 And griev'd for banish'd Stone, Sirs !
 No longer now I mourn their loss,
 My Whig Club friends—*good day, Sirs !*
 Rome's holy cares the mind engross—
 O the *quondam patriot* Grey, Sirs !

'Gainst Tories once I join'd the cry,
 To William pour'd libations,
 No *Irish cousins* then had I,
 No *Catholic relations* ;
 The Tests that shut out James's breed,
 I deem'd it sin to alter ;
 The Revolution's code—my Creed,
 The Bill of Rights—my Psalter.
 Now, like my name, my note is chang'd,
 A different game I play, Sirs ;
 Howick with Stuart's friends is rang'd,
 No longer *patriot* Grey, Sirs !

For them, 'bout Irish feuds I'll *croak*,
 And *bode* rebellion's day, Sirs ;
 Canning, I know, my scheme will smoke,
 And call me, *raven* Grey, Sirs !
 Still on the Commons rests our hope,
 Once more to gain our quarters ;
 But if we fail, we trust the Pope
 Will style us—*blessed martyrs !*

Now fare ye well, my Treasury chums,
 St. James's gate is barr'd, Sirs;
 And when your *Dissolution* comes,
 "Like Newgate cocks, die hard," Sirs!

April 7.

POLITICAL SPORTING.

[From a satirical Poem, called "All the Talents."]

LATELY was decided here a most comical race. The gentlemen of the Turf having offered a large plate to the best Ass in a five-mile heat, each riding his own ass, the following noblemen and gentlemen started as candidates :

R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.	who rode	<i>Jolly Bacchus.</i>
Lord HOWICK,	- - - - -	<i>Sullen.</i>
Lord ERSKINE,	- - - - -	<i>Merry Andrew.</i>
Mr. WINDHAM,	- - - - -	<i>Highflyer.</i>
Lord HENRY PETTY,	- - - - -	<i>Miss Hornpipe Teazle.</i>
Mr. WHITBREAD,	- - - - -	<i>Brazen Face.</i>
Mr. TIERNEY,	- - - - -	<i>Bully Hector.</i>

Lord Grenville led an animal to the ground, which, it seems, was not an ass, but a racer, somewhat resembling Mr. Pitt's *Eclipse*. At first starting, Mr. Sheridan's *Jolly Bacchus* had the lead; but her rider having neither whip, spur, nor bridle, she was left entirely to her own discretion; and yet, they say, Mr. Sheridan is an admirable Jockey. Lord Howick's *Sullen* came next: a tough-mouthed obstinate hack as ever we saw, but with excellent bottom. Her rider was blinded in the very beginning by a couple of mud patches, and came in a sad spectacle, groaning and b—t—g his eyes. Then followed Mr. Windham's *Highflyer*, "*proximus sed longo intervallo.*" Mr. Windham was dressed as a *Harlequin*, and retarded her progress extremely by his tricks: such as standing on his head, holding the ass's ears, and latterly

terly riding the tailor to Brentford. Every one wondered how he contrived to keep his seat. Lord E——'s *Merry Andrew* succeeded, with new trappings, martingales, and surcingles; tail cropped, and ears cut—yet still it was evidently an ass. Lord Henry's *Miss Hornpipe Teazle*, a little two-year-old, at first promised to do wonders, but lagged latterly, though her rider kept plying his heels the whole race. Mr. Whitbread's *Brazen Face* took sulk, and showed symptoms of bolting, being a thorough-bred ass; and as to Mr. Tierney's *Bully Hector*, it broke down entirely; when both man and beast were so bedaubed with gutter, that the people mistook the ass for Mr. Tierney, and asked if it felt injured by the accident? The asses kept kicking at each other during the whole race, which was won, with some difficulty, by Mr. Sheridan's *Jolly Bacchus*, and *the knowing ones were all taken in.*

MISUNDERSTANDING.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THERE is no foundation for the report, lately circulated, of a misunderstanding having arisen between our Court and that of Petersburg. It is true, indeed, that a very considerable *misunderstanding* did seem likely to occur between the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and his Excellency the Russian Minister upon their first interview. Although Mr. George Canning received a liberal education, and made a considerable proficiency at Eton and Christchurch Colleges in the learned languages, it seems (as is too often the case in those classical seminaries) that he was wholly negligent in the acquisition of any of the modern languages of Europe. Hence, when his Excellency M. Alopeus had his first meeting with our Minister for Foreign Affairs, although the latter,

besides his own native tongue, was master of the French, Slavonic, German, High Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian languages, he very unluckily had never studied the language of this country; and it consequently happened that these Ministers found it utterly impossible to comprehend each other's meaning. The English being the only living language in which Mr. Secretary Canning had the faculty of expressing himself, the Latin termination of the Russian Minister's name suggested to him the idea of proposing that the conference should be carried on in that language; a proposal to which his Excellency M. Alopeus readily consented; observing, that having for several years filled (not, he trusted, without credit) a Professor's chair in the University of Moscow, both the Latin and Greek languages were as familiar to him as his own. When this expedient, however, was resorted to, it was found that there was little hope of its getting rid of the difficulty. The pronunciation of the learned languages in the respective Universities of Moscow and Oxford appeared to be so entirely dissimilar, that, notwithstanding repeated efforts, the chance of the negotiators making any progress towards establishing any mutual understanding seemed altogether desperate. In this dilemma, Mr. Canning dispatched his Secretary, Lord Fitz-Harris, to request the assistance of his father, Lord Malmsbury, who, having formerly acquired some reputation by his negotiations in Holland (the larger portion of which he was thought, indeed, to have forfeited by his subsequent transactions at Lisle), is, it seems, the oracle whom, under all the frequent diplomatic difficulties which occur in the present Foreign Office, they are accustomed to have recourse to; and it was accordingly hoped that by his intervening (in the character of interpreter) he might extricate the new Secretary of State from the disagreeable and unbecoming

becoming predicament in which he found himself. Upon his arrival to the conference, however, the matter was found not to be one jot advanced; for his Lordship being of late years become stone deaf, was totally incapable of hearing a single word, either of the English or Russian, the Latin or the Greek, in which the negotiators were vainly endeavouring to express their thoughts. The case now appearing absolutely hopeless, the conference was upon the point of being broken up, *re infecta*; but his Excellency M. Alopeus making one further effort, it is supposed in Latin, by frequently vociferating the word *Oroom*, *Oroom*, accompanying the exclamation with the significant action of turning out the inside of his breeches pockets, with a view, it should seem, of proving them to be both empty, our Minister, whose acuteness has been never doubted, very ingeniously concluded, that *aurum* was the word Mr. Alopeus wished to pronounce; and that the exhibition of the empty breeches pockets implied the demand of a subsidy for our magnanimous Ally, his Imperial Master. The question of a subsidy to Russia is, therefore, now believed to be under the consideration of the New Cabinet. Upon which as soon as they shall have decided, they will, we presume, communicate the result of their deliberations to the public, through the channel of their papers, according to the novel, laudable, and liberal practice lately established by them, which cannot but evidently tend to raise and dignify the character of their Government at home, as much as their former publications of all their most confidential communications with foreign powers, contributed to spread the most universal confidence in the British Cabinet abroad.

April 8.

A MINISTRY FOR THE POPE !

[From the Morning Herald.]

IT must have frequently occurred to those who think of the affairs of this personage, that there is a great deficiency in his political establishments; that, although he is scarcely a territorial Sovereign, he has Ministers for all the usual departments of a territorial court, while his real dominion, that of the *mind*, is very insufficiently administered. We are assured, that to the exalted and comprehensive understanding of Bonaparte, this deficiency has been of late painfully visible, and that, if the *prejudices* of mankind had not raised some few obstacles to his views, and some employment for his time in Poland, the *luminous philosophy* of himself, and of the *Ex-Theophilanthropist*, Portalis, would before now have been employed in filling up this *hiatus* in his plan of human happiness. In short, he would have given the Pope a Ministry specially devoted to his intellectual dominion, and consisting, therefore, not of Secretaries for the Home Department, Foreign Affairs, and so on, but of persons peculiarly appointed to make war with the vices and to promote the virtues, each having some one vice, or virtue, allotted to him for his province. Those chosen to oppose the former would be called *Antagonists*, those to assist the latter would be called *Promoters*, or *Professors*. There were also a few departments not so much moral as metaphysical.

All this might be very well, and Englishmen would have nothing to do with it, if some enemy of the late Ministry, an enemy in the disguise of a friend, picking up this incomplete plan of Bonaparte, had not conceived the monstrous design of depriving this country for ever of the services of its only *patriots*, by misleading their ambition into Italy. For this purpose

purpose he had already lighted up his *ignis fatuus*. He had prepared the scheme of a new *Intellectual Ministry* for the Pope; and, having most presumptuously filled it up with the names of those great Statesmen, in whom all the talents of this nation are concentrated, had begun to make it glisten before their eyes, not doubting, that, upon their expulsion from office here, they would have readily followed the mischievous delusion into his new sphere for their philosophy and wisdom. It is our duty, in the language of Mr. Paull, to *denounce* this plan to the people of England; and it is also our pleasure, in the language of the Newspapers, to *announce* its complete failure; the virtuous confederacy, to which it was addressed, having resolved, that no circumstances whatsoever, not even the displeasure of millions, shall deprive this country of their services. We subjoin, however, a part of the rejected plan.

<i>Antagonist of Pride,</i>	-	Lord GR—V—LBE.
<i>Truth-Splitter,</i>	- - -	Mr. WI—H—M.
<i>Interpreter of Silence,</i>	-	Lord HO—W—K.
<i>Spinner of Finances,</i>	-	Lord H. PR—Y.
<i>Promoter of Punctuality,</i>	-	Mr. SH—D—N.

BOARD OF MODESTY.

President, Mr. TI—N—Y.

Lord T—PLE, Mr. CA—C—FT.

Mr. F—NCIS, Mr. MI—G—Y.

Secretary, Mr. TU—K—R.

<i>Secretary for Secret Mis-</i>	}	Mr. R. ADAIR.
<i>sions, - - - - -</i>		
<i>Clerk of the Bulls, - - -</i>	}	DE—M—TO'DO—N—Y, Esq.
<i>Auditor General of Abso-</i>		
<i>lutions, - - - - -</i>	}	Duke of N—K.
<i>Patron of Citizens of the</i>		
<i>World, - - - - -</i>	}	Lord HO—L—D.

Keeper

136 THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OPPOSITIONIST.

Keeper of the Conscience, Mr. G. PO—S—BY.
Purveyor of Penances, - Mr. W—BF—CE.
Captain of the Body Guard, General FI—P—K.
Professor of Palmistry, - Mr. FR—M—LE.
 &c. &c. &c.

April 9.

THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OPPOSITIONIST!

TO BE DELIVERED THIS DAY, APRIL 9, 1807.

[From the same.]

TO vote, or not to vote?—that is the *question*:
 Whether 't is nobler in the *House* to suffer
 The stings and arrows from the King's *new men*,
 Or, rising up in fury of *debate*,
 By *Opposition* end them? Say *aye*, or *no*?
 No more—and by a single *vote* to end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 We *Outs* are heirs to;—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd!—To *rise*—to *vote*—
 To *vote*? perchance to be *dissolv'd*! ay, there's the rub;
 For from that *Dissolution*, dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this *party* coil,
 To give us pause! There's the respect
 That makes a *seat* so snug a thing in life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns o' th' time,
 George C—nn—g's pride!—George R—se's contumely!
 The pang of P—rc—l's shrewd *law's delay*!
 The insolence of office! and the spurns
 That *ousted merit* of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 By one *division*? Who would fardels bear
 To groan and sweat in base *minorities*,
 But that the dread of *Dissolution*,
 (Sent to the *country* back, from whose fell bourne
 No *Oppositionist* returns,) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
 Than fly to others that are ten-fold worse!
 Thus terror does make cowards of us all;
 And thus lank How—k's line of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And schemes, and plottings of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action !—

TO THE RIGHT HON. SP—NC—R P—RC—V—L,
ON HIS LATE CONDUCT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WHEN London last rang with the cry of " No Pope,"
'Twas Gordon, a madman, who kindled the flame ;
And can you then, P—rc—v—l, wickedly hope
To rival in mischief that infamous name ?

Yet, if your demand of the Duchy be true,
You at once have outstripp'd all your prototype's sin :—
At the end it turn'd out that Lord George was a Jew ;
You have prov'd yourself so, e'en before you begin.

ON THE ALARM OF A DISSOLUTION OF
PARLIAMENT.

[From the Public Ledger]

THE table clear'd of all the *loaves* and *fishes* ;
John Bull is call'd upon to *wash the dishes*,
Furnish clean napkins, plates, and knives and forks,
That others may commence *their handy works* !

THE ENCHANTED HEAD.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

" O præclarum caput !"

PHÆDRUS.

" What's TENDER CONSCIENCE ? 'tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch :
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore."

HUDIBRAS.

SIR,

BEING still fond of the vivacity of young people, I
frequently pay a visit to a friend who keeps a
school in Hampshire. A dozen or more of the lads
board

board in the house, and are generally contriving some ingenious pastime or other for the evening's amusement. Last week I found them very busy in attempting to construct an invisible girl; but, finding this rather too difficult, they gladly embraced a hint which I threw out to them, and immediately fell to work upon an Enchanted Head. I had the volume of Don Quixote in my pocket, and read to them the whole story of Don Antonio Moreno's Wooden Bust, with all the questions that were put to it, and its wonderful answers.

Next day when I returned from my walk, the Head was quite ready in the hall, and I was astonished to see all my young friends buzzing about it in masquerade. I thought the bust resembled a face I had often seen; but I did not suspect any roguery till I saw a grave personage go up to it on tiptoe, as if afraid to be overheard, and whisper in its ear. He wore a lawyer's wig, and his eyebrows were made hideous with burnt cork. The young rogue, it seems, was appointed to this part on account of a natural gravity of aspect, but above all for being accidentally discoloured with the jaundice, and he made us all laugh as he laid his lean hand on his heart and turned up the yellow of his eyes, muttering *Conscience* and *Catholics* with infinite solemnity. He continued to whisper, and the Head replied in words of thunder, "It will do, it will do, it will do."

A miserable object was next brought in, with vacant countenance and slaving mouth. "And what shall this man have?" said the Lawyer. "The treasure," said the Head, "if he can carry it." A great bag of money was then put upon his shoulders; but his feeble legs were tottering, and would have failed him if two personages had not hastened to his support.

One of them was well stricken in years, and had in his breast a large Rose, very flourishing, but of the
piony

piony sort, with a bad fragrance. His pockets were wide; and his legs thick toward the ancles, denoting power to stand. He said he was of the school of the immortal Pitt, and hated jobs. I did not at first know what struck the young audience here, for they all tittered, and afterwards burst out into the loudest laughter when he exclaimed with uplifted hand, "O my country!" But, it seems, this fellow is a sad villain, and famous over the neighbourhood for robbing hen-roosts and orchards, not for the sake of the frolic, but the plunder. Yet he will pray like another Bowles, when it suits his purpose; and I must say he acted his part here with wonderful art and consistency. In particular, when pieces of the money occasionally dropped, by the imbecility of the old fool, he picked them up, and put them in his pocket with a sort of cool and careless diligence that was very entertaining.

The other supporter of the old driveller was a pert squeaking little fellow, who came in with a lawyer's wig in one hand and a blue bag in the other. He laid them before the head, as an offering, declaring that the bag was filled with wealth, and that the wig was one of Fortunatus's caps. "The bag," cried the oracular Head, "is empty, and the wig worn out." Upon this there was some confusion; but a person who stood almost concealed under the statue, whom I had not before noticed, applied his lips, adorned with Hanoverian mustachoes, to the tube, and the oracle pronounced, in a softened tone, "Reward an obsequious slave."—Here the man with the Rose slyly took possession of the bag, but he found nothing in it.

I did not very well understand some of the tricks and dumb-show that followed; but it appeared to be the will of the Head that the persons who were to support the treasure should give some proof of their being fit and worthy. As a trial, a large copper coin was laid on the floor, and each was desired to say what colour

colour it was of. After being admonished by the man with the saffron eyes, that certain persons had been dismissed who asserted that it was copper-coloured, the slaving man rubbed his eyes and said he thought it looked green; the man with the Rose said, black; and the man with the bag thought it was blue. The Head instantly bellowed displeasure, crying White, white, white; when all three fell on their faces and declared before God, that they meant white all the while, that they always thought it white, and would never believe it any thing but white while they lived, unless the Head should change its opinion. This being concluded, the person with the Hanoverian mustachoes ordered some others to be brought in; but I cannot at present enter into the frolics that ensued. Neither have I given so fully as they deserved the surprising answers of the Wooden Head. But all the way home I could not help repeating the words of my author, "*No fui engañado del que te me vendió, cabeza sabia, cabeza habladora, cabeza respondona, y admirable cabeza.*" "He was a good contriver who set thee up, O head of wisdom, O talking head, question-answering head, head all-wonderful."

The author of Don Quixote informs us, that, innocent as the Wooden Head was, the Holy Inquisition ordered Don Antonio Moreno to destroy it, lest it should take wind amongst ignorant people. In like manner, I cautioned my friend not to allow such frolics in his house any longer; because, although under the careless administration of the Foxes, Grenvilles, and Howicks, they might pass unnoticed; the more vigilant Birches and Castlereaghs would perceive the tendency they had to introduce the Pope and the Pretender.

Yours,

A SCHOLAR OF THE IMMORTAL DEPUTY.

April 10.

MELANCHOLY

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

CORONER'S INQUEST ON "THE TALENTS," &c.

[From the Morning Post.]

DIED, at his house in Westminster, Sir Bribery Broadbottom, long known in the political world, and deeply regretted by a numerous and needy connexion.

The death of this *Illustrious Personage* having been rather sudden, has given rise to many conjectures; for, though several serious and well-disposed people, adverting to the immorality of his latter years, seem inclined to attribute it to the *Visitation of God*, yet it is reported, that the Coroner's Inquest have returned a verdict of *Felo de se*, notwithstanding the alleged symptoms of *insanity* in the deceased, which were many, and forcible; and after all, the complete purulency and corruption of the whole body evinced, that the last rash act had only hastened a dissolution, the seeds of which were too deeply sown for medicine to eradicate.

His disposition to be flighty had long grieved and alarmed his friends. He was for ever planning *Summer Expeditions*, though he could not bear the least *change of Place*; and in settling his affairs would frequently be at considerable expense to *audit accounts*, of which the net balance, perhaps, did not amount to *three farthings*.

The subsequent illness which led to the last fatal act, will long be a warning to those who, in the hour of health, are apt to slight *medical advice*, since **THE DOCTOR** was not called in till the case was entirely desperate.

In fact, **THE DOCTOR** was an *orthodox Churchman*, a *sound Protestant*. Sir Bribery himself was rather partial to the communion of the *Romish Church*, was
surrounded

surrounded by Priests of *that* persuasion, and, like *Mother Cole*, used to express great satisfaction at the thoughts of "*dying a Roman*." HINC ILLÆ LACRYMÆ!! He would not listen to the Doctor, but persisted with great violence in running his head against a new strong *Party Wall*, which unfortunately proved too hard for it, and which, as we learn from a friend of his at Somerset, had been just completed by himself with much care and expense for this very purpose.

This rash action was the proximate cause of his death, and the *Coroner's Inquest* was founded upon it. He died without *confessing his sins*, and with a *WAFER in his mouth*, having entirely lost the *power of SWALLOWING*; a circumstance the more remarkable, as, previous to his late nervous affection, he had been known to *swallow the largest and hardest substances*, with a facility truly astonishing.

He will be buried, according to his sentence, in *the King's Road*, where *four lanes meet*; and an obelisk will be erected over him with the following inscription:

Here *all the VIRTUES* round the tomb are crying,
Where *ALL THE TALENTS* still continue *lying*.

April 11.

CHURCH AND KING, AND DOWN WITH THE RUMP.

[From the Morning Post.]

FIELD-MARSHAL Broad-bottom determin'd to spring
A mine, that should blow up the Church and the King; |
So made ample confession, in Catholic hope,
Was absolv'd in due form, and then bless'd by the Pope.
Derry down, down, down derry down,
Down with the Rump then, and
Down derry down.

As

As the noise of the Workmen grew louder and louder,
 Our valiant old Monarch began to smell powder ;
 For he cried, as he drew forth his trusty Toledo,
 " Let those fly who will ; Heav'n fail us, if we do."

Derry down, &c.

Friar Temple affirm'd, that the blast of the fire
 Would blow down the walls, and demolish the spire ;
 And his myrmidons, during the triumph of Arson,
 Would carry the chancel, and butcher the parson.

Derry down, &c.

Then the felons advanc'd, full of hellish design,
 In close columns, and slow, to give time to the mine :
 When a petulant whelp cried, " Quick, march !" in the
 van,

Then 't was " De'el take the hindmost," and onwards they
 ran.

Derry down, &c.

Deans, Rectors, and Prelates, were all in a stew ;
 Buz wigs, shovel hats, and lawn sleeves all look'd blue,
 When they saw the folk charging in headlong career,
 And the " Faith's firm Defender" alone know no fear.

Derry down, &c.

Thus too soon came the Papists, urg'd on by blind fate ;
 But your mine, when once fir'd, for no man can wait,
 Off it went with a crack, as they cross'd its direction,
 And sent them to wait for the next resurrection !

Derry down, &c.

Heads, arms, legs, and trunks, flew in strange disarray,
 The Rumps of the Grenvilles alone dimm'd the day ;—
 When the Baron's the height of the firmament won,
 Herschell swore to a total eclipse of the sun.

Derry down, &c.

Thus George and the Church 'scap'd these pestilent elves ;
 These miners, who nought could blow up but themselves ;
 Then Protestant Britons replenish your bumpers,
 And drink " Church and King, and down with the
 Rumpers."

Derry down, &c.

NEW PUPPET-SHOW.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE Westminster Company of Independent Performers being lately dissolved, and it being thought highly desirable to encourage a taste for Pantomime, *Spectacle*, Melo-drames, Legerdemain, and Bartholomew Fair entertainments, a new puppet-show has been recently established upon a larger and more expensive scale than any ever before exhibited. No pains have been spared to procure the very best Automata extant, remarkable for a certain degree of voluntary motion, combined with the utmost docility, and obedient to the slightest touch of the springs which set them in motion.

A few friends have been admitted to a rehearsal, which, however, from the unfinished state of the machinery, was entitled to every indulgence. The Theatre is in the form of a Chapel, dimly illuminated by a number of transparencies, the principal of which represent the burning of heretics, assassination, massacres, a conversation between the Pope and the Devil, and other subjects calculated to bring to the recollection of the spectator those dark ages when mumming and puppet-shows were in high repute. The stage, as usual on such occasions, is furnished with a semi-curtain to conceal those managers, performers, or scene-shifters, who either wish to be invisible, or are ashamed to be seen.—After waiting a considerable time, some person having called out “Manager,” a voice from behind the curtain replied, “Wha wants me? Mun I be the Manager—Weel, come awa lads, be steady, and mind what I say—Recollect what you are—You are Automata, mere puppets; you are greatly to resemble the idols of old in the hands of crafty Priests.—You are to have eyes, but to see not; ears, but to hear not; speak you may, but, like wise fools, not

not a word more than is set down for you."—The voice was here interrupted by some person who seemed to think these expressions were not intended for the ear of the audience, and who begged leave to remark, that a regular performance was not as yet to be expected; the immediate object in view being to inspect the materials and workmanship, and to see if the different figures were proof against nose-wringing, ear-pulling, kicks, cuffs, cudgelling, and the usual indignities to which performers of this class have been immemorially subject, and which constitute the principal part of the entertainment.

In this respect, it must be confessed, the figures have been manufactured in a style of high perfection, with faces insensible to shame, and apparently unconscious of their inferiority, degradation, and disgrace. Hisses, groans, and cries of "Off, off!" with the usual accompaniments, are to be of no avail. Large sums paid down, extravagant promises, and threats of a premature death and subsequent damnation, are conjointly employed to hire and keep together a large establishment of chorus-singers, to drown the loud notes of disapprobation.—Nay, it is resolved, that, should the theatre even tumble about their ears, John Bull shall still have his favourite fun; and, with all the effrontery of itinerants, they will continue to play their pranks in every county, city, and borough in the United Kingdom. Much is expected from the exhibition of a few Harlequins, who, in the rotatory motion of their heads and vacillation of their bodies, possess so much rapidity, that it is impossible to say on which side of the stage you perceive them.

A more particular description of this new establishment, the scenery, secret machinery, principal puppets, and general claim to public notice, must necessarily be deferred, not for want of rational anticipation, but until opinion be established by facts.

April 13.

VOL. XI.

H

AN

AN EPISTLE FROM LOUIS RAGOUT.

A MONSIEU OF THE ORACLE.

*Rue de Downing Street,**11th Avril 1807.*

Sare,

I FLATTERE myself *dat* you have not forgotten youre old friend Louis Ragout, who *vas* write to you so many *letteres* the *ven* I *vas* *chef de Cuisine* and *Premier Ministre* to Milor Hardvic in Ireland; and *ven* I *vas* in *de* *confiance* of Monsieur “*le Docteur a Dindon,*” *dans la Rue de Downing Street,* in Londres. I am, sure, Sare, *dat* you *vel remembere* how *ver* useful *vas* all *de* intelligence *vish* I gave you upon *de* state of affairs, and how true it all *vas*, all *de* advice *vich* I *vas* give to *mon Ami* “*le Docteur*” in all *de* circonsstances. Here I am once more in *de* situation to be of service to my friends.

I am now, Sare, to make you understand *dat* I have *de honneur* to be *Chef de Cuisine* to Milor le Secretaire Caningue! He is *ver* fine *Ministre*, but he play *de* very *diable* in *de Bureau* of *de Affaires Etrangeres*. He no understand *von vord* of *François*. Milor Hammond, *de von* of his *Sous Secretaires*, he *vas* understand as littel; and Milor Fitzharris, *de oder* *Sous Secretaire*, he *vas* speak dam bad *Patois*, and understand *diablement* littel English. So amongst dem all *partie de* do as littel work from being able to speak no *langie* at all, as *de Milors* in *de Chateau Babel* from speaking too many.

De first day, Milor de Caningue he *vas* receive *de* *Ministres Etrangers*, I *vas* clap mine eye to *de* key-hole, and *ver* fine sight it *vas*. Der *vas* Milor, he *vas* make *profonde reverence* in *de* beau milieu; der *vas* Milor Hammond, he *vas* make *profonde reverence* to *de* right; and der *vas* Milor Fitzharris, he *vas* make *profonde reverence* to *de* left. Milor Fitzharris he *vas* say, in *ver* execrable jargon, *dat de* Milors vere *ver* glad

glad to see *deir* Excellencies : *dey* bowed, but *diable* a *vord* *dey* say ! *Den* *de* “ *Dragoman* ” to *de* *Ambassadeur Turque* he *vas* step forward, and *vas* say, “ *dat* he *vas* *Interprete* ; *dat* he *vas* *ver* able to *interprete*, because he *vas* a native of *de* Greek Islands, and *vas* understand every body.”—Milor Caningue, he *vas* *ver* much delight in *dat*, and he *vas* speak to *de* *Interprete* in some *baragouin* he *vas* call Greek ! *Ven* *de* *Interprete* he seem *ver* moch fright, and *vas* go away ! So *den* *de* *Ministre* and *de* *Excellences* *dey* stood vidout any *Interprete* at all, taking *de* *tabac en attendant mieux*, and making *de* *reverence* *von* to *de* *oder* !

Den *deir* *Excellences* *vas* go away, saying, *dey* *nevere* *vas* see so *poli* a *Ministre* as Milor Caningue, or so discreet : upon *de* *vich* son Excellence Monsieur *de* Souza *vas* tell *deir* *oder* *Excellences* “ *dat* he *vas* no *vonder*, for *dat* he had read in *de* ‘ *Courier* ’ Newspaper, *dat* Milor Caningue *vas* descendant, in *von* direct line, from *de* *feu* *Secrétaire* Milor Burleigh, who *vas* always ‘ shake his head, and say noting at all ! ’ ”

De next day, Milor Fitzharris, he *vas* come to me and tell me, *dat* Milor he would have *de* *Interprete* who *vas* not come from *de* Greek Islands, and would appoint me, as he *vas* vell remember *de* *grand service* I *vas* do, to *de* other *Ministres*. Milor, he *vas* say, *dat* I should have noting to do, but to *enseigner* French in *de* *matin* to Milor Caningue ; receive dispatch and *de* Foreign *Ministres* in *de* forenoon ; dress *de* *diné*, and make Milor read *de* *Dictionnaire* of Monsieur Chambaud in *de* evening. So *me voici, mon Enfant*, *Interprete* to Milor *Secrétaire* Caningue !

It shall be my endeavour, mine old friend, to give you *de* best information of all *dat* *vas* pass in my *Bureau*, and all *vat* I advice Milor to do. I will tell you, *en confiance*, *dat* I am *deja* *ver* moch ashamed of my *Camarades* in *de* Cabinet ; but I find *dat* Milor he

is ver *moch* ashamed too; so if he chan to stay in Cabinet vid all dese *gros nigauds*, begar me stay too!

I am, vid de consideration de most *parfaite*, votre Serviteur tres humble,

LOUIS RAGOUT,

Chef de Cuisine, et Premier Interprete to Son Excellence, Milor le Secretaire Caningue.

P. S. I *vas* forgot to say, *dat* I have appoint Monsieur François Coral, Portier to de Office, *Interprete en Seconde.*

April 13.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY DOCTOR D—G—N—N'S APPEARING
ASHAMED OF HIMSELF, DURING THE DEBATE ON
THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 9, 1807.

[From the British Press.]

OF many wondrous facts we've heard,
Such as—a woman with a beard;
Or fishes flying o'er the sea;
Or cats that could with mice agree:
But all these wonders lose their force,
And are no more than things of course,
Compar'd with what last night took place—
A BLUSH on Paddy D—g—n—n's face.

April 15.

ON THE REFORMS OF THE LATE ADMINISTRATION.

[From the Morning Post.]

FOR twenty years, when *out* of place,
Whig Patriots bawl'd about reforms,
And stoutly swore, that, change their case,
They'd drive the *Placemen* out by swarms.
When in, they threaten'd gen'ral rout,
But how, good Lord! did they begin?
For ev'ry *Placeman* they turn'd out,
They brought ten needy *Patriots* in.

April 17.

RATS.

RATS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

E. TUFFIN, forty-seven years Bug Destroyer and Rat Catcher to His Majesty, begs leave to remind the Nobility and Gentry, and his friends in particular, that the season is now approaching when the young Rats begin to run, and the old ones become more daring in their depredations. Bugs, too, will be upon the alert as the warm weather advances, and their bite is increasing daily in venom. E. Tuffin, therefore, strongly recommends that such of the Nobility and Gentry, whose premises or beds have ever fallen under suspicion, should lose no time in their application for his invaluable "Holy Water, or Bug Specific," together with his never-failing Yellow Rat Powder; both of which, in spite of the present great demand for them, and the rapid increase of all other articles, he still continues at the usual and moderate prices. Wholesale dealers and mercantile houses served, and *allowance of one in five made*. Letters from the country, *franked* (no others can be received), will meet with particular attention till after the 4th of June, when E. Tuffin leaves his residence in Long Acre, and retires into the country for the summer months.

Long Acre, April 17.

N. B. In the press, and will speedily be published, E. Tuffin's Complete Art of Rat Catching, with fifteen Plates, descriptive of the various Species of this Animal, viz. the common English, Irish, and old Scotch Rat; the Nova Scotia, or Emigrating Rat; the Hanover, or Domestic Rat; the Sugar-mouthed, or Colonial Rat; the Liver-coloured Rat; Mealy-mouthed, or Medicinal Rat; the Red Rat; and lastly, the Black Long Tail, or great Indian Rat, a very noxious animal found in wells, found in pools also, is web-footed, and in addition to all the properties of the

rat tribe it is gifted with the qualities of the toad, the crocodile, and the viper. E. Tuffin has also a very voluminous account of the Bug in preparation.

April 18.

AN EPISTLE

FROM PETER POUNCE, LATE PURSER IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY, BUT NOW CONFINED FOR DEBT IN THE KING'S BENCH, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE G. R-SE, TREASURER OF THE NAVY, &c. &c.

[From the same.]

WHILST you, Great R-s-, borne on expanding wings,
 Favour'd by Courts, by Ministers, and Kings ;
 With that high air, which speaks the classic mind,
 The man of fashion and of taste combin'd ;
 Enjoy the charms of C—fin—lls' gay retreat,
 (C—fin—lls, your great forefathers' stately seat ;)
 Britain, assail'd by Popedom's hideous form,
 Turns to her Pilot in the awful storm ;
 In terror calls you from your shady bowers,
 Where letter'd ease beguiles the attic hours.
 “ Resume your post, thou first of men,” she cries,
 “ And read your hist'ry in a nation's eyes.
 That nation views you as her firmest hope,
 To shield, to guard her from the impious Pope ;
 Who, scorn'd, insulted, and his Church decay'd ;
 His threats despis'd, his power in ruins laid ;
 Compell'd 'midst rocks, 'midst Alpine snows to roar,
 Looks to this island as his long-lost home ;
 Exulting looks to Lambeth's golden stall,
 When mitred Conclaves for his blessing call ;
 When through St. Paul's the loud *Te Deums* ring ;
 When white-rob'd nuns the holy incense bring,
 And he anoints the Old Pretender King.”

Yet ere again you boldly take the helm,
 Make Gaul's proud Ruler tremble in his realm :
 Make through the Vatican your thunders roar
 At the poor dotard, Babylon's old w——e.

• Ere -

Ere cares of State disturb your midnight rest,
 (Or, ' *entre nous*,' the feath'ring still your nest;)
 From fam'd St. Stephen's, if you can, get free,
 And turn, I beg, one pitying glance on me.
 Though now a jail incloses this wan frame,
 Our views, our plans, our projects were the same;
 With dauntless breast, we dar'd the foaming main,
 Without his danger, shar'd the sailor's gain;
 Weigh'd to an ounce the mouldy scraps of cheese,
 Or, in the cockpit, measur'd out the pease;
 And when we found fair Albion's cliffs appear,
 Put the large "E" on empty butts of beer.
 Yet mark the turn of Fortune's slipp'ry wheel,
 Which thousands have, and thousands more must feel;
 Our little flock-bed from the wintry storm,
 Will hardly keep my famish'd infants warm;
 While the dear partner of my hopes and fears,
 (Be hush'd my sorrows and be dried my tears!)
 Torn from her happiness in bloom of youth,
 Pattern of meekness, innocence, and truth;
 With all the charms that in the palace dwell,
 Without a murmur,—shares my flinty cell.
 From scenes of splendour then, from state unbend,
 Bestow one thought upon your shipwreck'd friend;
 From P—tl—d's vigorous and enlighten'd head,
 Empty as air, yet ponderous as lead;
 From all the rant of C—nn—g's frothy tongue,
 The pert abuse that upstart coxcomb flung;
 From all the law in P—rc—l's rich mine,
 " *No Volunteer shall from his corps resign;*"
 From coarse D—nd—s, and eke from patriot St—le,
 (Those stern defenders of the public weal;)
 From the mean rattling of the W—ll—ly tribe,
 Who sting their Patron, and betray their guide;
 From Ferrol's Chieftain, with his sapient face,
 From the deep knowledge of the M—lg—e race;
 From W—m—d's polite and polish'd air,
 (Pride of the Court, and idol of the fair;)
 From C—stl—gh's unbending upright mind,
 From C—md—n's wit, and Eld—n's conscience join'd;
 From Downing Street, for once, dear R—se get free,
 In pity cast one transient look on me.

152 A LETTER TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

Turn not away—'t is not your purse I crave,
 What I request is more than wealth e'er gave ;
 Teach me that lesson from your private book,
 (Books you once kept, spite of that angry look ;)
 By which you learnt through every job to rise,
 The world's good name and censure to despise.
 So may great G—ge indulge your fervent pray'r,
 And make a Lordling of your sprightly heir.
 Again may you the "*Ways and Means*" explain,
 And from their dinner country squires detain.
 In "*Wisdom's Porch* *" to keep the hireling true,
 Hold the proud Peerage to his anxious view ;
 Teach H—sk—n "*in conscious virtue bold*,"
 That paper money's better far than gold ;
 Teach him through all the Treas'ry quirks to range,
 Teach him the jargon of the Stock Exchange ;
 Teach him accounts (in which you peerless shine),
 And leave the rest to Ceylon's fertile mine.
 If labour'd pamphlets injure not your health,
 Again prove "*taxes are the source of wealth*."
 Again return to P—rt—d, and to power,
 And golden dews on both the Rose-buds shower.
 Then, as to fame still higher you ascend,
 Discharge my debts, your gen'rous succour lend,
 And make once more a purser of your friend.

K. B. Prison, April 1807.

P. P. }

A LETTER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY.

[From the Oracle.]

MY LORD DUKE,

TRINCULO'S adage, that " Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows," has been so often and so generally applied, that one should like to find a

* The room behind the Speaker's Chair is commonly called Solomon's Porch. Evil-minded people say, when gentlemen have qualms of conscience, and are rather dubious which way they shall vote, a few minutes' conversation, and the *weighty* arguments used in this celebrated room, generally enable them to see the matter in its true light.

phrase

phrase expressive of the same sentiment, but less hacknied and old. If, however, any thing would again bring it into use, it would be the peculiar propriety of its application to Your Grace. Its truth, every day's experience proves; and its force, as exemplified in the instance of Your Grace, is by none felt more strongly than by Mrs. B—— and Mr. Secretary C——. I am not, however, quite sure, that to "Misery" *alone* the acquaintance in question is to be ascribed. *Curiosity* must have had its effect upon both; and in both that passion must have long been sufficiently gratified. The principal requisite for the experiment must have been a devouring and insatiable appetite; and Mr. Secretary C—— has amply proved the depravity of his, as well as the facility of his digestion. It has been said by naturalists, that the stomach of the ostrich can alone bear the action of iron and of stone. A new phenomenon has started up in the animal creation; the ostrich has found a rival in Mr. Secretary C——; and the same powers which enable the former to digest a horse-shoe, permit the stomach of the latter to sustain the weight of the Duke of Portland!

In chemistry there is no faculty, however latent, no material, however base, which some test will not bring forth to public observation, if not for purposes of public utility. A dull and heavy lump of clay is proved, by the application of acids, to be a fertilizing and rich manure. How fortunate is it, that, from the subjection of the meanest substances to the operation and effect of chemical principles, the most beneficial consequences are derived to the political as well as to the agricultural interests of society; and that the dormant qualities of the Duke of Portland have been brought into action and effervescence by the *vinegar* of Mr. P——!

A coarse and sarcastic writer had satirized the
 H 5 childish

childish theories of philosophical projectors, by representing an enthusiastic speculator as attempting to distil one *drop of spirit* from a *cart-load of tinder*. Had he lived in our time he would have hesitated how he produced, to the derision of the public, an operation which he would have seen engrossing the faculties of the political alchymists of the present day; and however he might have applauded their industry in labouring to extract *one drop of public spirit from Your Grace*, he would have had full scope for his satirical powers in holding up their failure to the broad laughter of the public. In one respect, those philosophers in His Majesty's Cabinet have undertaken a more arduous task than the hair-brained experimentalist to whom I have alluded. The *tinder* which he worked upon was the wreck of nobler materials, which, in their former shape, had been capable of being used with advantage, or at least had been convertible into ornament: in its reduced and exhausted state it was not entirely deprived of the means of being of some service to society, and the *driest tinder* was best calculated to receive the spark which the flint and steel might produce. How cheerless then and how despairing must be the toil of those who find themselves obliged to labour upon Your Grace, who, in the pride of your days and in the strength of your youth, had been found inapplicable to any purpose, either of ornament or of use; and who, in your *state of tinder*, are unequal even to the task of fostering the spark which may be struck from the collision of the two hardest substances in His Majesty's Administration!

In periods of difficulty and of danger the public expect a strong and an efficient head of the Government. If, as in the case of Your Grace, they are obliged to give up in despair any such hopes, they look at least for an honest one. Permit me, my Lord,

to.

to try Your Grace at a bar at which the dignity of the Peerage ought not to be ashamed to appear—the bar of your former conduct. In looking back, my Lord, to the proceedings of your past life, by which to try the merits of those of the present time, a difficulty, not a little perplexing, has arisen. In vain have I turned over the political records of the day; in vain have I searched the Parliamentary Registers of the period during which Your Grace has twinkled above our horizon, even from the hour in which you played the part of King, in Ireland, to the present, when you are unfortunately playing that of Minister in this country. Traces of Your Grace's measures are as rare as specimens of your eloquence. Four only are the instances in which, from the year 1782 to 1807, Your Grace appears conspicuous in the annals of your country, and *they* are sufficient to justify the high expectations which that country has formed of the Administration of which Your Grace is at the head!

When Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, I find Your Grace making but one speech from your Vice-regal Throne, and I recommend the perusal of it to the “Protestant Ministry” of the present day. On Saturday, July 27th, 1782, you were graciously pleased to relieve the Members of your Parliament from their Constitutional labours, *earnestly congratulating them and their country* (in allusion to the indulgences which had been extended to the Catholics) upon the “diligence and ardour” with which they “*had cherished and enlarged the wise principles of toleration, and made considerable advances in abolishing those distinctions which had too long impeded the progress of industry, and divided the nation!*”—What a pity, my Lord, that when the Union destroyed the Parliament of Ireland, and the fire consumed its place of sitting, Your Grace's most *gracious* Speech was not lost in the general wreck. You then might have escaped being

made to blush by the exposure of your inconsistency, and your "Protestant Colleagues" might have been spared the mortification of being made to feel that they are linked to *apostacy* as well as to *imbecility*. The University of Oxford would then have not had reason to lament the want of orthodoxy of its Chancellor; Mr. Deputy Birch would have raised more paste to your honour, and celebrated, in terms of praise as durable as his pies, the consistency, as well as the religion, of his idol! -

The next achievement which Your Grace performed was the inviting two Catholics of the Irish Brigade to come into the English service; and tempting them by the assurance, that it was the intention of His Majesty's Government to extend to the Catholics the power of holding any commission or appointment whatever in His Majesty's service: your letters are extant, and Your Grace cannot deny the fact!

The third exhibition on record which Your Grace made to the admiring eyes of your country was when, in the quality of Secretary of State for the Home Department, you wrote those well-remembered letters to the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Oxford, during the scarcity in the year 1796, and which went nigh to produce a famine through the land.—And the *fourth*, and I had hoped the *last*, instance in which you stood forward to public notice, was when, in the Gazette of 1801, Your Grace is stated to have received His Majesty's permission to retire from office, on *account* of your "*age and increasing infirmities!*"

This is the proud record of Your Grace's political exploits. If they have not been *many*, at least they have been *brilliant!* Would to God you had been satisfied with the glory you had gained! You would then have gone down into your grave unheeded, unthought of, and unlamented by the public.—You would have enjoyed one advantage at least of a long life,

life, that you would have been remembered only by your friends; because your enemies would not have had the temptation to raise you into notice by holding up your memory to the country. The case is now altered; your friends, who mourn your loss, will have the additional mortification of hearing, in terms "not loud, but deep," the expression of the public regret that you had not died before. Your enemies will have the opportunity of adding the charge of dereliction of public principle in the days of your age, to the weakness and imbecility which had marked your earlier years. The enemies of your country will alone have reason to rejoice, that, in the last struggles of exhausted nature, your folly got the better of that wish for repose which usually prevails in the breast of old age; for if they should find their most anxious wishes for the ruin and disgrace of this country gratified, they will pay their tribute of thanks to those Secret Advisers who prevailed upon His Majesty to place the helm of power in the hands of the Duke of Portland!

Adieu, my Lord.—There is one way by which we may yet be saved: the cry of his people may yet reach your Sovereign's ears; and Your Grace may soon (but not soon enough for your country's welfare) be dismissed from your station. You will have no cause to lament the change: by returning into obscurity you cannot sink into contempt: it is only by emerging from the former that you can incur the danger of the latter.

I am, my Lord Duke, Your Grace's obedient humble servant,

"A PROTESTANT, BUT NO BIGOT."

April 21.

DEATH EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Post.]

LATELY died, at Westminster, a young gentleman, known by the name of *All Talents*. His death was occasioned by a long and subtle study to change his own and the religion of his country, which brought him at last to such desperate insanity that he put a period to his own existence. Those acquainted with his *temper*, wished him to be buried in a cross-road; but others judged it most fit to bury the *body* in *oblivion*!

April 22.

BED OF ROSES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

CREPT snugly into place, once more reposes
 Young Castlereagh upon his bed of *roses*.—
 That bed will prove, 't is hop'd all o'er the town,
 Just as *secure* as was his bed of *Down*.
April 22.

EXTRAORDINARY SQUADRON.

[From the British Press.]

AN Extraordinary Squadron has recently made its appearance within the four seas. We have received official accounts of all its movements; but their great length does not permit us to give them, except in detail from day to day, as follows:

No. I.

Arrived in Treasury Harbour, a squadron of ten sail of small craft, consisting of brigs, luggers, smacks, and row-boats, of various sizes, as follows:

The *Portland*, an hospital ship, formerly a large Dutch skipper, very old, and crazy in her timbers.

The

The *Castlereagh*, a long fishing-smack, with a false sliding keel, and a bowsprit upon a new construction. She was remarkable, during several seasons, for her success in catching *plaices*, *flats*, and *gudgeons*.

The *Hawkesbury*, a light vessel, of the same class and description as the *Castlereagh*; used for some time past as a guardship, off Walmer Castle.

The *Anti-Jacobin*, a neat row-boat, formerly used as a launch to the *Pitt* man of war, and occasionally as a pleasure-boat.

The *Chancellor*, a small vessel, not much larger than a cockboat, formerly a *Guineaman*, employed in the Slave Trade; laden with a cargo of vinegar and combustibles; consigned to ———, by a set of merchants at Northampton.

The *Camden*, a heavy, dull sailer, formerly on the Irish station.

The *Westmoreland*, a light bomb-ketch, formerly on the same station.

The *Mulgrave*, a state navy-barge, recently fitted up for offensive operations, with a long gun in her bow.

The *Chatham*, a showy vessel, but without tackle or rigging, and almost water-logged.

The *Woolsack*, a large lumber vessel, having a great number of cases on board, with the contents of which we do not profess to be acquainted.

Several of this squadron cruised in concert a few years ago, as attached to a large and powerful fleet, but were dispersed in a tremendous storm, in which the *Pitt* man of war ran aground, and was wrecked upon the Catholic Shoals. Some of them, on that occasion, shared the same fate as the *Pitt*, but were afterwards got off, and laid up in ordinary. The *Woolsack* and the *Hawkesbury* were taken in tow by the *Sidmouth*. It appears, that they have been recently collected in Portland Race, from whence they have been conducted into the Treasury Roads. Their
passage

passage to this haven, where they idly fancy no storms can fret them, was most miraculous. A light breeze sprung up from the Isle of Vanity, which threw them upon the Shoals of Impotence, Imbecility, and Ignorance, where, summoning courage from despair, the crews made a last effort to keep their heads above water, and fastened upon the rocks of Bigotry, Religious Strife, and Persecution. These places had been laid down in the charts of all experienced political mariners, as the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of modern times; as deceitful quicksands pregnant with destruction; but to float a few minutes upon the surface was every thing to a few desperate land-lubbers, who, committed to a troubled ocean, and without rudder, chart, or compass, felt it a great object to gain even a momentary respite from total ruin and shipwreck. They accordingly availed themselves of the assistance of the *Melville Castle*, formerly a King's ship, but lately engaged in some piratical expeditions, and shrewdly suspected of being a smuggler. The *Melville Castle* was originally a first rate man of war, serving on the India station, and afterwards employed in the unfortunate expedition to the Heider. She some time ago fell in, under false colours, with the *Whitbread* privateer, which, mistaking her for an enemy, dropped into her wake, bore up, and beat in her stern completely. The *Whitbread* continued to pour in her double headed grape and cannister-shot, and did not cease firing, until the *Pitt* man of war, shooting between them, made signal to assure the *Whitbread* that it was a waste of ammunition to fire any longer, and that the *Melville Castle*, thus battered and torn, must go to the bottom. The *Whitbread*, upon this assurance, ceased firing, and made sail after some other smugglers. This afforded the *Melville Castle* an opportunity to get up a jury-mast, and having a few Scotch plaids and ladies' petticoats aboard, the crew contrived

contrived to make a sort of sail of them; and a light breeze springing up in her favour, she effected her escape to the Orkneys. Having there, in the course of last summer, undergone an entire repair, both in stern and bottom, with a new copper-sheating, she sailed about autumn for the Downs; and having a thorough knowledge of the inlets and outlets, the shoals and quicksands, the windings and turnings, the monsoons and trade-winds, the ebbings and flowings of the tide, the bearings and distances, the hurricanes and storms, in the perilous navigation between the Queen's Palace and the Treasury Downs; the *Melville Castle*, after she had collected this little Squadron in Portland Race, proposed to convoy them in their voyage, and the Squadron gladly placed themselves under her protection.

April 22.

No. II.

WE yesterday announced the arrival of the Extraordinary Squadron in Treasury Roads, under convoy of the *Melville Castle*; they were immediately taken into dock, where they lay in the following order:—The *Portland*, the *Mulgrave*, the *Hawkesbury*, the *Chatham*, the *Camden*, the *Westmoreland*, and the *Woolsack*, were taken into the upper dock; the *Castle-reagh*, the *Chancellor*, and the *Anti-Jacobin*, into the lower dock.—It is impossible to find words to describe the pitiful appearance they made in the slips so lately occupied by those renowned first-rates, the *Fox*, the *Pitt*, and other gallant vessels, that carried the British thunder over the world. Of the people who went to amuse themselves with a sight so rare, some mistook them for a squadron of Barbary Corsairs, forced in by distress; others for Colonel Burr, and his flotilla of gunboats, come to sever the Western country, and break

up the *Union*. The language of several of the crew very much strengthened this suspicion. During the first week they never ceased, night and day, bearing off every good thing which the country affords, and stuffing their chests, their lockers, and their pockets. This was carried to such an excess, that the crew of the least vessel in the squadron actually claimed the produce of the whole Duchy of Lancaster, as a lawful prize. The people became now greatly alarmed: regarding them as a set of Buccaneers, come to plunder the country; and it was the general opinion, that, seeing the odium in which they were held, they would cut and run. In this expectation the public were disappointed. The crews had got into a snug birth, and resolved not to quit it. They accordingly threw out the following false signals: "*We fight for Church and State*,"—" *The King and Constitution*,"—" *D—mn the Pope*," and the like, *ad captandum vulgus*; and having got possession of the keys and the seals of several valuable stores, indeed of the whole wealth of the country, they began to fortify themselves against attack. For this purpose, the *Rose*, an old Treasury barge, was moored on the right of the line, and the *Baldwin* Hulk on the left. Having read in history, that in Eastern countries, particularly in Egypt, the people hold all sorts of vermin sacred, so much so, that a sagacious General once won a great and decisive victory, by marching a host of them in his van, and thereby obtaining an easy conquest over the enemy, who were afraid to fire, lest they should hurt some of their Deities; the Extraordinary Squadron had recourse to the same expedient, and supplied themselves with a large reinforcement of RATS. These animals, which are of a peculiar kind, were distributed in all parts of the line; and particularly about the *Rose*, so as to present one solid mass.—They had also, after the example of the French flotilla, when attacked at Boulogne by
Lord

Lord Nelson, bound themselves together by hook and crook, and every possible tie that a state of despair could suggest; connecting the whole, at the same time, with the shore, through all the towns and boroughs within their reach. Thus fortified and prepared, they waited the threatened attack.

April 23.

No. III.

WE stated in our last Number, that the Extraordinary Squadron, which lately made its appearance within the four seas, had taken its station in Treasury Roads, and there remained, in order of battle, expecting an attack. Whether any of the crew had been ever sentenced to Botany Bay, or the Hulks, we cannot say, but certain it is, that all the Captains, to a man, boasted that they had received the *benefit of Clergy*; that the Admiral had been once *Diabolus Regis—Anglicè*, the King's D——l; that is, in the courtly language of modern times, the King's Attorney; and that the Captain of the *Castlereagh* was formerly an United Irishman. The apprehensions of an attack unfortunately proved but too well founded; for about five o'clock, *p. m.* on the evening of Friday, the 9th inst. some vessels were descried in the offing, steering directly for the Treasury Roads, and were soon ascertained, by the help of glasses, to be the British fleet, lately undocked, and sent upon a cruise, by His Majesty's command. At six o'clock, the leading ship came within shot of the Extraordinary Squadron, and the line of battle was formed in the following order:

The Howick—flag-ship	74	The Whitbread	- - -	74
The Grattan	- - -	74	The Newport	- - -
The Windham	- - -	74	The Plunket	- - -
The Sherry	- - -	74	The Lord H. Petty	-
The Guy Faux	- - -	64		

And

And a great number of smaller vessels, consisting of the *Lamb* and the *Brand* frigates, and several brigs, cutters, and sloops.

The Extraordinary Squadron were drawn up in nearly the same order as stated yesterday, in Number II. to windward, while the British fleet were upon a lee, or, as landsmen would say, the Opposition shore, with a stiff gale blowing in their teeth from off the Canaille and Hobgoblin Islands. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the fleet formed in excellent order, and shortly after six o'clock the action commenced with a smart cannonading between the light vessels of the respective squadrons. About twelve o'clock the action became warm and general along the whole line. The manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line, first practised by Admiral Rodney, afterwards, on the first of June, by Lord Howe, and since, with such glorious success, by the immortal Nelson, could not be unknown to the experienced Commanders in this great action. The *Doctor Dignum*, a 64, recently arrived from off the Irish station, had joined the squadron on the night before, and happened to be opposed in a line to the *Grattan*. The Captain had probably heard of this famous manœuvre, and resolved to put it in practice; but from a sort of blundering propensity, the *Doctor Dignum* broke her own line instead of the enemy's. This unfortunate mistake gave an opportunity to the *Howick*, the *Sherry*, the *Grenville*, and several other leading ships, to single her out.—Her fire was soon silenced, and in a few minutes after she sunk, to rise no more. Notwithstanding every exertion of humanity, it is thought that not a soul on board her was, or could, by any possibility, be saved. Shortly after, the *Antigallican*, Capt. Canning, which had been warmly engaged with the *Howick*, caught fire, and blew up with a terrible explosion, threatening universal dissolution. The cannonade now began

to cease along the whole line; and both sides, as it were, by mutual consent, put an end to the engagement. The fleets were occupied the succeeding days in repairing their damages; and nothing particular happened until the evening of Monday, the 15th, when a severe action was fought between the van divisions of the two fleets, neither of which had been in the action of the 9th. The *Stafford*, the *Lord Grenville*, the *Lauderdale*, the *Hawkesbury*, and the *Erskine*, bore the brunt of this day. The *Sidmouth* was also warmly engaged, but unfortunately took such a position, that it is supposed her companions suffered as much from her fire as the enemy. Every necessary preparation being made, another general action took place on Wednesday, the 15th, close under St. Stephen's, the scene of the first engagement. It commenced with a lively cannonade from the *Lytleton*, the fire of which, though only a frigate, annoyed the enemy very much. Shortly after, the *Leitrim*, Capt. Gore, an armed sloop, used as a troopship, stationed in the rear, was seen to pass under the bow of the *Newport*, the bowsprit of which she grazed in her flight to the enemy, with a shot from her stern chaser. The *Newport* immediately luffed up, and poured an entire broadside into the *Leitrim*, which raked her from stem to stern; but the Extraordinary Squadron opened to receive her as she was just on the point of going to the bottom, and thus enabled her to effect her flight in safety. It was soon after perceived, that in this, as well as in the action of the 9th, a great many vessels had deserted to the enemy. They consisted chiefly of hired craft, built in the merchants' yards, intended for commercial purposes, and very improperly and unconstitutionally taken into the King's service.

April 24.

No. III. (*Concluded*)

WE gave, on Friday, some particulars of the dreadful engagement between the British Fleet and the Extraordinary Squadron, under St. Stephen's. It was attended with a phenomenon that may rank among the most wonderful in nature. During the action, the Extraordinary Squadron was enveloped in the thickest fog that ever fell upon the earth; "shadows, clouds, and darkness, rested on it;" while the opposing fleet, although only a few yards distant, was illuminated by the purest and most brilliant rays ever emitted from the fountain of light in its meridian splendour. The fire from the British Fleet partly succeeded in dissipating the clouds; and as they began to disperse, the Extraordinary Squadron became occasionally visible through the dismal gloom, and presented a most shocking appearance. One would suppose that every shot had told, for every vessel discernible in the mass bore marks of havoc and desolation. Flags of distress were flying in every direction, and in many of the ships the crews had quitted their guns, and run down below in despair. The whole Van Division, consisting of the *Castlereagh*, Capt. Stewart; the *Chancellor*, Capt. Perceval: the *Anti-Jacobin*, Capt. Canning; the *Rose*, and several others; had their heads completely beaten in, and lay in a heap, all wrecked together upon the rocks of Bigotry and Statecraft, while the great body of the squadron were aground upon the shoals of Delusion, and the moving sands of Apostacy. The flag-ship had something flying from her topmast, which, at a distance, appeared to be the Cap of Liberty; but, upon nearer inspection, it proved to be the Cap of Folly, and there was scarcely a ship in the whole line that did not fight under false colours.

The British fleet, on the contrary, appeared in excellent

cellent order and condition. Not a single vessel had suffered in her hull, mast, sails, or rigging. Their signals were all well concerted and arranged, and obeyed with promptitude and precision. The gale, it is true, was not favourable; but still, having plenty of sea-room, and every ship sound in her timbers, and worked by a well-disciplined crew, they suffered not the slightest injury or inconvenience. In two or three instances, the enemy's fire recoiled upon themselves; and their guns, being all pointed in the dark, and, consequently, without good aim, it is not surprising that they should have done more injury to themselves, than to the British fleet.

It may excite some surprise, that, with all this superiority and advantage, the British fleet did not capture the Extraordinary Squadron; but it will be remembered, that the great Nelson, though commanding a squadron superior to the enemy in weight of metal, as well as in discipline, courage, and experience, was unable to take the Boulogne flotilla. The fact is, the fire of the enemy was scarcely silenced, when a strong wind arose from a height, called Speaker's Chair, close to Table Bay, which completely divided the two lines, and the tide ebbing with extraordinary and unexpected velocity, left the British fleet, at the moment it fancied itself afloat, completely aground. There they were when the dispatches came away, and there they will remain until the returning tide. In the mean time, the Captains of the Extraordinary Squadron, which, as we stated in a former Number, was to windward, by holding out promises and rewards for exertion, prevailed on the crews to work it into the King's Dock and Treasury Roads: here it is now actively employed in repairing its damages, and preparing for another cruise. With an intent still more to strengthen and increase its force, orders have been issued for building an immense number of new vessels.

vessels, among which are the following, at the under-mentioned ports :—

Two Frigates, at Harwich.	Two Brigs, at Dublin.
Two Ditto, at Dover	Two Ditto, at Cork.
Two Sloops, at Portsmouth.	Two Gun-brigs, at Bristol.
Two Barges, at Southampton.	Two Ditto, at Dartmouth.
Two Cutters, at Plymouth.	Two Ditto, at Hythe.
&c. &c. &c.	

This is only a small portion of the new vessels, the keels of several of which have been already laid down in the above ports. It will be seen from the list, that the Extraordinary Squadron are more anxious about the number, than the size, strength, and value of their vessels. It looks as if all they wanted was to outnumber their opponents, not to beat them. It is, however, very well known, that they will not be able to augment their force to the extent which they hope—as in some cases the docks are pre-occupied, and in others, the workmen either stand out for extravagant wages, or have actually entered into the service of their opponents. It is also well known, that most of the timber which they have provided is *rotten*, and that they have no crews with which to man them, but a sort of Swiss, that are ready to fight for either side, and never fail to desert the sinking vessel.

April 28.

ANOTHER EPISTLE FROM LOUIS RAGOUT.

A MONSIEUR L'EDITEUR OF THE ORACLE.

SARR, *Rue de Downing Street, April 20.*

I HAVE *ver gran* news to tell you: dere vas a *Conseil* of all mine *Comarades* two days passés. Dere vas myself; my *Interprete en second*, Mons. Coral; *mi* Lor Canningue; Lor Hloguesburi; Lieutenant General

ral First Lor of de Anirauté, Lor Mule-Grave; Lor Castléré; Lor Ildone; *et Mons. l'Avocat Perceval.*

Ma foi, mon ami, ve go strike ver fine blow! Ve send all de *Armée* and *beaucoup* of de *Argent* in England to get back Hanovre, for every body he know how *nécessaire* Hanovre he is for England. *Son Altesse Royal le Duc de C.* is General *en Chef* of de Expedition; but *Milors* dey all agree vid me dat dere must be von oder General *en Chef* to take care of *Son Altesse Royal*, for dat he be *ver fine* "Protestant," *but tant soit peu* General.

Mi Lor Castléré he vas recommend us that oder General *en Chef*, Lieutenant General Otto Widdlesbach, *Baron Schütte.* Mi Lor Canningue he was ask how he should *prononcer* dat name? I vas remind him dat in de *Langue* German, "de ü, twice dotted, vas pronounce as i.—(*Vide German play in de Anti-jacobin.*)

My Lor Ildone he vas ask of vat *religion* vas de Baron, as veder he sight well depend *entièrement* upon vat religion he vas have. Mi Lor Castléré vas say, he not know veder de Baron he vas vat you call Dissentere, Catholique, *ou* Protestant; but dat my Lor Ildone he vas make great mistake, for dat he (mi Lor Castléré) had been himself Dissentere, Catholique, *et* Protestant, all at von time, and he vas never sight at all, *and vas not like it!*

Enfin Mons. le Baron vas call in to be *examiné* upon his religion, and vas *introduit* by le *Chevalier* Pultene. Mi Lor Ildone vas begin by asking,—“Vat is your name?” Le Baron, he vas answere, “Otto Widdlesbach, Baron Schütte.” Mi Lor he vas say agen (*par moyen* of de *Interprete en second*, Mons. Coral), “Who vas give you dat name?” *Mons. le Baron* vas look surprise, and l'Avocat Perceval vas vispere him to say, “*Mine Godfuderes and mine Godmoderes;*” but le Baron he vas say, dat he never have de *honneur* to have cidere de von or de odere!

Le Chevalier Pultene was remark, *dat it vas not necessaire to have Godfaders or Godmoderes to be good General, for dat de name of Pultene vich he had de honneur to bear, and vid vich he vas remporter la victoire at Ferrol, vas not dat vich his Godfaderes and Godmoderes vas give him, vich vas Murre.*

Den mi Lor Illdone he vas ask Mons. le Baron (who vas stare about him ver moch, and vas tink dis ver strange examination for a General), "*Vas he ever take de Test?*" Mons. Le Baron answer, "*dat he could not give an opinion about taking any place, before he had driven de third parallele.*" He vas ask again, "*Veder he take de Sacrament?*" He answer, "*He never had taken any ting yet, but dat he had les meilleurs dispositions possible.*" L'Avocat Perceval was den shake his head, and vas vispere, "*By Gar dis man he vil no do, he no Protestant.*"—Den he vas put himself upon tip-toe, and vas ask, "*Mons. le Baron, I would know, how many sacraments you would have?*" Mons. le Baron (as he vas tell me aftere) did not *parfaitement* understand, but he vas tink Mons. l'Avocat vas ask, how many *Soldats* he would have; so he said, making von reverence, "*I can do noting at all vidout 40,000.*" Den all de *Mi Lors* dey vas cry out, he vas *dam Catholique*, he vas no fit to be General, and bid him take his face out of de room. So de Expedition vas ver near *echouer*, for *raison* dat de General en Chef he vas vant 40,000 *Sacraments*.

Mi Lor Castleré he vas den name Felt Marechal Charles Baron de Bichoffshausen, to take care of Son Altesse Royal, and vas assure de *Conseil*, he vas as good "*Protestant*" as he himself vas *just now*; and dat he would be of any religion the *Mi Lors* of de *Conseil* dey wished at any oder time. So de *Conseil* vas break up, and de *Etat Major* of de Expedition is *arrangé* as follows, to de great delight, no doubt, of de English *Armée*, and de great advantage of de *Nation*!

Son Excellence le General en Chef.—Son Altesse Royal le Duc de C.

Son autre Excellence de oder *General en Chef*, to take care of *Son premier* Excellence.—Felt Marechal Charles Baron de Bichoffshausen.

Lieutenant-Generals.

Augustus Rehwinkle, Ulysses Marquis de Gou-guelburgh, Leonald de Sturdenbegger.

Major-Generals.

Ernest Otto de Klinkerfuss, Baron Perpoucher, Lewis de Ratinhausen.

Quarter-Master-General.

Ubaldo Marchese di Testa de Plombo.

Deputy Quarter-Master-General.

Frederick Baron de Bhrurkheuchsen.

Adjutant-General.

Ernest Krawkenbergh de Wackenback.

Deputy Adjutant-General.

Wolfius Herrinhäusen de Bomm.

Pay-Master-General.

Augustus Botheroff de Blunderstone.

Aides-du-Camp to their Excellencies de two *Generals en Chef*.

Matthew O'Toole.

Olivarius de Kikkenbomm.

Bore Inglis.

Augustus de Munch.

Baron Behr.

Michael Krhummm, et

Ernest de Tripe.

I do request, *Sare*, dat you vill accept de assurance of mine high consideration.

LOUIS RAGOUT,

*Chef de Cuisine, et Premier
Interprete, &c. &c. &c.*

Par l'Interprete en Second,

FRANÇOIS CORAL.

April 23.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WE are happy to present the public with the following little Ode, from the pen of Lord Melville; and the more so, as it affords a satisfactory proof that the prevailing opinion with regard to his Lordship's ignorance of classic literature is perfectly erroneous.

This unfounded notion probably took its rise from an accidental slip in one of his Lordship's parliamentary speeches, in which he made allusion to the circumstance of *Brutus's being killed in the Capitol*; or, perhaps, from some other trifling inaccuracies of a similar nature. It is an undoubted fact, however, that, since his retirement from office, the Noble Viscount has exercised his literary talents with the most successful ardour; the result of which has been some very ingenious versions into English, or rather Scottish, poetry from various authors, both Greek and Latin. It may be in our power to amuse the public with a few specimens at a future time:

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

BY VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

"Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi, non sine gloria." HOR. 3. Ode 26.

I'm sax and twenty years I jobb'd,
"Till gawkie Trotter chackt my leeboours;
And suith to say, gude Alex. —
Wi' lass discretion than his neebours.
The face that recks not mocks and geebs
The pro-mise, ever at command,
The bonnie bonuses and breebs
Not S——'s Earl can weel withstand.
Thow airts of mine be Portland's boast—
Aits!—I am naething loth to teach 'em;
But shuid! if Seedmouth rules the roast,
Oop! Whatbrid! oop mon! and impeach 'em!
* (Tange flagello!)

THE LATE CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION DEFENDED.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

“ Verisimillimum mihi videtur, quodam tempore nec in publicis rebus
infantes et insipientes homines solitos esse versari.”

CIC. DE JUV. 1. 3.

I WISH, Mr. Editor, you would show the world an example of candour, and allow a defence of the late political changes to appear in your paper. I would engage to administer it in short parts, so as never to disgust the most impatient reader. I would likewise occasionally yield a little to the prejudices of those I wish to convince, “*ut pueris dant doctores, crustula blandi;*”—“as tender teachers treat their boys with tarts.” This allusion will naturally remind you of my friend Deputy Birch, my intimacy with whom, arising from an old connexion with him in the pastry line, enables me to explain things unknown to the bulk of your readers. He is my pole-star, and I flatter myself his genius and profound political science will always be visible in my writings. I trust also, I have formed myself not unsuccessfully upon the modest unassuming manners of Mr. Samuel Dixon, the graceful and easy flow of Sir William Curtis, and the lively, unembarrassed elocution of Sir Brook.

This mention of the leaders of the Common Council, I think, you will not consider misplaced, when you reflect that it was owing to the vigilance the Deputy displayed in that assembly, that the late political events took place. But for him the Bill might have passed without observation, and the Catholics been at this moment legally serving the King, to the great scandal of this Protestant country. For let it not be forgotten, that, as soon as the Bill was heard of, the Deputy magnanimously moved a resolution, deprecating all advances to toleration. His resolution, indeed,

was rejected; but though unsuccessful at Guildhall, it found favour in another quarter, as I now proceed to show.

But here I must solemnly protest, that nothing could induce me to reveal a secret of State, but that earnestness for the public good, which makes it lawful to rob the church or the council-table, to steal the communion-plate or the minute-book. And it is on this ground alone that I relate the private history of the Deputy's rejected motion.

Those who know any thing of the pastry business, need not be told that it creates a considerable demand for waste paper; and it happens exceedingly well, that the Deputy's turn for scribbling furnishes him sometimes with the means of papering the bottom of a tart, or wrapping up a cake, without encroaching on the printed works of the Lord Mayor's Chaplains. Now, whether it was design or accident, it is certain that the great pot of marmalade which went out to Windsor, on the evening of the 5th of March last, had its mouth covered over with the very rejected motion we have been speaking of. Need I mention the consequences (to use the noble climax of the Deputy) "to all posterity, to my country, and to my King?"

Not having been present at the interview between the Deputy and the Duke of Portland, I cannot take upon me to say what passed on that occasion; but I cannot agree with the person who has so confidently stated, that it related only to a supply of calves foot jelly. Knowing the need the Duke has for that great restorative, and the Deputy's acknowledged skill in preparing it, it would be rash to affirm, that the subject of the jelly was not at all introduced. The Deputy is very close on the business; so that it is left to every one to conjecture what office the Deputy was offered, and why (as unfortunately turns out to be the case) he rejected it. He might be excusable in spur-
ing

ing at a seat with Mr. Robert Ward, or Mr. Sturges Bourne, or Lord Mulgrave, not one of whom, it must be confessed, is equal to the Deputy, either in learning or talents. But why he dropped his competition with Mr. Perceval for the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, is another question. They come very near in point of ability, and the Deputy has the longer experience. But I must allow that the appointment of Mr. Perceval was the most economical to the country; for in making an allowance for the loss of their former professions, it will be admitted on all sides, that the Deputy would have justly required the larger indemnity.

I am, Sir,

ONE OF THE SCHOOL OF THE
IMMORTAL DEPUTY BIRCH.

April 23.

A. SALE.

BY MR. ROSE,

AT HIS GREAT ROOM, SOMERSET HOUSE.

SPEEDILY TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

THE whole Stock of a Lawyer, leaving off business and going into another line.

There is a complete Set of the ordinary Law Books, in excellent condition, having been very little used by the owner. The Works on Constitutional Law will be sold cheap, being unaccountably mangled, blotted, erased, and interlined in a very wanton manner.

The Gown, Wigs, and Bands, being much used, will be sold a pennyworth. There is, indeed, a new Wig, unfinished, which appears to have been intended for the Woolsack; but being now useless for that purpose, it will be disposed of for the price of the hair.

There are several cases, with opinions written at

great length by himself, all paid for, but not taken away by the attornies, who seem to have forgotten them in the heat of their volunteering. It is but fair to mention, that Lord Ellenborough, on looking at a few of them, said they were not worth taking away; but they will answer well for pastry-cooks and cheesemongers.

Among the Manuscripts is a fine copy of Lord Redesdale's Pastoral Letters to the Irish Catholics, with Notes. There is, likewise, a Dissertation on the celebrated case of the Duke of Cumberland; and the Art of Crawling.

N. B. A steady person wanted, who understands Cocker. If used to teach arithmetic to grown persons, will be preferred.

Morning Chronicle, April 24.]

SALE EXTRAORDINARY.

BY MESSRS. C—MB—R—D AND CO.

[From the same.]

IN a few days will be sold, without reserve, the following articles, the property of several Noblemen and Gentlemen lately removed into office, viz.

All the private virtues of His G—e the D—e of P——d; he now meaning to become entirely a public man, and devote his life to his country. N. B. Almost as good as new.

All the law of the Right Honourable S—r P——l. Custom becoming slack, he has given up his former business, and entered into the *Banking* line. This lot, therefore, being of no value, will go for whatever it may fetch. N. B. A Teacher of Arithmetic wanted: inquire at the Treasury.

All the Finance of the Right Hon. L—d C——gh,
he

he having been advised by his friends to give it up, and take to another line. To the purchaser of this lot, all the remaining copies of a letter, and several pledges to the Irish Catholics, will be thrown in; the owner being only desirous to get rid of them. Well worthy the attention of all young men who hope to thrive by politics.

All the independence and integrity of the Right Hon. G. C——g, it being impossible for him to keep them in his present situation (if not previously disposed of by private contract). The proprietor wishes to treat with any master of the French language for an exchange on reasonable terms. Is to be seen any morning at the Foreign Office. N. B. To prevent confusion, foreigners not to come without an interpreter.

All the patriotism and love of the British Constitution lately in the possession of the Right Hon. L——d E——n; he having found it necessary to give them up for *private* purposes. To these will be added, all the Noble L——d's steadiness, sincerity, and candour; he being afraid they may be troublesome to keep without the prior articles. The whole together makes a very small lot.

All the bravery and roving inclinations of the Right Hon. L——d H——ry, he having given up all intention of visiting foreign parts, as his friends do not deem it safe to let him stir from home.

All the military talents and knowledge of the Right Hon. L——d M——ve; he having lately entered into the Navy, in consequence of his friends' earnest solicitations to him to try something new.

All the gallantry and small-talk of the Right Hon. L——d W———d; he having no time to use them at present, the Privy Seal being quite as much as he can manage.

All the abilities of the Right Hon. L——d C——n; they

they having been formerly found totally inadequate to any purpose, and the owner is consequently situated where there is no call for them. To go very cheap.

The whole well worthy the attention of the public.

April 25.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

“**G**ET ye gone for a base and contemptible crowd,
While the public contempt, as you merit, shall
hiss ye,”

To the House, that supports him, cries C——g aloud ;

“ I threaten’d you first, and now I dismiss ye.”

Thus an insult, if patiently taken, (alike

Both by private and public experience we know,)

Emboldens an arrogant bully to strike,

When a coward has shown he ’ll submit to the blow.

April 30.

ALARMING CIRCUMSTANCE.

[From the British Press.]

MASTER Session, the infant and only child of that good Lady, the third Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, was seized on Saturday with a sudden and dangerous illness. This event, becoming generally known on Sunday, produced great consternation, anxiety, and alarm, among the numerous connexions of the patient ; most of them persons of the first rank, fortune, and respectability, in the country. Expresses were, in consequence, sent off in every direction, to apprise the most distant relatives and friends of this interesting infant, of its alarming situation. On Monday morning all hopes had entirely vanished ; and about three o’clock, Master Session

Session drew his last breath. This melancholy event was formerly announced by the King's Physician, who attended him during his whole illness, amidst his sorrowing friends and attendants. This premature death is the more lamentable, as Master Session was considered at his birth as fine and healthy a child as the family of the Parliaments had been ever blessed with. He was a lively bustling little fellow, constantly in motion, and very amusing in conversation.—He was also of a very amiable disposition, liberal to the poor, and anxious to relieve their wants. The African Negroes, whom he restored to liberty, will bless his memory; and the Catholics and Dissenters of Great Britain, whom he loved as brothers, will never cease to lament his loss. Poor Mrs. Parliament, the mother of this promising babe, it was not expected would long survive this cruel stroke. She has been ever since motionless and speechless, and her dissolution has been every moment apprehended. It was confidently presumed, indeed, that it would have taken place yesterday, and many persons read *The Gazette* of last night, with an anxious and inquiring eye, expecting to find it announced there. Her days, however, are numbered, and it is not supposed possible that she can outlive the present. Her complaint is said to be the King's evil, and is pronounced incurable. Mrs. Parliament is young, handsome, and well gifted, and her constitution promised a length of years. Indeed, we have seldom seen one of the family of fairest promise, or greater expectation—but as envy ever attends on merit, she has not escaped obloquy and detraction. Among other faults imputed to her, she has been charged with too great a partiality for Lord Grenville and Viscount Howick; and it is not a little remarkable, that Mr. Perceval and Mr. Canning, the very persons who have objected to the good woman on that account, are the very men who have taken the most improper liberties with her. Mrs. Parlia-

ment was free and unfettered; she was at liberty to offer her heart and her hand where she pleased; and the world will probably be of opinion with us, that in preferring either of these Noble Lords to either of these Gentlemen, she gave a striking proof of her discernment and good taste. Her partiality for these Noblemen, therefore, so far from being just ground of censure, redounds to her honour.—In the eyes of Mr. Canning and Mr. Perceval, those less favoured lovers, it was a crime never to be forgiven, and they, accordingly, took steps to compass her death. The former of these Gentlemen, indeed, actually threatened her life a few nights ago, in a public meeting in St. Stephen's Chapel, consisting of not less than five or six hundred people. Some say they have endeavoured to effect their purpose by instilling poison into the ear, a hint which they probably took from the tragedy of *Hamlet*; others, by stopping her mouth, a common practice with barbarous violaters of female chastity. But, however this may be, most certain it is, that they have practised against her life, and that the complaint which we have mentioned would never have proved mortal, were it not for their machinations. As an additional proof of their malignity, she will be buried in *canvass*, instead of woollen, like His Majesty's other subjects. Dying without issue, the succession to her titles and estates, which are of great value, will be sharply contested, and the struggle will afford a rich crop to the Gentlemen of the long robe.

April 29.

STUDIES OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE opinions so generally entertained of the present incapacity of the new Ministers for their several situations are not entirely destitute of foundation; but we have the pleasure of informing our readers that they
are

are endeavouring to learn the duties of their respective offices.

Mr. Canning has taken several lessons of the Duke of Portland's Cook, and can already conjugate the verb *être*.

Mr. Perceval has engaged Mr. Staines, a Gentleman of eminence from Cambridge, to teach him Arithmetic during the long vacation.

Mr. Thelwall is indefatigable in his attendance upon the Treasury and Admiralty Boards, in some of the junior Members of which he thinks he has discovered some talents, and feels confident that if the new Parliament does not meet before October, Lord Fitzharris will be prepared to move the Address. Mr. T. has already taught Lord Palmerston to pronounce the words *Hear ! hear !* very distinctly, and says, that, if he could get rid of his grunting mode of pronunciation, he might make an orator ; but he fears he can make nothing of the Duke of Portland, or the Marquis of Tichfield.

April 29.

PUBLIC MEETING.

[From the same.]

AT a Meeting of the Loan Contractors, Stock-jobbers, and Tax-gatherers, Sir Manasses Leaplouse, Bart. in the Chair;

Resolved unanimously, That large loans, heavy taxes, a rigorous collection, and a good reasonable profit to the Jobbers, are essential to every well-regulated Government.

That the oftener people pay their money, the more they will be used to it, and the less they will mind it.

That the doctrine of " War without taxes," is impious and heretical, and highly alarming to the Protestant interest.

That

That to deny the purity of ~~any~~ placeman, is in itself a damnable heresy, and threatens the downfall of our present happy establishment.

That to accuse those entrusted with the public money of taking any of it to themselves, is factious and malignant in the extreme, and tends to discourage the efforts and cramp the exertions of the new Administration.

That to bring Gentlemen or Noblemen to trial for peculation, or to make them refund their embezzlements, is a low, vulgar, and obsolete device, injurious to credit, prejudicial to trade, and destructive of those blessings which we have now for many years enjoyed, and which the new Ministers and new Parliament afford us a prospect of transmitting unimpaired to our successors.

That the Thanks of this Meeting be given to Lord V—t M—v—e, R—t H—e G—e R—e, and R—t H—e T—s S—e, for their uniform support of the best interests of our body.

April 30.

ST. JAMES'S STREET GENERALSHIP.

[From the same]

YOU'D be'thought an Eugene; yet no foe e'er annoy'd.
Pray be what you will—so you're never *employ'd*.

SIR JAMES MURRAY PULTENEY.

[From the Oracle.]

WHAT has this *hero*, Pulteney, done?
Where are the laurels he has won?
If you're his friend, don't ask that question—
Ferrol's not easy of digestion!

ON A RENOWNED GENERAL TURNED
FINANCIER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

NO more the truncheon P——y wields,
No more he seeks in martial fields
The sons of Spain and France ;
Now, to his country's wrongs awake,
Some recompense he strives to make,
For Ferrol, in finance.

A SIDEBOARD COLLOQUY.

SAYS Sherry to Perry, uncork'd, but scarce tasted,
“ How is it, my friend, we're thus left to be wasted ? ”
Says Perry to Sherry, “ The reason's too plain ;
You are not Madeira, nor am I Champagne ! ”

LORD HOW—CK'S ADDRESS.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE read—indeed, who has not ?—the Ex-Secretary of State's Address to his *ci-devant* Constituents with astonishment ! The flights of political genius are here so heroically daring, that one cannot but lament to see them unworthily arrayed in the humble garb of common *prose*. Sir, these are extraordinary sentiments, so appropriate to extraordinary times, and so beautifully abounding in *fiction* throughout, that I am sure you will pardon my presumption, if I endeavour, as a tribute to *taste*, to set them off a little more appropriately in flowing numbers.

Yours, &c.

ATTICUS.

To Gents, to Reverend Clerics, and
Freeholders of Northumberland !

—Ere the plots and *acts private* were aptly combin'd,
Which Gr—nv—lle and I had so deeply design'd ;

—Ere

—Ere one single Session was suffer'd to close
 With deeds which at present no history knows ;
 —Ere Petty had hood-wink'd *John Bull* for his dance,
 And led him with grace through his *reel of finance* ;
 —Ere by *larning* Dan Whit——d the *Poor* had so train'd,
 That by no human laws could they soon be restrain'd ;
 —Ere our *Bill of Reversion* was nurs'd to its prime,
 So that all would *revert to ourselves* in good time ;
 —Ere to *Scotia* we sent with a law-giving hand,
 A code we ourselves do not yet understand ;
 —Ere we read at the Bar a *delinquency tale*,
 Which we meant to throw out as a *tub to the whale* ;
 —Ere *Election Committees* had all been decided,
 And our force been concentr'd as *one undivided* ;
 —Ere an Act could be pass'd, that no *money* for loan
 Should be *sifted* through any *clean* hands but our own ;
 —Ere we wrought the State up to that *fine state of things*,
 Never dreamt of by People, by Princes, or Kings ;
 —Ere all this was ripe for sublime execution,
 A d—n'd serpent crept in, and advis'd *Dissolution!!!*
 —This event, that will prove so destructive an ill,
 Sends me back to your choice much against my own will :
 For twenty long years I have worn *blue* and *buff*,
 And in that garb have serv'd you perhaps long enough ;
 Of this you must judge ; but whate'er your review,
 I still shall remain to my *principles* true :
 Should you try to dissuade me, you'll get nothing by 't,
 For sooner you'd wash a grain'd *blackamoor* white ;
 I boldly avow, though it give my foes handle,
 I'll oppose the *New Ministers* bell ! book ! and candle !
 Men forc'd into power by means of a *pledge*,
 Driven into their skulls as with beetle and wedge ;
 Base hypocrites prating about *union* wishes,
 While licking their chops o'er our loaves and our fishes ;
 Who rear'd up a cry most maliciously evil
 About *Catholic crosses*, the *Pope*, and the *Devil* ;
 Thus preventing our Sovereign's nap of repose,
 In which we had hop'd he might silently doze ;
 Stirring up my lank bowels to fuming and fretting,
 And the *country's tranquillity* rashly upsetting ;
 Though my pray'rs for my own saving interest are fervent,
 I shall always remain your obedient servant,

May 1.

H—W—K.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

[From the Oracle.]

SOME years ago, when the Dissenters were endeavouring to procure a repeal of the Test Act, a deputation from their body waited upon Lord Thurlow, as Chancellor, and requested him to support their petition. His Lordship, who cared as much or as little for religion as the major part of those who cry out "No Popery! Church and King for ever!" is said to have answered them as follows:—"G—d—n you all! I don't care a fig whether your religion is uppermost, or ours, or any, or none. I only say, that if yours were uppermost, *you* would keep us down; and now *we* are uppermost, we will keep you down—that's all!"

THE REVOLUTION OF 1807.

A NEW DERRY DOWN.

[From the Morning Herald.]

WHEN Jemmy the Second did sit on the throne,
The *Pope* was his idol, 't is very well known;
Yet the Pope did not fail to pronounce him an ass,
For losing three kingdoms for going to mass.
Derry down.

When lately a group of a non-descript kind
Combin'd "*All the Talents*" of body and mind
To break down the barriers of our Constitution,
And kindle the flames of a new Revolution;
Derry down.

Our patriot King, whom they wish'd to beguile,
With eagle-ey'd ardour unravell'd the wile,
And his *Jesuit* Ministers, sneakingly civil,
He dismiss'd with their *Bill* to the *Pope* and the *Devil*!
Derry down.

There

There was Gr—v—lle and H—w—k, and sly little P—t—y,
 And T—m—p—e, who talk'd of "dark ages" so pretty,
 And W—d—h—m, who 'd train a *bull* or a *man*
 To be *baited*, or fight *seven* years if he can.

Derry down.

Here's a bumper, my boys, to our Protestant King,
 Like children around him let Protestants cling,
 Let Jacobin Papists their venom disgorge,
 Old England for ever, and Protestant George!

Derry down.

May 4.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

SAYS a tight little Irishman, Paddy O'Whack,
 As he stood in the street with his hod at his back,
 To his comrade, Teague Donohoo—"What's all this rout
 They make such a gabble and bodder about?
 Can you tell me now, Teague, for you know I'm a stranger,
 Why they halloo and bawl that the Church is in danger?"—
 "What the devil d'ye mean by your ignorant staring?
 "Don't you know half the Churches in town want
repairing?"

Then Paddy rejoins, to his friend Donohoo,

"Good luck to the lads then; we'll halloo so too."

Lambeth, May 4.

B.

ON MR. DEPUTY BIRCH'S DECLARATION,

"THAT HE WOULD RELINQUISH HIS TRADE IF HE
 BECAME AN ALDERMAN."

[From the same.]

QUOTH Birch, "All the lies
 And abuse, I despise,
 On 'the pastry-cook Alderman' thrown:
 They are *Papishes* all,
 Who in question dare call
 My right to the Gold Chain and Gown.

"But

" But since to my trade
 Such objections are made,
 Ere I'll be of the City the sport,
 I'll at once cut the shop,
 Then the *Colonel*, I hope,
 Won't disgrace the *Right* Worshipful Court."

Quoth a friend, " I've no doubt
 That your name will be out
 Of the firm ; but you always were sly,
 And I can't but suppose,
 That still under the rose
 A finger you'll have in the *pys*."

THE PRICE OF THE COUNTY.

[From the same.]

SAID old L—s to P—tt, on a sunshiny day,
 " Ev'ry man has his price, I have heard the folks say ;
 And since *men* are purchas'd and sold for a bounty,
 Pray tell me, friend P—tt, what's the price of a county ?"

Quoth P—tt, " Sure a gentleman's never the worse
 For lacking of wit, if he owns a long purse :
 So to cut matters short, we'll engage at a word,
 You carry the county, I'll make *you* a Lord."

An arduous task, then, by both 't was agreed :
 For money, alas ! will not always succeed—
 So to cozen poor Yorkshiremen thinking no evil,
 'T was P—tt and the K—g, and Charles Fox and the Devil.

Then Honour and Honesty pleaded in vain,
 Nor virtue, nor true independence remain—
 A cry was excited—inviting the gold,
 And P—tt bought the shame which old L—s had sold.

A title thus gain'd—which to heroes was due,
 By cheating the many—and courting the few ;
 Gaunt Harry clapt on the bright armour of glory,
 And enter'd the lists—an unspeakable Tory.

What

What bills introduc'd or what feats he has done,
Or where, in political circles, he shone,
No record survives; though Britannia, in tears,
Bewail'd his appearance in senate for years.

One effort alone, *to secure their applause,*
He deign'd to exert, in his countrymen's cause :
When the workmen's petition was brought to his hand,
He damn'd the plain sense he could not understand.

No longer in senate, and almost benighted,
The dreams of past consequence make him short-sighted;
And H—w—d, once more, at the Treasury porch,
Asks the price of the county, for Hal and the Church.

Says P—l—d, " I'm not a political churl,
Make sure of proud Yorkshire, I'll make thee an Earl;
The Pope at thy elbow throws dust in their eyes,
And Liberty, Britain's inheritance, dies."

Allur'd by the prospect, the gauntlet is thrown,
What Yorkshireman dare this defiance disown?
While the Pope in such terrible colours Hal paints,
That, to make head or tail on 't, *'t would puzzle the Saints,*

Yet, sure this delusion is quite overpast,
Since fooling and canting have now breath'd their last;
Then prosper the youth, who assumes the bold work,
To rescue from thralldom the county of York.

May 11.

FAILURE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE *failure* of the broad-bottomed *firm*, which has lately occupied so much of the public attention, has led to most important consequences, no less than the *dissolution* of one of the greatest *houses* in the *money* trade, that ever existed in any country. This event took place on Monday last, at three o'clock; but though it excited much *interest*, it did not give rise to any *apprehension*. The affairs of the *house* are in a
most

Alas ! our task is now to sing
 Of dreadful deeds and discord dire,
 (Which oft from disappointments spring,
 And rage like an unruly fire,)
 Our heroes soon were fraught with mutual ire,
 And both, on bloody actions bent,
 Arm'd, to the field of combat, went !
 At first the weapons miss'd their aim,
 But the *two friends* prov'd not so tame ;
 The dæmon Discord, not so soon appeas'd,
 Refresh'd their courage, and their wrath increas'd ;
 On which their weapons play'd their parts too well,
 Each bullet hit its mark—and—both the heroes fell !

Have we not seen great nations go to war ?
 Seen millions slain with unrelenting rage,
 When dreadful Havock mounts her iron car ?

Nor dying groans,
 Nor widow'd moans,
 The parent's fears,
 Or orphan's tears,

Their ruthless fury can assuage ;
Until the strength of which they boasted,
And all their means of war become exhausted !

Then, not till then, with hearts at ease,
 The sapient nations think of peace ;
 And each endeavours to excel

The other in politeness and good breeding :
 Thus then it happened when our heroes fell,
 And both in agony lay bleeding ;

The Fury which their anger first excited,
 Delighted with their folly, fled,
 And in derision slyly said,—

“ Since you have prov'd such men of might,
 And fought—until ye can no longer fight,—
 In friendship's social bands be reunited !”

They took the hint—each of his fault repented,
 And off the field were carried quite contented !

May 13.

A CASE IN POINT.

[From the Morning Herald.]

SIR,

I HAVE read somewhere the following tale or apologue—call it which you please :—Two countrymen, holding a joint property in a cow, quarrelled about their rights; but agreed to drive the animal to market, in order to adjust their difference. While they rested on the road, something which *fell from the cow* engaged their attention. One proposed to the other, that if he would eat it he should have the sole property of the cow. The other, assenting, went to work, and demolished half the *tansy*. His stomach being rather palled, and seeing that his opponent was affrighted at his voracity, the former proposed to relinquish his advantage, on the condition of his adversary eating the remainder. The condition was accepted, and the *sweetmeat* consumed. “Now (said the one) we are just as we stood before.”—“Yes! (replied the other,) and so we might have been without this confounded dinner.”

If you think that this is apposite to a recent case, you will publish it; if not, I am still yours,

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

OF Foreign Affairs, our Minister Canning
Is said by his friends at all times to be planning,
And his ignorance of them completely declares
That to him they must ever be—*Foreign Affairs*.
London, May 14.

A HANDBILL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

To all free and independent Electors.
Those who wish
Peculators to be protected,

Subsidia

Subsidies to be lavished,
The Slave Trade to be revived,
Taxes to be increased,
And
War to be perpetuated,
Are earnestly entreated to vote for the friends of the
present Administration.

THE ABRUPT DISSOLUTION; or, THE QUESTION
STATED.

PRO.	CONTRA.
The King's Conscience.	The stifled Report.
The Prerogative of the Crown.	The Purse of the People.
No Popery.	No Peculation.
The Church is in danger.	The State is in more.
Protestant Ministers.	Political Nightmen*.

AN HONEST YORKSHIREMAN,

* Worthy and useful Gentlemen, well known in London, whose business is in the dark to remove the filth of the house, without offending the nostrils of the family, or alarming the neighbourhood with the stink,

ANOTHER.

[From the same.]

TO CONTRACTORS.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, AN ASSORTMENT OF
THREE HUNDRED STAKES OF DIFFERENT
SIZES, OF PRIME SEASONED OAK.

ALSO,

FIFTY CART-LOADS OF FAGOTS FOR
GOVERNMENT USE, IN THIS CITY.

Persons willing to supply the same, or to contract for
the *Fagot Service* in the undermentioned Towns:
NORTHAMPTON, MANCHESTER,
OXFORD,

ST. ALBANS AND CHESTER;

Are desired to send in their Proposals in writing, post paid; on or before the fifth of May, under cover to Mr. P——, CLERK of the MELTINGS at this Office.

N. B. Most Money given for OLD TORCHES. HAND-BILLS against Popery, *gratis*—with LISTS of SUSPECTED HOUSES.

§‡§ A TRIED HOUSE-BURNER will meet with good encouragement.

LORD STINKSBURY ON ARSON, IS IN THE PRESS.

Fire and Fagot Office, Smithfield, May 1, 1807.

ALL THE TALENTS.

“ And their TALENTS *were heaped together.*” Book of Numbers.

[From the Morning Herald.]

THE Talents which God for man's use hath design'd,
Are mostly found single, and rarely combin'd :
There's a *Talent* to cheat, and a *Talent* to smuggle,
A *Talent* to jeer, and a *Talent* to juggle ;
There's a *Talent* to pilfer, and one to deceive ;
There's a *Talent* to say what no man will believe ;
A *Talent* to plunder gold, places, and pensions,
With a *Talent* for wit, and her tricking pretensions ;
A *Talent* for arrogance scorning to bend ;
And a *Talent* for blinking the claims of a friend :
A *Talent* in serpentine arts the most crooked,
And a *Talent* for worth just enough to o'erlook it ;
A *Talent* to swear, and forswear, the same thing ;
A *Talent* to viceroy it over a King ;
A *Talent* to dance, and a *Talent* to lurch,
And a right holy *Talent* to pull down the Church.
Still it was not enough for this choice congregation,
To be gather'd together in dull 'MINISTRATION ;
For in morals or politics where is the beauty,
By common-place tricks to perform a man's duty ?
So leaving *Old England's* plain work all undone,
For th' *undoing themselves* as the pleasanter fun,
They “ *built up a wall,*” and so cunningly fenc'd it,
That their own noddles only could bolt right against it.

And

And the *brains* thus knock'd out for their own recreation,
Were sagaciously *urn'd* for the good of the nation !

May 18.

HUM-BUZ.

EPIGRAM ON THE LATE CHANGE.

[From the Morning Post]

SAYS Harry to Dick, " My lad, be of good cheer,
The Ministry soon will be chang'd, as I hear."
" Good news !" replies Dick ; " yet it better would be,
If in *changing* you had but omitted the C.

ON A CRITICISM OF SÆVOLINA,

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE, ON THE SPEECHES
OF DEPUTY BIRCH, IN THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL,
ON THE MOTION FOR THE RECENT ADDRESS TO HIS MA-
JESTY.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

SÆVOLINA may cavil at Deputy Birch,
That orthodox champion of good Mother-church ;
Had he heard his orations on that single day,
He had own'd his fair claims to the laurel and bay.
'Twas an excellent treat from the viands of reason,
Most ably *serv'd up*, *well cook'd*, and in *season*.
And tho' critics would't tear the gay wreath from his brow,
His harangues were *appropriate* all must allow,
For there never was heard (this you will not deny)
So *flow'ry* an op'ning, so *tart* a reply.

May 20th, 1807.

N.

YOUTH AND AGE.

To the TUNE of " *The Yorkshireman in London.*"

[From the same.]

TO my strain, brother Yorkshiremen, hark !
It claims not the ear of the Tory ;
Let him dote on the learned Sir Mark ;
Lord Milton's the Whig's better glory.

His namesake's great pow'rs could I boast,
 My accents should ring through the nation :
 And Lascelles's *Paradise Lost*
 Should figure in epic narration.

Already in Parliament tried,
 (Pray let the bright story be noted.)
 Your Milton, with Fawkes by his side,
 For *Africa's* liberty voted.
 Economy's claims to maintain,
 With Fawkes, your true friend, he enlisted ;
 And with Fawkes—but, alas ! 't was in vain—
 The ruinous *pledge* he resisted.

They tell you, " His Lordship is young :"
 Sad crime, on life's morning attendant !
 Forgive him, I pray you, this wrong ;
 And he'll mend every moment, depend on't.
 So was Chatham, when statesman enroll'd ;
 So was Fox, when in senate first seated ;
 Nor was your own Wilberforce old,
 When first to your bosoms admitted.

Portland's Duke is not young, 't is true ;
 His embers have nearly ceas'd glowing :
 For from office long since he withdrew,
 As he found life's infirmities growing.
 Yet in place reinstated once more,
 He feels second infancy's mettle ;
 Cut up, like old *Æson* of yore,
 And boil'd in the Treasury-kettle.

Old Melville, to honours restor'd,
 Which Virtue indignant had blasted,
 Prepares to re-manage the Board
 Whose millions he formerly wasted.
 And Rose has long since had his May,
 Though his late wither'd leaves are rebudding ;
 And Steele, his old rust wip'd away,
 May again slice the national pudding.

The youth, who can think unconfin'd,
 And give to his thoughts strong expression,
 Has attain'd the full age of his mind,
 And is ripe for the patriot's profession.

While

While they who for coronets pine,
 In courts and in crimes become hoary,
 For a title your rights will resign,
 And your guineas prefer to your glory.

Then choose one those rights to defend,
 Who ne'er will permit you to lose 'em :
 The *West Indian* to *Coventry* send,
 And young *Rockingham* clasp to your bosom.
 Let the first o'er his slaves still preside,
 The terror of dusky *Barbadoes* ;
 Be the latter the *Yorkshireman's* pride,
 And the terror of white renegadoes !
May 26.

THE BED OF ROSES.

[From the same.]

CASTLEREAGH ! *Castlereagh* !
 All the wicked ones say,
 And the women have got it in town ;
 All the pleasure he knows, is
 In a bed of cold roses,
 But none in a warm bed of *Down*,
 Castlereagh ;
 But none in a warm bed of *Down*.
Belfust, May 2.

[June 1.]

TO TWO GREAT MINISTERS.

[From the same.]

GEORGE Canning ! *George Canning* !
 So famous at scanning,
 Your muse is excessively low ;
 For the chords of her lyre
 Serve an office no higher
 Than the strings of Lord *Castlereagh's* bow,
 George Canning ;
 Than the strings of Lord *Castlereagh's* bow.
 Castlereagh !

Castlereagh ! Castlereagh !
 'Tis e'en as you say ;
Bed of' Roses object to who please,
 You will presently show
 That your office is so,
 For there you will *lie* at your ease,
Castlereagh ;
 For there you will lie at your ease.

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S ANSWER.

[From the same.]

" **B**ED of Roses ?"—Damn the roses !
 My delight is counting noses,
 Red or black, or blue or brown—
 What care I for beds of Down ?
Down derry, derry Down.
 " Up, up, up," is Melville's cry ;
 " Fox and Pitt are lying low."
 Rogues and w——s " Up, up," reply—
 I must wait to string my bow.
Down derry, derry Down.

June 4.

THE GAME AT CARDS.

[From the same.]

SOME evenings ago,
 Messrs. Canning and Co.
 Fatigu'd with the bores of the nation,
 Determin'd *Nem. Con.*
 Some game to hit on,
 By way of a small recreation.
 First their wish to denote,
 It was put to the vote
 What game would best sweeten their nature,
 Rose fairly confess'd
 That what he lik'd best,
 Was the old one, of *Beggar my Neighbour.*

My Lord Castlereagh
 Could at *any thing* play,
 And at all games had high reputation ;
 Mr. Canning tried hard
 French tricks on a card,
 But fail'd in his pronunciation.

Lowther lov'd of all things
 The *Court Cards* and *Kings*,
 A game he 'd just brought into fashion ;
 It was Perceval's lot
 At all games to be hot,
 But *Cribbage* was Hawkesbury's passion.

Portland's praise was profuse
 On the good game of *Goose*,
 Such an innocent pure recreation ;
 Lord Melville dar'd say
 That the *For* he could play
 As well as most men in the nation.

But the party, alas !
 Had some fears that Dundas
 Might not even play fair with a brother,
 They declar'd it a crime,
 And quite wasting of time,
 Like Count Fathom, to cheat one another.

Canning rose in a pet,
 And denouncing this threat,
 Declar'd it was his resolution,
 As they were not inclin'd
 To be all of a mind,
 To move their abrupt *Dissolution*.

Let each Member post down
 To his County or Town,
 And make it most publicly known—
 That some Jugglers have met
 To try what they can get,
 By reviving the game of *Pope Joan*.

June 4.

INSTRUCTIONS TO OUR COMMANDERS.

[From the same.]

MUCH interest has lately been excited in the military circles, by a MS. copy of Instructions, said to be drawn up by that incomparable officer Sir James P——y, S——y at W——r, addressed to Lord Cathcart upon the intended expedition which is to be confided to his Lordship's command.

Sir James modestly begins his address in the language of Virgil :

Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem ;
Fortunam ex aliis.

This exordium is ingeniously and happily contrived to obviate the censures which have sometimes been thrown upon Sir James's military talents, on account of his bad success. The author shows clearly, however, by quotations from his own speech on the Ferrol business, that it is very unwise in military affairs to run any risk in the prosecution of an object ; and that if a town cannot be taken without the effusion of blood, it is best to have nothing to do with it. The affair of Ferrol, which has been supposed to reflect such indelible disgrace on the commander, Sir James satisfactorily proves to have afforded him an opportunity of displaying the highest species of fortitude ; viz. that courage which has enabled him to bear with philosophic composure the merited c——pt of the B——h A——y.

He throws out some excellent observations, tending to confirm this species of courage in others ; and he illustrates, by his own example, how easy it is for a man to arrive at the highest offices in the state, *if he is in the army*, after transactions which, had he been in the navy, might have been considered in the same light as those of Byng or Calder. Sir James, however, facetiously remarks, that a General who can
boast

boast of being *Governor* of two or three such *Towns* as Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, is of more consequence than if he had taken half a dozen of the strongest towns in the universe.

It is with much reason, therefore, that, after *Æneas* in Virgil, Sir James advises his friend to fetch and carry, truckle, flatter, and fawn like him; but if he means to *succeed* in war, he must take somebody else for his model.

The MS. concludes with observations upon other points, evidently by another hand. They relate principally to the management of a retreat, illustrated by some very apposite allusions to the D— of Y—'s rapid and masterly *run* from Dunkirk. The author of this part is perfectly acquainted with his subject. He gives instructions where a commander should be on such an occasion, and how an army should be brought off. The whole of this part is reducible to the maxim of Hudibras,

For when the fight becomes a chase;
He wins the day who wins the race.

There are some excellent practical rules for attaining this speed; by a due observance of which it is evident that an enemy must be distanced. N. B. There is a proper caution to avoid being driven into the sea.

The MS. concludes with some just and judicious remarks on *Capitulations*, for the illustration of which the D— of Y—'s campaigns afford excellent examples. It lays down rules by which a skilful Officer may succeed in obtaining a *Capitulation*; and suggests hints by which difficulties may be removed. The directions relative to this object are particularly recommended in the present circumstances; and lest Lord Cathcart should be so far misled as to suppose, according to the opinion of all foreign Officers, that a *Capitulation* is a disgraceful thing, it is proved that it is

not considered disgraceful in this country, since the D— of Y—, after his *Capitulation*, is justly thought worthy to be C——r in C——f of the B——h A—y, and to be the model and example of every British Officer.

June 2.

LORD SELKIRK AND THE RATS.

[From the same.]

THERE are fresh complaints from Lord Selkirk's island of the *Rats*, which have been so troublesome to his colonists ever since their first establishment on the island. As their noble Patron's studies have been probably directed in that line, with a view to the benefit of his poor colonists, we trust he is now prepared with some effectual plan for their relief. Such, indeed, is the benevolence of his nature, that we are persuaded he would not scruple to take another voyage to Nova Scotia, if he were not fully satisfied that *his* presence in the island would not contribute in the least to diminish the number of *Rats* upon it.

When rats his new island infested,
 Earl Selkirk was angry thereat ;
 He'd turn them all out, he protested,
 He'd be d——d if he'd leave there a rat.
 But since they in England appear'd,
 How chang'd have his sentiments been !
 So little the vermin he fear'd,
 To the House he would have them let in.

June 3.

AQUATICS.

[From the same]

A SINGULAR accident befel Lord Viscount C——r—h, at Madame C—t—l—ni's Sunday dinner, which we will endeavour to state as *diligently* as the subject will admit of.

His

His Lordship had withdrawn himself, for the purpose of sacrificing to the God Apis; when a cataract was discharged upon him from a bedchamber window by Mademoiselle *Potiphar*, Madame C-t-l-ni's femme de chambre, in quality and quantity similar to the libation his Lordship was then making to that Egyptian Deity.

On his Lordship's return to the company, which consisted of the Prince St-r-mb-rg, Baron J-c-bi, and many other foreign *Plenipots*, he was extremely hurt, as one of His M——y's confidential servants, at finding himself in such bad *odour* with the Corps Diplomatique of Europe: He also expressed himself considerably chagrined at having spent the Sabbath with a Popish woman, in a way that might give umbrage to many Protestants in Northampton, and call down the strictures of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

The Marquis de S—a misunderstood the Noble Secretary to have spoken of the Society for the Shppression of Ur-ne, held weekly at the *Cat and Bagpipes*, since the days of Shakespeare, and till lately under the auspices of Mr. Deputy *Leaky*. The Marquis made a note of it, to be transmitted to his Court.

A very pleasing and philosophical discussion next ensued, as to the effect of asparagus on Ministerial and Italian kidneys; and an etymology was hazarded by the Russian Ambassador, that the English word "*Secretary*," was derived from "*Secretion*."

The final and most important question agitated was, what mode could most satisfactorily be pursued in order to dispel the C-t-l-ni effluvia from the new scarlet regimentals of the Noble Viscount, so as to enable him to go down,

"As cleanly as a Nobleman should do,"

with the next day's dispatches from Dantzic.

Mr. C-an-ng cons led his Lordship by observing, that

that his Lordship's road to Windsor had always been by *Stains*; that, according to an established adage, "Good luck was not a perfume," and cited the Poet to prove, that

"There is a *Tide* in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the *Flood*, leads on to fortune."

After a variety of *wipes* from the company, and the charming air of "*Water Parted*" from Madame C-t-l-ni, his Lordship resumed his usual sweetness of Coat and Character; and the evening concluded with a Feast and a *Flow*, though not precisely of the same description it had commenced with.

June 4.

MORE AQUATICS.

[From the same.]

HOWEVER high his Lordship's *antediluvian* reputation stood, the celebrity Lord C——I——h has acquired since the *deluge* is incredible.

Our Mechanists, our Heralds, our Painters, our Statuaries, our Poets, are vying with each other to render it immortal.

The Patentecs of the steam-engine have named after his Lordship, that material part of their machine heretofore styled the *Pist-on*.

In the event of his Lordship's being called up to "another and a better House," two respectable places in the county of Dorset, *Piddletown* and *Piddle-Trent-hide*, have offered him titles.

A great Northern *Potentate* has desired his Lordship's portrait; and he is to sit to Mr. Lawrence, in the character of *Pisistratus*, *Pisander*, or *Pisanio*. There is to be an *Italian* sky, and a gentle *shower* descending in the off-skip. Mr. Lawrence wished to introduce an umbrella, to protect the Noble Lord's

scarlet drapery, but was apprehensive of the anachronism.

The Revolution of 1688 being obsolete, the figure of King William is not to be put up in St. James's Square. But Mr. Bacon is at work on a *Fountain Statue* of the Noble Viscount, as Apollo *Ejaculans* with *two Streams to his bow*.

A Perfumer in the Strand advertises *Rose-water*, distilled from a celebrated *bed* in the possession of Lord C——l——h, and which will not stain, however profusely the *party* is wetted by it.

Upon the whole, it is impossible not to observe, that the interest the public has taken universally on the late singular event in the Noble Viscount's life, marks strongly how sincerely that public is attached to the persons and characters of those who compose His Majesty's present Administration.

June 11.

AN EPISCOPAL CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIJAH'S MANTLE."

[From the General Evening Post.]

" 'T is from high life high characters are drawn ;
A Saint in *crape* is twice a Saint in *law*."

WHEN Peter (once unfaithful found)
His *Church* and *Master* too disown'd,
Warming himself in *Premier Pilate's Hall*,
Although to *both* he ow'd obedience,
He was not sworn to his allegiance,
He had no mitre, deanery, or stall.

Say, holy Saint of Lincoln, was it
In *Premier Grenville's* hall or closet

Thou didst resolve to follow Peter's track?
And though with high preferment grac'd,
And far above thy fellows plac'd,
Upon thy *Church and Master* turn thy back?

When

When Rolliad wits, expert at squibbing,
Gave thee pre-eminence in fibbing,

We thought the rogues had more of rhyme than reason;
But stay—does not the Prelate's oath
Pledge to the Church and King thy troth,
To uphold their rights in every place and season?

Hast thou done this? and canst thou rate
Those men as friends to Church and State,

Who would give up the Tests that guard the twain?
And dost thou think that Lincoln's See
From bigot fury was as free
Beneath a Mary's as a George's reign?

Perhaps in thy catoptric ken,
Unlike the sight of common men,

Things that are wrong, seem, when reflected, right:
And, with this faculty thy guide,
Thou'st ta'en the question's darkest side,
And in thy mind's eye giv'n it a new light.

How did thy mitred brethren laugh,
To see thee coupled with Llandaff,
That stickler for all test-emancipation,
In new state chemistry combin'd,
An acid with an alk'li join'd,

A Catholic high and low Church combination!

Old Nick, 'tis said, a spy for Rome,
Alighted once on Lincoln's dome,

To see if things below went wrong or right;
And when he saw the Bishop there,
Guarding his flock with past'ral care,
He shook his head, and look'd as black as night.

Now should the Dæmon from the deep
Fly up, and take another peep,

And see that Church affairs go on but queerly,
See Lincoln's Prelate—Pembroke's pride,
With Papists 'gainst the Church divide,
Would not his sombre visage look more cheerly?

“‘Tis an ill bird that fouls its nest;”
Will not this truth disturb thy rest?

Or will thy conscience quit thee of the sin?

And

And was it right to leave i' the lurch,
 And thus *turn tail* on that good Church,
 Where thou hast *nestled* long, with *half* thy *kin*?

Say, sapient Prelate, was it meet
 That thou, a lantern for our feet,
 Through Error's gloom a Pharos set to guide us,
 Shouldst look, in Grenville's Catholic night,
 To his dimm'd star, for Gospel light,
 Blinking with eye averse our *Georgium Sidus*?

'T was pity that some spiritual Peer,
 Like Peter's watchful Chanticleer,
 Of thy transgressing had not giv'n thee warning,
 Ere thou hadst voted set thee right,
 And, if a *recreant* over-night,
 Left thee a true Apostle in the morning!

When Grenville took thee by the hand,
 On his State *Pisgah* bade thee stand,
 And cast thy wistful eye tow'rd York's proud spire,
 Didst thou not see a *Canaan* there?
 And for the *promis'd land* prepare,
 Whene'er the good old Primate should retire!

With Grenville's power thy hope is lost,
 Like Wolsey's, thy ambition cross'd,
 Thy *Master's* favours thou must now forego:
 Nay—if thou shouldst be sick at heart,
 Rome's *Quacks* no med'cine can impart,
 Though they 've a *Grand Catholicon* at *Stowe*!

MONSIEUR RAGOUT AGAIN.

A MONSIEUR L'EDITEUR OF DE ORACLE.

SARE, *Rue de Downing Street, 5ieme Juin.*

I ASKE you thousand pardons because I ave not
 written so long to you as I *vas* promise. In *verité*
 it is, Sare, dat I have been ver *occupé* in de *arrange-*
ment of de Elections for my *Gouvernement*; and I dare
 to flatter myself dat ve shall not be ver moech beat ven
 de

de Parliament he vas *assembler*. Mon ami Mi Lor Castleré vas give great help, for he vas tell his regiment *de Milice* to give all assistance possible in all de Elections vere he could; and he vas tell his own *particulier* Canton, de Canton of Downe, dat I vas ver fine Protestant, and vould make *Membre de Parliament* as good as *Milor*; but I vas tink it ver strange dat de Canton of Downe he vas *se moquer* of Milor, and vould have neider Milor nor myself; so I vas tell dem, I vould have nothing to do vid dem at all!

I am ver moch grieve to tell you, *Sare*, dat dere is de *gros diable* to pay in de *Conseil*. Madame Catalani she vas pray to *diner* me and Milor Castleré the Sondag vitch vas passed, and ver pretti *diner* it vas; and Madame she vas *mise a ravir*; and Milor vas ver *beau Garçon*. We vere moch merry, and vas drink *Rasade* after *diné*; and Milor he vas ver much *enjoué*. Den ve vas have de *Musique*, and Madame she vas sing, and Milor he vas *extasié*, and vas sing too.

De vilst ve vere make von *tapage de tous les Diables*, de Societé for de Encouragement of *Immoralité* he vas come up, and vas cry out, dat it vas ver great shame, and dat if Milor he vas not go home at de instant, dat de Societé he vould write him a lettre, and two men vid de *gros lanternes* should be *ordonnés* to stand at de door of Milor his house, to tell de people how had a man he vas, who vas sing vid Madame Catalani on de Sondag!

Den Milor he vas bid de *Société* to go to de *Diable*; and vas say if dey vas not take demselves out of de house, dat he vould kick dem out of de vindow. So de *Société* he vas go, and presentement Monseigneur l'Eveque de Londres vas send his *Aumonier* to Milor, and vas tell him dat Madame she vas *Catholique*; and dat her *musique* it vas *Catholique* too, and de house vas *Catholique house* beside, and dat it vas ver wrong dat a *Ministre Protestant* of de King he should *encourager*

rager such proceedings damnable. Vereupon Milor he vas say, *l'Eveque* he vas gros *Nigaud*, and he vas make Madame Catalani her maids toss *l'Aumonier* in de blankett.

L'Aumonier retired himself, ver much *enragé*, and vas bring de vatchman, who vas carry me, Milor, and Madame to de *House* vat dey call *Ronde*, ver ve pass de night ver moch in de domp togadere.)

De next *matin* de *Conseil* he vas *assemble*, and vas look ver grave at mi Lor, who vas have ver bad ache in de head, vas ver moch ashame, and look like de *Diable*.

Mons. Perceval he vas make ver fine oration, and vas tell mi Lor dat de Interest Protestant vas horriblement *disgracié* by *raison* dat mi Lor he vas *se compromettre*, to moc de night vich vas passed. Mi Lor he vas cry, and vas promise never to do so any more; and vas propose to make reparation to de *Société for de Encouragement* of *Immoralité*, to demand *Monseigneur l'Eveque* his pardon: and to put *l'Aumonier* upon de *Etat Major* of de *Grand Expedition*. Dey vas shake dere head, and vas say, dat not do:—dat de *scandale* it vas *publique*, and de *amende* it must be *publique* too; so dey vas agree dat on de Sondag vich vas coming, Mi Lor Castleré and Madame Catalani should do de *penitence* in von vite sheet togedere; and den de people of England would see de *piété* of de *Gouvernement*.

Mi Lor he vas *bouder* ver moch, and vas say, dat ven he vas vat you call *Presbyterian*, and vas attend de Meeting, dat he vas put upon de *Stool of Penitence* for a littel *tour de jeunesse*, vich need not be explained; and did hear Sermon von hour long, vich he did think vas penitence enough;—but dat if de *Conseil* dey vas still tink dat he should do anoder *penitence*, he den beg leave to propos dat Monseigneur le Duc de Portland should do *penitence* too in anoder vite sheet vid Mis-

tress

dress Billingtone ; but Monseigneur le Duc vas prove to de satisfaction of de *Conseil*, dat Mistress Billingtone she was ver excellent Protestant ; vereupon de *Conseil* he vas say dat vas ver *autre chose*.

I am, *Sure*, vid consideration de most *parfaite* of your ver humble *Serviteurs*;

LOUIS RAGOUT,
Chef de Cuisine, et Interprete en Chef to
Son Excellence Mons. Canningue, &c.

June 8.

MINISTERIAL DELASSEMENTS.

[From the Oracle.]

EVENTS have most satisfactorily proved the truth of Lord Castlereagh's celebrated assertion,—“ that the Ministers of this country are upon a *bed of roses* !” The manner in which our present Governors contrive to withdraw themselves from the care and fatigues of office furnishes the strongest and most complete proof of their superiority over their dull and plodding predecessors, who found themselves obliged to give up every faculty of their minds, and every moment of their time, to do that which their successors perform, without denying themselves those enjoyments of social life which furnish the best sweeteners of official toil.

Mr. Canning, in moments like the present, goes and amuses himself in Leicestershire ; whilst Lord Westmorland takes charge of the *Foreign Office* !

Lord Mulgrave attends *picture auctions* ; at one of which, within the last month, we had the pleasure of seeing him *three days running*, from the hours of *twelve* to *four*, carefully noting down the price at which every article was knocked down ; and the Admiralty is then left to the valuable superintending care of the well-known Bobby Ward !

Lord

Lord Castlereagh unbends his mind from the cares of the War Department, in the fascinating company of Madame Catalani; and the Office is then left to the care of—*itself*.

How much at their ease ought our countrymen to feel under such Ministers!!!

June 10.

A FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

[From the same.]

“Let *him* paint an inch thick.”

TO Picture Sales how anxious Mulgrave skips,
More pleas'd with *painted* than with *real Ships*!
Wherefore then, Fortune, place the Noble Lord,
'Stead of the *Artist's*, at the *Sailor's Board*?
Why give at *Charing Cross* * supreme Command,
When his best views are centred in the *Strand* †?
In pity change; th' experiment's worth trying,
That *Albion* may come off with *colours flying*.

June 17.

PAUL PALLET.

THE MUSICAL MINISTERS.

[From the same.]

“Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning.”—JUNIUS.

CASTLEREAGH bends at Catalani's shrine,
While Portland bows to Billington divine:—
How can Britannia then maintain her ground,
If thus her Rulers give up *sense* for *sound*?
June 13.

ANTI-QUAVER.

* Admiralty Office.

† Somerset House.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the same.]

By Permission of the Society for the
SUPPRESSION OF VICE AND IMMORALITY,
FOR THAT NIGHT ONLY,
On Monday next
MADAME CATALANI
will have
A CONCERT

AT THE GREAT ROOMS IN ARGYLL STREET.
Leader of the Band and First Violin—Lord C——GH.

Many of the first Performers are engaged to give
their assistance on the occasion. During the
Concert, the following Pieces will be performed:

“A poor old Woman of Eighty.”—SONG—Duke of
P——D.

“Though my Comrades I despise.”—SONG—Mr.
C——G.

“Have you any Work for the Tinker”?—Lord E——N.

“Bah! bah! Black Sheep.”—SONG—Lord E——N.

“I ne’er was bred a Sailor Boy.”—SONG—Lord
M——E.

“A Soldier I am for the Ladies.”—SONG—Lord
M——E.

“Give me a Halfpenny.”—BALLAD—Lord C——M.

“When I have a Saxpence under my Thumb.”—
CATCH—Mr. R——, Mr. S——E, Mr. S——
B——E, and Mr. H——N.

“The Rent of Moulsham Hall.”—A New BALLAD,
written and composed expressly for this occasion—
Sir H. M——Y, Bart.

“How sweet’s the Job that meets Return!”—SONG—
Mr. S——S B——NE.

“Amidst the Roses as I lay.”—SONG—Lord
C——GH.

“The

"The Adder with a double Tongue."—SONG—Lord
C——GH.

"Turn, turn, oh! turn."—CATCH—
Lord C——GH, General C——D, Lord S——K.

"Mr. Speaker, though 't is late,
I must lengthen the debate!"—CATCH—
Mr. H——s B——NE, Sir T——s T——N, Mr.
B——s.

"Discord! dread Power!!!"—GLEE—by all the
Cabinet who have voices.

"Great A, little a."—SONG—Mr. A——T.

"A Little Old Woman and I!"—SONG—Mr. P——L.

"Old Woman, will you go?"—SONG—Mr. P——L.

"My Father was a Pedlar."—SONG—Lord H——Y.

"And they set up a Calf,
A Brazen Calf."—RECITATIVE—HANDEL.—
Lord H——Y.

The whole to conclude with

THE FAVOURITE CHORUS OF

"*Bless the true Church, and save the King.*"

As performed under the Direction of Lord G——Y de
W——N at the Concert of Antient Music.

June 20.

VIVAT REX!

CABINET DINNER.

[From the same.]

MR. Perceval's dinner has been long the subject of conversation in the polite and political circles.—It took place on Wednesday last, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and we have great pleasure in communicating to our readers several particulars not generally known, connected with that elegant entertainment, which was unique of its kind, and where the wise men of this nation were induced to unbend and lay aside their dignity, while they enjoyed

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

—This

This dinner had been in contemplation from the day when Mr. Perceval entered upon his new offices; but, as it was likely to make a great noise in Lincoln's Inn Fields—nay, in all the fashionable circles, and, through the medium of the Foreign Ambassadors, might become the subject of conversation at the different Courts on the Continent, it was necessary to proceed with deliberation in the arrangement of a matter of so much political importance.

When the company were assembled before dinner, nothing worthy notice occurred, except a laugh at the expense of Mr. Canning, who took from the book-case what appeared to be a French *tome* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, but which, on being opened, proved to be a volume of Capel Loft's Law of Evidence!

Mr. Perceval was observed to step out a few minutes before dinner, for the purpose of placing the different dishes on the table in the order previously arranged, and opposite to the respective chairs intended for the guests, according to their rank and offices.—Dinner was then announced, the guests were seated, and the dishes uncovered—when the company was surprised by so many proper things in their proper places.

Before the Duke of Portland were placed a number of *fishes* of different species, with delicious sauces of every description, sufficient for His Grace and for the rest of the company.—On each side of His Grace were seated Messrs. Rose and Huskisson, who alternately relieved the Noble Duke from the trouble of *carving*, and supplied His Grace with *ipsecacuanha lozenges*. Lord Eldon was gratified in finding himself opposite an abridgment of *Bacon* and a dish of *Kyd*, and made a most favourable *report* of Mr. Perceval's *Coke*. Before Mr. Canning were arranged several little plates of *foreign* cookery, prepared by Jacquiere and Escudiere for His Secretaryship's palate; Mr. Perceval

ceval knowing that Mr. Canning had lately lived on *French* dishes. Lord Castlereagh was complimented with an *Irish stew* and *asparagus*; but he declined the latter, observing, that he could not bear the smell of it since the accident that *befel* him *chez* Madame Catalani. Lord Mulgrave was treated with a *sea pie*, a dish of *Marengo*, and a plate of *Trafalgar*, but seemed to have little appetite for either. A *rhubarb tart* was placed before Lord Sidmouth, who, not relishing it, took a glass of wine, but could not refrain from discharging it on the floor, exclaiming, with a proper emphasis, "Throw *physic* to the dogs." A *calf's head*, with its decoraments, happened to be placed before Lord Hawkesbury, who seemed to be quite *at home*. He kindly asked the Duke of Portland if he should send His Grace a little *brains*; on which the Duke replied, and quite *a-propos*, that he suspected His Lordship had little to spare!—this occasioned a hearty laugh. Sir Vicary Gibbs was indulged with a *neat's tongue*, which was found to be very *dry*; and Georgy Rose, for the first time in his life, was required to be satisfied with a *trifle*! Sir James Pulteney asked the Premier to send him a *sword-fish*; but when helped, he found himself cheated with a *gudgeon*!—he, however, sustained his disappointment with becoming *meekness*, helped himself to *lamb*, and asked the First Lord of the Treasury to supply him with *mint-sauce*, in return offering His Grace some *spin-age*. We cannot particularize the other dishes, except that a fine plump *goose*, well stuffed, was placed before Mr. S. Bourne, large enough for himself and friends.

Mr. Perceval remarking the distorted faces of several of his friends, and certain significant *telegraphic* signals made by Lord Mulgrave, apologized for the quality of his wine; it had been laid in, he said, subsequently to his appointment to office, and, like

like himself, had scarcely taken to the bottle; but if the Administration should last a sufficient time, he pledged himself to give his friends as good wine as had been broached in the famous *tête-à-tête* of Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville.

When Mr. Perceval had concluded his speech, which was kindly cheered with—"Hear! hear! hear!"—he was luckily reminded by his butler, that the cellar contained a few bottles of an excellent wine which Mr. Perceval had been accustomed to give as a *bonne bouche* to the most respectable attorneys at his professional dinners, and which the butler observed would not be required again for the like purpose. The wine was accordingly brought in, and several excellent toasts succeeded—"The King and Church"—"No Popery"—"The three P's—Pledges, Places, and Pensions"—"Success to the Blocks"—and "The worthy and zealous Electors of Bristol and Liverpool,"—were received and drank with enthusiasm.

After a few minutes, the table became cheered with returning hilarity—the bottle passed freely—several good songs were given—and Mr. Secretary Canning recited an Ode, which he had composed for the occasion, "On the Downfal and Despair of the Fallen Angels."—It was considered particularly happy in its allusions, and he was recommended to send it immediately to Stockdale. About eleven o'clock the company became rather turbulent. Mr. Canning having seriously differed with Sir William Grant, respecting the accurate pronunciation of the French word *paroissial*, which Mr. Canning insisted should be uttered like *parasol*. Sir William becoming very warm in debate, the Duke of P—— "shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod," which was understood to prohibit the discussion of *parish* business.—Lord Castlereagh then (in a voice wonderfully improved by Madame Catalani) gave "Erin go bragh,"
in

in his happiest style ; but harmony was soon destroyed by Mr. Sturges Bourne, who began to sing " Old Rose, and burn the Bellows." The company then broke up—some found it convenient to go in their carriages—others

" Reel'd home, save those the watchmen got," &c. &c.
June 16.

ON THE WISE EXPEDITION TO ALEXANDRIA.

[From the Morning Post.]

'TIS said that Will W——m begins to have fears,
He must alter his note tow'rd's our brave Volunteers;
Must allow them not wanting in courage or skill,
To defend our dear isle, or a Frenchman to kill;
Must now surely allow *them* in tactics well train'd,
Since our *Reg'lars* to Egypt he sends—to *be brain'd*!

LAMENTABLE EFFECTS OF " THE TALENTS."

SONS ON THE DISASTROUS DEFEAT OF THE SMALL
BRITISH FORCE IN EGYPT, SO IMPOLITICLY SENT
THITHER BY THE LATE ADMINISTRATION.

[From the same.]

NO longer now, on Egypt's sands,
Do Britain's brave and patriot bands
Bear off the palm of victory;
But, doom'd to barbarous hordes to yield,
Their ill-match'd numbers stain the field,
Stripp'd of their palm of victory.

Disgrace those rulers shall pursue,
Who sacrific'd " the valiant crew ;"
Who in each measure crudely plann'd,
Tarnish'd the laurels of the land.

'Too well the pride of times we're taught,
When Pitt directed, Nelson fought,
Crown'd with the palm of victory;
When on Aboukir's blazing shore,
From France the matchless hero tore
The ill-got palm of victory!

Oh! days of glory pass'd away,
 When Abercromby bleeding lay,
 Yet clasp'd the palm of victory;
 When Hutchinson triumphant led,
 And foes (not *Turks*, but *Frenchmen*) fled,
 Yielding their palm of victory!

Times proud as those may still return,
 Since Britons now those rulers spurn,
 Who lost the palm of victory;
 And heroes, sacrific'd no more,
 Shall, Britain's greatness to restore,
 Regain the palm of victory.

June 13.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the same.]

IN a few days will be published, by Subscription, two large Engravings, after the grand Original Compositions in the Collections of the Lord Grenville, and the Viscount Howick, and dedicated to the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, and the Right Hon. William Windham; the one representing the brilliant Affair before the Seraglio of the Grand Signior, after the passing of the *Dardanelles*; and the other, the desperate Attempt upon *Rosetta*, made for the purpose of relieving the British force in *Alexandria* from approaching famine.

These Engravings are *upon the same scale* as those of Lord Nelson's Victory at Aboukir, of Sir Ralph Abercromby's Victory of the 21st of April, and of Sir Sidney Smith's Defence of Acre, and form an uninterrupted series of British triumphs.

N. B. Subscriptions received by the above-mentioned illustrious Personages, whose characters derive so much lustre from the heroic achievements which they planned, and which in these engravings are rendered immortal.

Further particulars in future advertisements.

June 18.

THE

THE ARTS.

[From the same.]

WE congratulate the country upon its late acquisitions in the fine arts, being surpassed only by those in its naval and military prowess; and it is with pride we have to observe, that while His Majesty had Ministers lately in his service, capable of planning such illustrious enterprises, as those against the *Seraglio* of the *Grand Seigneur*, and against *Alexandria without Rosetta*, or *Rosetta without Alexandria*, the Royal Academy can produce artists with genius to record, and to immortalize such events.

We are led to these reflections by a careful examination of the two Engravings announced for publication, commemorating the triumphs of the Dardanelles, and of Egypt; and as many persons may not yet have gained access to those invaluable efforts of genius, we trust that a critique upon their merits may prove generally acceptable.

No. 1.—The situation of the batteries and forts of Constantinople is not accurately represented; and the six sail of the British line, which were to take possession of the whole Turkish Navy, or demolish the whole capital of the Turkish Empire, are too much in the distance, to produce the intended effect; for which the Artists, who united in the design, are deeply responsible, as they should have been aware, that no stretch of canvass could bring those ships into the proper position. The mortification, so unnecessarily imposed upon our brave British Commander, and upon all our British Sailors, after a succession of triumphs, which had impressed them with a sort of conviction that they were invincible, is finely and naturally expressed; whilst the wild tumult of joy, and the sarcastic grin of contempt, on the part of the Turks, at their unexpected success, and our precarious retreat, are given with equal effect.

No. 2.—The usual tumult of a battle is well kept up, in the representation of the poor British soldiers sacrificed near Rosetta. The pressure of famine which drove out the detachments from Alexandria, in order to fulfil, even under every risk, the peremptory orders under which they found themselves in Egypt, is strongly depicted in the countenances of our brave fellows; and the desperation under which they appear fighting, when outnumbered so vastly by their savage opponents, as to be secure from disgrace, is sufficient to awaken every patriotic and tender emotion in the breast of the spectators. The agonized gaze of an expiring Officer, upon a medal, which he clasps to his heart, induced us to examine more closely into the subject engraven on it—it was a medal won by former British triumphs in Egypt.—Alas, brave man! thou mightest well die broken-hearted!

Of the two works, generally considered, it may be said, that although there is no want of spirit in the execution, yet the whole fails in point of effect, from the poverty of the designs, and the very contracted scale upon which they were originally undertaken.—The subjects themselves we have already sufficiently noticed.

We understand, that the East India Company are Subscribers to these two Works, to a large amount; as they record events which facilitate so greatly the intercourse, by the shortest route, with their possessions in the East, and contribute so essentially to their defence and security.

The Merchants of the Levant have also warmly patronized this undertaking, as commemorating the permanent establishment of the British commercial pre-eminence in the Mediterranean. The British Army and Navy will naturally subscribe, as their superiority over the Turks is at length far beyond question.

June 20.

ON A RECENT CRIM. CON. CASE.

[From the British Press.]

QUESTION.

O I.D as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What could, alas ! poor P—t—r P—nd—r do ?

ANSWER.

If love's a *flame* that's *kindled* by desire,
An *old stick*'s surely best, because—'tis *drier*.
June 16.

ANTICIPATION ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND
OPPOSITION DINNER.

[From the Morning Herald.]

WE must premise, that serious doubts begin to be entertained, whether it will be expedient, that is, whether it will be *safe*, to join the *Dinner Convention* on Wednesday next, or not. A case has been laid before the *Ex-Attorney General*, Sir Arthur P-g-t, for his opinion thereon ; who, after judiciously placing the weight of professional practice into the opposite scale against *party prejudice*, is said to have declared, that he thinks such proposed Convention, if not repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution, is at least contrary to the letter of the Statute 42d of the King. The Learned Gentleman states, as we are informed, “ that the Legislature, for the security of public order, has wisely enacted sundry restrictive statutes for preventing the assemblies of workmen in any *craft* or *calling*, for the unreasonable purpose of extorting more than reasonable *wages* for work even well and truly performed, or for compelling the *Master* to *employ such journeymen only* as they may audaciously be pleased to select. Such illicit assemblies,” he says, “ are denominated conventions of *conspiracy*, by the common law of the land, and punishable by fine and imprisonment.”

imprisonment." Sir Arthur here gives a case in point, by supposing a set of dismissed refractory *Journeyman Tailors* (denominated *botchers*, from their bad workmanship) assembling for the purpose of embarrassing and overawing their employer, in order to force themselves back upon his service, and threatening to pull any orderly well-disposed workmen off his shop-board, whom he had placed in their stead: such an act unquestionably subjecting them to the penalties of a criminal indictment. Reasoning by close and fair analogy, the Learned Barrister asserts, that this case runs all fours with the *Party Convention*, now advertised to be holden for the specific purposes therein declared. He contends, "that the *objects of offence* against the *King's peace*, are in both alike; and although one set of *Conspirators* may meet at the *Goose and Gridiron* in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the other at *Willis's Rooms*, St. James's, the misdemeanor, in the eye of the law, will be the same; the latter by way of *exception*, admitting of no *writ of error*, although the point were allowed to be reserved for the twelve Judges; and therefore, on the whole, he is clearly of opinion, *that the Dinner Convention now proposed is illegal in every point of view*, according to all adjudged cases, the *King v. the Tailors*, and even cognizable by *common justiciary process, as an offence contra bonos mores!*"

The above grave opinion has staggered so many distinguished Characters, and so many *indispositions* have already taken place upon it, that the culinary preparations in the Thatched House kitchen are considerably and very prudently contracted, by order of the Managing Stewards. If the Meeting, however, under this discouraging circumstance, should be held, we have great satisfaction in being enabled, from *unquestionable authority*, to state the following as some of the most interesting occurrences that will eventually take place:—

The *chair*, superbly gilt, and decorated with yellow

low ribands, is to remain *empty* ! although every ceremonial obeisance is to be paid, and all speeches, harangues, &c. are to be addressed to it, through the day. Whether this is most *decorously* intended to convey an imitative compliment to the *vacuum* of any state erection in another place, or whether, in a meeting of confessed *political equality*, it is deemed uncharacteristic to elevate any one mortal to superiority over the rest, we are unable at present to ascertain.— On the cloth being drawn, a parody on “*Non Nobis*” will be sung standing, in which the word *Domine* is to be most *loyally* turned. It is a playful *jeu d’esprit* from the epigrammatic pen of General Fitzp——ck, in grateful return for the double-battalioned regiment which his Sovereign bestowed upon him but a few months ago. After the “*Memory of Mr. Fox* !” has been drank *sub silentio*, the Earl of L—— will get up and give “*The Chair*,” which will be quaffed with three groans !

A *Musical Composer* having been specially appointed to the *Convention*, in the hope of preserving *harmony* through the day, he is to exhibit some specimen of his ability. Absurdly supposing that Mr. Gray, the late Poet, must have been allied by consanguinity of blood, or at least by congeniality of sentiment, to a Noble Lord, he has complimentarily set the matchless Ode of

“ Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !”

But some difficulty is likely to occur about its performance, as the composition is in *four flats*, and set so *low*, that few of the *Amateur* voices (although the Earl of B. and his Honourable and Reverend Brother may be present) will be found deeply base, or bass enough to sing it ; and, indeed, it is said there are some passages of such *daring flights* in its accompaniments, that but few Instrumental Performers will be found *bold* enough to attempt to execute them !

This part of the entertainment, therefore, will probably be postponed to another Meeting!

On "*The Land of Potatoes, and the suffering Catholics therein,*" being drank, the Duke of B—df—d will rise, and descant temperately on the present state of *Ireland*, and probably hint that he might have done much practical good in it, if his directors on this side the water had but graciously permitted him!—A very young, but *fiery* Commoner, will here give "*A second Chaos, that a new order of things may arise!*" This is to be followed by a tumult of applause! which subsiding, the band will play, "*O give me death or liberty!*" Next will be toasted "*The House of Ca—ndish!*" which being drank with three times three, and silence proclaimed, the Duke of D—von—re will rise and say—*Nothing!* Universal plaudits will follow on His Grace's resuming his seat. The next patriotic toast will be, "*Mr. Whitbread, the benevolent ameliorator of the condition of the Poor.*"—Mr. W. rising, and modestly bowing to the empty *Chair*, will request its permission to give a *short* analysis of the Poor Laws, from their natural post-diluvian origin, as it arose out of the indiscreet debarkation of *Noah's* distressed family from the Ark. He will then progressively advance to a digest of the increasing defects of our Poor Laws, and demonstrate "*that a coercive check to the breed of the people is the only certain means of diminishing the numbers of the Poor!*" The Hon. Gentleman will finally, but delicately, advert to a particular class of the *indigent*, who from no immediate fault of their own, but the *political demerit of others*, had fallen into extreme distress, for which the existing laws have unfortunately made no provision. He will then remind the illustrious auditors, that these are *fellow-oppositionists*, who, with *fellow-feelings*, have not *fellow-comforts* with themselves, and therefore he recommends them to their immediate protection; *men who, with all their talents, had not yet learnt to dig,*
and

and to *beg*, he hoped, were still too proud to descend : in addition to any thing he might do conjointly with others for their *relief*, he would in his Poor Bill propose a provisional clause, that though it could not be disguised, they had submitted to an *order of removal* from high authority with an ill grace, they should not, for such offence, be adjudged incorrigible *rogues* or *vagabonds*. Here will follow, as an appropriate toast—"The *indignant heart* of the *Patriot*, who cannot shew his *head*!"—Before the company rises, an honest *Northumbrian* is to call upon a vocal Countryman for *Chevy Chase* ; this, it is feared, may prove more than a trial of patience, if the high-minded Lord of H—wi—k should remain in the room with any of his Northern adherents. The following couplet may naturally create a kind of electioneering shock, the consequences of which no one can possibly predict :

" Then the Percie out of *Branbourne* cam,
And with him a mightie many !"

It is hoped, however, that this unfortunate predictive allusion of antiquitie may pass over unreprieved, that the wind of the Northumbrian Songster may hold out to the last, and that we may have to record, that this *Convention* closed their truly *loyal* rites by joining in full chorus with the concluding stanza :

" God save the King, and blesse the Land,
In plentye and in peace,
And grant henceforth that *foul debate*
"Twixt Noblemen maie cease !!!"

June 22.

MR. STURGES BOURNE'S PROMISED WORK.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE Learned Gentleman entitles his book, "*The Practice of Jobbing made Easy*; or, Trading Statesman's Complete Manual." It is dedicated, "as a small

small token of respectful friendship," to Sir H. P. S. Mildmay, Bart. of Moulsham Hall, in a letter which does much credit to the feelings of the author. The motto is appropriately taken from Scripture—" *He blesseth and magnifieth Job.*"

In a well-written Preface, Mr. Sturges states, that this work was composed during his long retirement from office; when, as he observes, "a merciless faction had got possession of the Government, and seemed bent upon the ruin of that fabric which the wisdom of our ancestors reared—which was cemented by the taxes of ages, for which an Atkinson laid down his ears, and a Melville his office." He draws a moving picture of that long and dismal night, which followed after the death of his "Right Honourable and Immortal Friend," and describes pathetically the feelings of himself and his brethren, "when they saw daily and hourly some proofs that the Government had set its face against their craft and mystery; that the interests of the many-headed beast (the People) were become an object of attention to Statesmen, and that the affairs of this wealthy and generous country were in the hands of the very men who had shown the most indecent anxiety to punish speculation." Such a hopeless state of things, our Author observes, prepared the mind to expect almost any catastrophe; but, when the sight was actually seen, of a Committee of Inquiry into abuses, moved for by the Ministers themselves—"the oldest man among us," says he, "could recollect nothing so frightful; and it became the duty of all good jobbers to retire, and quietly await the return of better times, consoling themselves with the belief, that so unnatural a posture of affairs could not have a very long continuance."—"Alas! (he adds) how greatly were we deceived! A state of things which Lord Castlereagh predicted must end in a week; and which His Honour the Master of the Rolls thought would

would come to a crisis in twenty-four hours, continued week after week for nearly two calendar months; and, when at length it ceased, left the government of this opulent and confiding people, scarcely worth the attention of a gentleman." During this long and dismal period, our author sought relief in the composition of the present work. He acknowledges the assistance which he received from his respected friend, Mr. George Rose. He is likewise under great obligations to several other old practitioners, for their hints, particularly to Lord Liverpool, Lord Eldon, and Sir W. Scott. The Master of the Rolls furnished much useful matter, which is to be found in the chapter "Upon the proper Functions of a Judge in the House of Commons, and in the Privy Council;" and almost the whole of the chapter "Of Vouchers and their Uses," with the greater part of the section "Touching Assertion, and especially of Denials," he owes to the kindness of Lord Melville.

The introduction abounds with ingenuity and learning; but the Author discusses questions more curious than useful, as, Whether jobbing be a science, or only an art?—To what age its invention may be traced?—Whether it did not originate in the East? (an opinion to which the salutary practice of *nudders*, or presents, greatly inclines him).—Who was the greatest jobber of antiquity, and who of the present day?—"A delicate question," he observes, "and one in resolving which great difficulties surround me; but justice must be done to transcendant merit, whatever envy it may excite." So he is led to conclude, that each of these highly-favoured Kingdoms hath its several Grand-jobber; and he gives the first places to the Lord Melville, Mr. John Foster, and Lord Mulgrave; "but he must be a bold man," he adds, "who will venture to decide between them." He acknowledges, however, the great claims of some other persons, as Lord Liverpool,

the venerable Duke of Portland, the gallant Sir Home Popham, and, among beginners, who promise in a short time to rival the most practised hands, he mentions Mr. Canning; of whom he observes, that he emulates the greatest masters in one particular—the skilful choice of the person for whose behalf he jobs, or, as Mr. Sturges judiciously calls it, the “*cestuy qui jobe*.” In general he is disposed to prefer Scotland to any other country, since the dispersion of the Jews, for the breed of jobbers.

The long chapter against Mr. Whitbread, is in the highest strain of eloquence. The invective against the late Ministry, for “betraying the sacred cause entrusted to them,” is also admirable, though rather too violent; and the exhortation to “the Jobbing Interest” in general, to league as one man in defence of the new Ministers, and against a reappointment of the Committee, cannot, we think, fail to produce the greatest effect. The apostrophe to the Master of the Rolls, on the first appointment of “that accursed engine of question,” as he terms it—beginning, “What then must your sensations have been, O my beloved Grant!” &c. cannot be too much admired.

We should only anticipate the pleasure of our readers, were we to give a full account of the various rules which the Learned Author lays down for the invention, the adaptation, and the concealment of jobs. They display an infinite knowledge of human nature, and abound in examples of boundless variety and originality. We were peculiarly struck with the digression “*Of Ratting*.” The tests which he gives for discovering the right time of *Ratting*, are very simple and satisfactory. The maxim that a *Rat* should move over slow enough to turn back if things should change in the mean time, is distinguished by our Author’s usual judgment. It was also practised with great felicity, he says, by several much-valued friends of his on a
late

late remarkable occasion. He adds some curious calculations of the allowance to be made for *Rattage* in different cases. In the Scots Peers we find a *Rattage* of no less than ninety per cent. : in the "Household troops," it amounts to exactly one hundred per cent. The art of *Rat-catching* he describes with some humour. He has known Mr. George Rose, he says, sent out on this service in Mr. Pitt's time, and return with half a dozen or more, who would, many of them, have run off after swallowing the cheese-paring, but that he seized fast hold of them by the tail. This anecdote introduces an eulogium of that great artist, and a prediction that he will prove too many for Lord Selkirk*, whatever his Lordship may at present think.

We may probably obtain leave from the learned Author to give a few specimens from his production, as soon as he has determined on making it public.

June 24.

A CHAPTER FROM THE BOOK OF KINGS.

[From the Morning Herald.]

1st. **N**OW *George the Third* was twenty and two years old when he began to reign, and he reigned King over all England forty and seven years.

2d. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and served the Lord his God with all his heart; so that before him was no King like unto him.

3d. And it came to pass in those days, that the servants of the King, the wise men of the land, even "*all the talents thereof*," came in, and stood before the King, and said, "O King! live for ever."

4th. "May it please thee, O King! to extend to certain of thy subjects throughout thy dominions, those gracious indulgences which others of their brethren possess?" and the King answered, and said, "*Let it be so.*"

* See page 202.

5th. Then the wise men of the land, even "*all the talents thereof*," communed among themselves, saying, "*Notwithstanding our Lord the King has granted us this our Petition, nevertheless it sufficeth us not.*"

6th. And they returned unto the King, and said, "Be it known unto thee, O King! that there exist certain Statutes and Ordinances, instituted in the darker ages, and ordained in times of ignorance and superstition, when thy forefathers were called unto the Throne of these Kingdoms :

7th. "Which Statutes and Ordinances, may it please thee, O King! to annul and destroy; to the end, that those may be satisfied, who were never yet contented; and that those who were ever disaffected, may be made loyal."

8th. And the King answered, and said, "Not so.—We cannot dispense with the oath which we have taken; neither will we, that the bulwarks of our Throne be removed, nor the fundamental laws of our Kingdom changed."

9th. Whereupon the servants of the King, the wise men of the land, even "*all the talents thereof*," were full of fury; and the form of their visage and of their language was altered, and they said, "O King! we are not careful to please thee in this matter."

10th. "For we have bound ourselves by an oath, and stand pledged to each other, that we will not cease to offer this counsel unto thee, day by day continually, until all these things shall be accomplished."

11th. Then was the King's anger kindled, and he became exceedingly wroth, and he drove those his servants, the wise men of the land, even "*all the talents thereof*," from before his presence and from his counsels; and they went out and wept bitterly;

12th. And went unto the two Houses of Assembly, the great Council of the Nation, and made grievous charges.

charges against their Lord, the King; but the Council regarded them not.

13th. And they appealed unto the People, and the People regarded them not, but glorified the King, and held "*all the talents*" in exceeding great derision;

14th. So that they became a laughing-stock and a bye-word throughout all the land of England, inso-much that they are called "*the lost sheep*," "*the unprofitable talents*," even unto this day.

15th. Now the rest of the acts of the wise men, even of "*all the talents*," are they not known in the land of Turkey and of Egypt? and are they not written in the Books of Folly and Incapacity?

June 24.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Oracle.]

WHEREAS an ill-looking fellow, called Louis, by birth a *Corsican*, has run away from his Wife, who is likely, with her Children, to become burthensome to the Parish:—This is to give notice, that he lived for some time in the House in the *Wood*, and swindled a great number of Dutchmen out of their property. With threats and speeches, he promised to repair a number of their *dams*, though he and all his family were never worth a d—n.—He was an *Honorary Member* of several *Smoking Clubs* in *Amsterdam*. He passed for some time by his nick-name of "*King*;" and used to boast of his Elder Brother, who is known to be a Public Robber! And another, that ran away from his Ship, and used to be known by the name of "*Jerry Sneak*!" He promised to introduce two new Orders in Holland; but the only one he introduced is that of *Poverty*, the *Insignia* of which is on every countenance. It is supposed he has fled to
a certain

MINISTERIAL PARODY.

a certain village, where, no doubt, he will tell the inhabitants he has been on the *Crown Circuit*.—If he do not return, he will be forgiven; but if he do, let him remember there is a Public Executioner in *Amsterdam*! [June 26.]

A DUTCH PRAYER.

[From the same.]

OUR stepfather, which art in Paris, Cursed be thy name. Thy kingdom be far from us. Thy will be done neither in heaven nor in earth. Do not take from us our daily bread. Forgive us for not loving thee, as we forgive thee for not loving us. Lead us not into despair and misery, but deliver us from thy ragged hussars, fuzileers, and starving ragamuffins. For thine is the kingdom, woe, distress, mockery, derision, and plunder without end.—*Amen*.

MINISTERIAL PARODY.

[From the same.]

“T is so pat to all the Tribe.”—GAY.

THE *Amendment*'s prepar'd! the Parliament's met!
The Members all rang'd—a *terrible show*!

We go in a fright—defeat is our debt;

But, alas! we're unwilling to pay what we owe!

Oh, *Woolsack*, farewell! dear *Treasury* adieu!

Though we dread to depart, 'twill be *better for you*!

But with confidence *Castlereagh* glows,

And sets *Catalani* a-singing:—

Then how shall we feel our woes,

In our ears when such harmony's ringing?

Yet can we quit our charming places,

Insensate to the dreadful blow?

Oh view our tears, our lengthen'd faces,

Our grief returns—Ah! must we go?

CANNING AND CO.

ON SIR VICARY GIBBS'S ELECTION FOR THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

"Fruges et Cererem ferunt,
Nec cultura placet longior annuâ;
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte Vicarius!"

HOR. B. 3. Ode 24.

PETTY! to Alma-mater dear—
Petty, in power, was Granta's glory:
Of power bereft the following year,
He finds the jilting jade a Tory.

Base, venal B——! who, gain'd by bribes,
And, b-wd-like, ready to dispense 'em,
Convenes her square-capt saintly tribes
To vote Sir Vicary*!—"in burgensem!"

July 3.

THE MINISTERIAL CATECHISM.

[From the same.]

Asinus portans mysteria.—
A Jack in office.

ARISTOPH.

OUR Ministers, fully sensible of the importance of convincing the public that they are worthy of confidence, have resolved to publish a view of the qualifications necessary for the different departments of the state at this crisis of unparalleled difficulty and danger. The charge of preparing this composition has been committed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, particularly distinguished for the ingenuity with which he united the cry of "No Popery," with an exhortation to "unanimity;" and it has been further resolved, that in order to render it as popular and at-

* The form of voting at Cambridge is A. B. eligit V. G. "*in burgensem*" hujus Academiæ.

tractive as possible, Mr. Canning should devote as much time as he can spare from his French Grammar and Exercises, to the turning of the whole into rhyme. The learned Chancellor of the Exchequer was desirous (*juvat meminisse*) of commencing with a writ of "*idiotia inquirendo*," being the old Chancery mode of originating proceedings in cases of idiotcy; but, in deference to the opinion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, of whose able assistance he availed himself, consented at last that the work should take the form of question and answer, and be entitled, "The Ministerial Catechism;" or, "The Public well served." As a rough sketch is already finished, and as it is desirable that the object should be attained as speedily as possible, no apology is necessary for presenting the reader with a specimen.

QUESTION.

Our foe, like some avenging God,
Shakes prostrate Europe with his nod;
And all his force, his hate, and wiles
United, turns against our isles.—
At such an anxious moment, say
Who's fit affairs abroad to sway?

ANSWER.

A sonnet and conundrum maker,
Of verse and wit an undertaker;
Who to the force and arts of foes
Can pointed epigrams oppose:
A leader of a brainless synod—
An Anti-jacobin run mad—
With froth and bubbles fill'd a head,
Where nothing 's solid but the lead.

Q. See how the burden'd nation groans
With weight of taxes, debts and loans;
And sworn finance at last is found
A science doubtful and profound.
Who should, in times so big with fate,
Hold this department of the state?

A. A John-a-Nokes or John-a-Stiles—
 His only science, legal wiles—
 A kindler of religious strife,
 Who jobs to get a place for life.
 His serious trust nor feels nor sees,
 But muses on Exchequer fees ;
 And pumps his brains to find excuse
 To join trustee and *cestuy que use*.

Q. 'Midst hostile arms on every side,
 Who should the War Department guide ?

A. Some vacant Lord, who, like a jay,
 Can chat for hours, yet nothing say ;
 Who much has tried, yet nothing done,
 A Jack of all trades, good at none ;
 Who much of *Down* and *Derry* sings,
 And grasps a bow with double strings ;
 In whom the keenest eyes can trace
 No mark of soul—but love of place,
 And, *causa temporis terendi*,
 “ *Immane studium loquendi*.”

OVID.

The appropriate strain of exultation in the concluding lines, deserves particular attention :

Thus serv'd, our State may challenge all
 Her foes, “ *Mercurio tam quam Marte*—
 Since C——g's match'd with cunning Tal,
 And C——gh with Bonaparte !

July 13.

NOT ANY THING DISAGREEABLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

“
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobœi
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse Antichristi modò qui primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos.”

* * * *

“ ————— A hundred more (Jacobus's)
 Would make him pimp for th' Antichristian whore :
 And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
 Who threaten'd once to stink the Pope to death.”

MILTON'S Epigram on Salmasius.

SIR,

I DO not mean to apply the quotation literally to Mr. Spencer Perceval. It would be unjust to do so, because I am persuaded he would not be reconciled to the Whore of Babylon, for twice the money here mentioned. But I have no doubt at all that he would turn quite round, if he thought it would be agreeable to his Master. Nay, if it were possible to suppose any thing so ridiculous, as that our gracious King, like old Solomon, could, in his declining years, turn his heart to idolatry, I firmly believe his whole Cabinet would prove their loyal adherence, and, in the courtly words of Mr. Henry Thornton, “ avoid pressing any thing disagreeable to his feelings in his old age.”

It is this spirit which honourably distinguishes the present men from all their predecessors. We have had a single Melville before, or a Castlereagh; but never till now have we seen *a whole Ministry* acting on the avowed principle of absolute obedience. There is something so amiable, so filial, and so dutiful in this behaviour, that I consider it as a new æra of civilization. The best of Kings has at length got Ministers, who are content to wear his liveries on the same terms

terms as their own footmen, and who acknowledge no principle nor duty, but submission.

From this delightful calm I am almost terrified to look back to the fiercer times of "the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane," when the King was surrounded by all that was noble (indeed), or great, or venerable, in his nation, but *controlled*, at the same time, by the dignity of his retinue. I seem to be but just awake, and to have dreamed only of garlands being bound round the brows of the Hampdens and Sydneys, for resisting arbitrary power. It was but in a vision that I saw our Revolution held up on high as a proud ensign of national glory. I live now among "safe men," who will "not press any thing disagreeable to the feelings of the King in his old age."

Those jarring times are happily gone when the Guildhall "rung," as Deputy Birch has it, with the Bill of Rights, and poured forth her cavalcades to annoy the royal ear with complaints of evil Counsellors about the Throne. The statue of the uncourtly Beckford is taken away, and the saucy legend broken, to make room, perhaps, for the new doctrine, that when the King differs in opinion from the people, we ought always to support the King.

Court, City, and Clergy, have now but one pulse, and the slightest twitter of the Royal Conscience stimulates or arrests it. The nerve of obedience vibrates with equal sensibility in Lloyd's as in St. James's. The fine impulse spreads from the Bakers and Oilmen of the Court of Aldermen, to the drowsy learning of Cambridge; from the convocation of the Church to the Presbyteries of Elgin and Lewis. The rugged Curtis and the gentle Rose, the pious Wilberforce and the graceless Tarleton, the companionable Melville, and the atrabilious Bowles, are struck with equal horror of the danger of Popery; and I am confident their
horror

horror of it will continue till they know from authority, that the Court has no more occasion for the cry.

July 18.

POLITICAL PRAYER

POSTED UP ON THE CHURCH GATE OF SWAFFENHAM—
NOT WRITTEN BY MR. CANNING.

[From the Oracle.]

GOOD Heaven! protect our darling Wooden Walls;
And wing with victory our flying balls!

Let copious showers refresh our thirsty plains,
And grant our Ministers—a *little brains*!

July 24.

MACHINERY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WE have been told, that certain occurrences in the late Yorkshire Election were influenced by the usual objections made to the introduction of *machinery* in manufactures. Whether this was really the case, it is not my present business to inquire; but I think it very evident, that those who think themselves aggrieved by the disuse of *men* and the employment of *machines*, will have no reason to expect redress at the hands of our Ministers, who seem disposed to carry the use of *machinery* much farther than all the *Arkwrights* of Europe ever intended.

I consider this, however, as a proof of their ingenuity. The original inventor of any plan is not always the man to whom a country is indebted; far more praise belongs to him who can extend that plan, and bring it into use in cases where common sense, not to speak any thing of common prejudice, never supposed

supposed it could be of the least utility. It was thought a great matter to shorten the process of manufacturing *wool* and *cotton* by mechanical process, but of how much greater importance is it, and of how much more originality, to carry on the business of *government* by *mechanics* only; mere mechanics, Sir, without the use of such *men* as we have seen employed! Genius, talents, eloquence, family, and personal weight, are things not easily procured (and are not *long kept* when they are procured); but *mechanics*, Sir, that can turn and turn political *spindles* and *cylinders*, may at any time be set to work; and if the manager knows how to keep the *wheels* in order, by frequent *oiling* and *greasing*, it is plain that he may dispense with all that labour which depends on the *head*, the *memory*, the *understanding*, or any other properties by which *state-work* was done in former times.

Of the *machines* at present employed, I need not give you an account. Their *names* are pretty well known in this country; and they have this advantage, that we are not likely to have them smuggled abroad, where they are in no kind of reputation. Such artificers are in no danger of being seduced to go to the Continent, and I do not find that even our brethren in America have expressed any jealousy of our having the entire monopoly of this branch of political *craft*. As to the materials of which they are made, I believe that is no secret. *Wood* is the principal ingredient, and the metallic parts are either *lead* or *brass*, which latter is mostly employed upon account of its durability. There is one very large machine about to be set to work, which is of *Scotch fir*. This has already been *tried*, and found to be attended with a prodigious *waste* of *money*; but I suppose some new improvements may have again recommended it.

I shall not insist upon the advantages of introducing machinery in the manufacture of wars, budgets, loans,

loans, expeditions, and other articles: but, besides the same advantages which are experienced from employing inanimate agency in the manufactory of cottons and woollens, there is this peculiar happiness attending the employment of machines in government, that they may be worked by *raw boys*, or the most inexperienced persons. But I cannot conclude my letter without adding, that this scheme has its enemies and its calumniators; and, alas! what new scheme has not? Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, it has been even asserted, that the employment of machines in State manufactures, so far from being a *saving*, is attended with a much greater expense than when *men* only were employed: that the *machines* require a great deal of money to keep them *in order*; and that the articles made by them, so far from being of a superior *fabrique*, are so slight as to fall to pieces on the least stress being laid upon them; and that half the expense of the manufacture, some say two thirds, is wasted in putting a gloss upon them, which, after all, can deceive nobody who has his eyes open. All this, however, is probably calumny; but whether it be so or not, we shall soon have an opportunity of knowing, as these *machines* are very soon to be set a-going. We shall then see whether they will bear the friction of *opposite* powers; whether their *force* will be *centrifugal* or *centripetal*; and by what means they will regulate the *vibrations* of the *new machinery* lately introduced.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,

DYNAMICUS.

July 27.

SIR.

MR. GEORGE JOHNSTONE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WE have received the following Letter by the general post. It will explain itself.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

PERMIT me to trouble you with an application, the answer to which will not only be very obliging to myself, but be very gratefully acknowledged by many of His Majesty's subjects in similar circumstances. I am a Proprietor of India Stock, resident in the country, and feel myself greatly interested in every thing that regards the East India Company. You must have heard of a Mr. George Johnstone, M. P. who, for several years past, and till within these few months, was a most indefatigable debater on the Company's affairs, whenever they were brought, or he could bring them, before Parliament. Nor did that field, though large, content Mr. Johnstone; for he was no less industrious in speaking and moving on every occasion at the India House. I was so impressed with the zeal and industry of Mr. Johnstone, and withal had so favourable an opinion of his talents, that his sentiments were to me as oracles, on which I implicitly relied. Within these few weeks, and indeed ever since the meeting of Parliament, I have looked in vain for my guide and instructor, Mr. George Johnstone; but, alas! I have lost him, or he has deserted me, at a most important crisis! The Company have come forward, asking leave to issue bonds, while many people do not scruple to say they are bankrupts. Nay, Mr. Johnstone has taught me to think but indifferently of them, as you will see from the following; for I have been in the habit of making extracts from his speeches, and keep them in my pocket-book as

heips to argument, and ready to be produced in the little disputes I sometimes have on the subject.

In the year 1803, when it was first proposed to allow the Company to pay the Income Tax on their bonds; that is, to borrow money at usurious interest; Mr. Johnstone was fired with indignation at the proposal; and I am sure he must now see the objection in a still stronger light, inasmuch as the Income Tax being ten per cent. and in 1803 only five, the rate of usury is so much increased. Well do I remember what Mr. Johnstone said, in 1803, "The statement of the Noble Lord (Castlereagh), he observed, was in perfect consistency with the conduct adopted uniformly by him, respecting the affairs of the Company. In the last Session, he *amused* the House with a pompous statement of the flourishing situation of their finances, and the brilliant prospects of their prosperity. But what is the first illustration the Noble Lord gives in this Session? Why, a new plea of embarrassment, and a new appeal to the indulgence of the House, for the privilege of *borrowing money to answer their exigencies, at a much higher interest than any other corporate body or individual in this country dares venture to offer* *?"

You may be sure, Sir, that when I heard of Mr. Charles Grant's Bill, I expected Mr. Johnstone would, as usual, have put down that Gentleman, and set the Company's affairs in a proper light. I looked in vain for his name in the Newspapers; and not seeing it, my first supposition was, that all the reporters had conspired against Mr. Johnstone, to darken or extinguish his fame by not reporting his speeches. Next, my mind misgave me, that Mr. Johnstone was *dead*; but then it occurred to me, that so considerable a personage could not have concealed his death, had he been so inclined, and that if a public funeral was

* Cobbett's Debates, Vol. I. p. 1657.

not proposed in his honour, yet his demise must in some other way have been known. I am not only puzzled about the matter, but I am seriously anxious for the fate of a person whose life is so important to the state, and particularly to every one interested in India Stock ; and I beg you will communicate whatever information you have on the subject.

Yours,

A COUNTRY PROPRIETOR.

—, 25th July 1807.

We sincerely condole with our Correspondent on his reasonable uneasiness ; and cannot but think Mr. George Johnstone has not acted kindly to his friends in causing them so much pain, which he might have prevented by stating the simple fact ; and that we are now about to do.

On receiving the above letter, we immediately set on foot the most careful inquiry. We soon discovered, and, indeed, from ocular observation, that Mr. George Johnstone was not only alive, but apparently in robust health, the *purpureum lumen juventæ*. Not considering these, however, as decisive *symptoms* in a political case, we proceeded to inquire whether Mr. Johnstone was *reported* to be in political existence ; and sorry are we to state, that we ascertained beyond doubt, that he is to all *political* intents and purposes *defunct* ; and as much liable to interment as Partridge, the Almanack-maker, whose case is held a decisive precedent in similar circumstances. On inquiry at all the political shops and circles in this town, the answer was uniform, that Mr. George Johnstone was *dead and gone* some months ago ; and we were referred to a number of the London Gazette, where his *death* is duly registered ; and as he has never been *heard of* since, not a shadow of *hope* remained.

It turns out that this unfortunate gentleman, now no more, had a passion for *official* consequence, but

being of a truly independent mind, and entirely regardless of money, he was determined to take no place that should expose him to the inconvenience of receiving salary. After some disappointment in his expectations from the late Ministers (which he manfully resented), he at last, under the auspices of Lord Castle-reagh, succeeded in becoming a Member of the Board of Control, *without pay*. But, alas! how shortsighted is man! Mr. Johnstone never joyed after that fatal day, and it is certain that he never *spoke* after his luckless preferment. Had he *lived* he might have been an ornament to any opposition, and on India questions an oracle to all. But perverse ambition drew him aside from this glorious path. He looked forward to patronage and power, to cadetships and writerships; but he soon found that these privileges do not belong to those who despise pay. He thought to have reformed the India House and the Board of Control: but he soon discovered that the Board of Control is an empty name; that as to the puisne and unpaid Commissioners, it is, as Mr. Burke pleasantly observed of another Board, "in a state of perpetual virtual adjournment, and unbroken sitting vacation." All his visions of greatness were dissipated.

His untimely fate should be a lesson to all ambitious young men. He wished to be great: he was snatched away, and came to nothing; and the "*Place* (in the House of Commons) *that knew him, knoweth him no more.*" Poor gentleman! *he*, indeed, as Dr. Franklin observes, "*paid too dear for his whistle.*"

July 31.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE SIGN-BOARD OF AN *ascending* ARTIST AT MARGATE,
WHO POSSESSES *various Talents*, BUT *not all*.

[From the Morning Post.]

JAMES Cooper living here,
His willing to serve you far and near,
Chimney-sweeper and chair-bottomer,
Smoak-jack cleaner and fire-defender.

A COMPARISON

BETWEEN THE ABOVE-NAMED ARTIST, AND AN EX-
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

COOPER, like *Petty*, mounts to heights sublime,
To gain both fame and fortune, for a time;
One sat "*broad-bottom'd*" on the Statesman's throne,
And t'other *mends* the "*bottoms*" *we* sit on.
Of "*All the Talents*," one's an integral:
T'other assumes not that he *has* them "*all*."
One *ru'd* financial roasts, and had a knack
At *cooking taxes*: t'other *cleans* our *jack*!
One swept a *tenth* from every poor man's guinea;
T'other but *sweeps* away our *soot*—poor *niunny*!
One sent but little British fire abroad,
T'other *defends* from *fire* each one's abode;
(And, "*far and near*," we find him always "*willing*"
To do a great deal, for a little shilling.)
Suppose us at *comparisons* non-pluss'd,
And have but one to add, let that be just.
While "*All the Talents*" still keep up a rout,
Cooper is yet *in* place, but *Petty*'s out.
July 31.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

BEHOLD, the storm begins to lower
From Opposition's mighty power;
And "*All the Talents*" are array'd,
To hurl destruction on the head

Of those good men who rule the State,
 Because they were dismiss'd of late :
 But let them foam with all their guile,
 They, like the viper, lick the file.

A PANEGYRIC ON MINISTERS, WITH A DIGRESSION ON UNANIMITY, AND THE SAINTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

" For so we find all ancient sages
 Decree, that, *ad exemplum Regis*,
 Through all the realm his virtues run,
 Rip'ning and kindling like the sun.
 If this be true, then how much more
 When you have nam'd at least a score
 Of Courtiers, each in his degree,
 If possible, as good as he."

SWIFT.

SIR,

I AM well satisfied that till now we have been entertaining very wrong notions about the proper formation of a Ministry. We have been always looking for great abilities, instead of that *golden mediocrity* which the Poets themselves recommend in every thing but their own art. Happily we now perceive, that a set of Ministers (with reverence be it spoken) resembles a set of coach-horses, where great powers are not so necessary as *equality* of powers.

Nothing, for example, could be seen more ludicrous, than Pitt, in his last Administration, dragging at his tail, through thick and thin, the miserable little animals he was yoked with. And when the machine stopped by his death, you remember how the poor creatures shrunk into their holes, out of fear and shame. But only look at them now, when they are matched with their like, and you will confess that nothing can run in harness better. Six powerful horses perhaps might, upon the whole, be preferable to as many jack-asses, however well assorted; but there is danger

danger that the driver might not have the same command over them. At any rate he would not look so burly and pre-eminent, which is a very great consideration. The jockey is here entitled to every praise, who has selected "*safe*" beasts, that will be sure to bear with the curb and the lash, and drive to the Devil if you like, so you but give them their corn.

I know there are some persons who, looking only at the outside of things, see some degree of disparity between Camden and Castlereagh, or Perceval and Portland. And so there is a difference between a black horse and a white. But we are not speaking of colour, shape, or gait, but of the bottom, strength, and speed of the animal; and I am well convinced there is no real difference in the Ministry in this respect, from the lively Canning to the dull Eldon, and that Huskisson and Sturges are, to pursue my metaphor, as good cattle as any of them all.

But it is time to drop the figure, and to consider the cavils of the factious. They tell us that the times are awful, and require an Administration of extraordinary vigour. This would be very just, Sir, if Ministers, as in old-fashioned times, retained the direction and responsibility of public business; but when the M——ch has assumed the task, with a private adviser of his own stock, it is enough that the public men he employs are obedient. His is all the management; and it is very satisfactory to know, upon the authority of Mr. Secretary Canning, that his master has more sense than any body would suppose.

The times are, indeed, to outward appearance, very fearful, and may seem to require the aid of the best abilities in the country. But, as the Addresses say, is not the King the best judge of the men he ought to employ? And if he finds his present servants adequate to the times, is this not a proof of his gracious and pacific views? For, if he intended to prosecute a

war against all the world, he surely would not have put the force and the finances of the country into such feeble hands.

This consideration, I am sure, must be very consolatory to all lovers of peace. But if there be any man who believes that it is really intended to oppose the Bonapartes and the Talleyrands with our present Counsellors and Commanders in Chief, he must at least be struck with the religious and devout spirit, which thus rejects the use of human means, and trusts the event to Providence alone.

The testimony borne to this religious sentiment, in so great a number of Addresses (almost as many as were transmitted to James the Second immediately before the Revolution) requires not the addition of my feeble eulogium. But I cannot help adverting with equal praise to the fine vein of pleasantry with which the Court, after breaking in pieces all the elements of concord, call upon the people to be *unanimous*. I think so merry a joke cannot fail to bring the Catholics into good humour. Let them only observe how suddenly it operated on the Saints. When the Ministry who carried the Abolition of the Slave Trade was dismissed, that holy body, after seeking the Lord in private, during the first division, and seeing how plainly the majority had come round, immediately listened to the call of unanimity, and held out the hand of friendship to the Melvilles and Hawkesburys. And now how amiable is it, and how edifying, to behold the good Mr. Wilberforce, in sweet communion with the Pagan Tarleton, albeit of ethics of another hue ! I scarcely believe my eyes, and my heart involuntarily palpitates, when I see the little religious face of him, smirking playful so near the dread chasm of the General's jaws.

On the other hand, all the bitterness and almost *sacred* rancour with which these holy men pursue the Grenvilles,

Grenvilles, Hollands, and Howicks, must be ascribed to this same zeal for unanimity, and to prove that they are sincere in it. This at least is my own opinion. There are certain persons, indeed, who pretend to see farther into the Methodists than it is possible to see into a millstone, and will have it that the late Ministers gave mortal offence to them by pushing forward the bill. They have, by doing so, deprived poor Wilberforce, they say, not only of his hobby-horse, but of his trade and calling; neither can it be known hereafter that he is more humane than his neighbours.

But what is worst of all, and weighs to the ground the afflicted spirit of John Bowles, is the suspicion that may go abroad, that men may be just, and virtuous, and tender-hearted, who are not known to be holy. We must remember the dreadful contortions of his countenance, and the agony of his soul, when he saw the late Duke of Bedford (who sounded no trumpet before his prayers and his alms) leave the earth, notwithstanding, with the praises and blessings of mankind; and the still greater sufferings the Saint endured when the lying spirit that was sent abroad in goodly pamphlets, returned to the Society of Vice without having been able to deceive.

For my own part, I conceive this to be merely ideal, and that Mr. Wilberforce is *not* displeased that the African Bill was passed. It appears to me, on the contrary, that his affection for the African people, continues so strong, that he is jealous of any attempt to better the people at home. And it is in this way I account for his opposition to Mr. Whitbread's Bills for the relief of our own poor, and particularly his horror of the plan for teaching them to read.

But this is a long subject; and my aim being to extol the present Ministers, from which I have unaccountably digressed, I must take another opportunity to renew it.

August 3.

M 5

FEARS

FEARS OF THE POPE.

A PAMPHLET has lately made its appearance, entitled, "Two Letters on the subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley." This pamphlet places the subject in a very striking point of view; and the reasoning is conveyed in a humorous and entertaining manner.

The following is a specimen :

"In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the Pope is not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St. Alban's, by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest: and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, they must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best-informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and though the Pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers; and it is certain, he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil.

"Exactly in the same manner, the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing-cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation:—instead of the angels and archangels, mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel; it was an exact resemblance of his Lordship in his
5 military

military uniform ; and *therefore* as little like a god as can well be imagined."

August 15.

THE ART OF WINKING : A NEW INVENTION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

ALTHOUGH our new Ministers are not generally supposed to be very eminently gifted with talents of the first order, neither are they, it must be confessed, so destitute of resources in a time of need, as their opponents would make us believe. Of this the following invention affords a very striking proof.

A certain Northern Lord, and a *tried* friend of all men in public stations, having taken into his serious consideration the many inconveniences which arise from the appointment of such *Committees* as delight in raising evil *reports*, to the great prejudice of certain *great men*, who *honestly* wish to make the most of their places, has suggested to the *younkers* about him, that he is ready to instruct them in a mode of defeating such reports, and keeping their honest *gainings* to themselves.

This is said to be an improvement in the art of *winking* ; by which, after a very few lessons, any person may acquire such a facility in using the *membrana nictitans*, as to defy a whole committee, books, vouchers, papers, witnesses, and all.

None but *principals* are to be taught this art, and no others need apply. In what manner this great Professor of the science of *winking* instructs his pupils, we do not pretend to have discovered ; but it is certain, that some of them have attained extraordinary proficiency already, and in a few months will be ready to practise with a *deputy*, or *first clerk*, in a most surprising manner. By this art from twenty to an hundred thousand pounds may be conveyed out of a pub-

lic into a private pocket, and nobody to blame—no person hurt—and no objection but from those who deal in *senseless clamours*, and who have yet to learn, that it is the duty of every man who holds a place to *make the most* of it.

Popular clamour has been raised against this art, and those who practise it have been thought to deal with the *devil*; but this is mere prejudice, although it must be allowed that it partakes a good deal of the tricks which in old times were ascribed to necromancers.—Those who are proficient in *winking* can make themselves *invisible* at any time, and have ways of making money, accounts, and vouchers, *disappear* in a most wonderful manner. But we do not, for all that, wish to attribute to them any supernatural agency, because, although they have brought this art to the highest perfection, there are sundry and curious traces of it to be found in the judicial proceedings of Oyer and Terminer, and in the biography of many eminent personages lately deceased, in the Old Bailey.

The utility of this art of *winking* having been experienced for many years past, the Inventor has some notion of applying for a patent, especially as some clumsy imitations of it appear to have lately been practised*. The advantage, he maintains, of his plan, is, that it will never be found to fail in a time of *trial*, and he hopes that if a proper set of *winkers* are put into the requisite offices, gentlemen will find, that serving the public is far more profitable than it was supposed to be; any oaths, professions, or pledges to the contrary notwithstanding.

N. B. For the inferior offices, and the lower clerks, he has invented a species of *blinking*, which may be taught in an hour, and will make up for the loss of *perquisites* and *per centages*.

Aug. 18.

* Meaning, we believe, in the STEEL business.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

[From the same.]

SIR,

I AM always laying schemes for my country's welfare; and, as it appears she never had more need of assistance than at present, having, I flatter myself, devised an excellent plan, I make no apology for offering it to your readers. I had some faint hopes, indeed, during the late several debates in the House of Commons on the affairs of Ireland, that the decisions of that august Assembly would have superseded the necessity of my scheme. When the brilliant acuteness of Sheridan, the integrity and sense of Piggott, the profound knowledge of Romilly, are contrasted with the flippancy of Canning, the quibbling sophistry of Perceval, the apostacy and nonsense of Mr. Lockhart, one would have thought the issue could not have been for a moment doubtful, and that that gallant and generous nation would have been united to us by the strictest bonds of friendship and interest. But as, unfortunately, the contrary is the case, I see only one chance left for us. Since it seems determined to exclude the friends and coadjutors of the illustrious and benevolent Charles Fox, and to act in direct opposition to their wise and conciliatory counsels, my plan is, that, through the mediation of our late magnanimous Ally, we should endeavour to prevail upon Bonaparte to send us Talleyrand and the rest of his Ministers, and accept in exchange (for that is the grand point) His Grace of Portland and his sapient junto. If this could but be accomplished*, the ad-

* In case the mediation of our magnanimous Ally should not be sufficient, I advise that Lord M ——— be, in the mean time, sent over to sneak behind the Throne; when, if he can but gain the Imperial ear, success is certain.

vantages

vantages to this country would be incalculable ; especially if Napoleon could only be persuaded to give his entire confidence to Messrs. Canning, Hawkesbury, Castlereagh, and Co. and suffer them to conduct him to London, by the same route by which they formerly marched to Paris. Then too would these vigorous and enlightened statesmen, no doubt, soon enable Great Britain to obtain what the heaven-born Minister, Mr. Pitt, so long promised ineffectually—"Indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Then might we behold Austria, Spain, Prussia, Holland, and Russia, successively the allies, successively the enemies of France. Then might we see that mighty Empire, from lording it over the greatest part of the civilized world, shut up within the ancient boundaries of her monarchy, and, in spite of the bravery and industry of her people, rapidly sinking into ruin and contempt ; till at last, perhaps, in the language of Mr. Burke, "we might cast our eyes over the map of Europe, and see a chasm that once was France."

Aug. 19.

SPECULATOR.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

I PERCEIVED by your Tuesday's paper, that Mr. G. Rose, and some of his friends, are alarmed at the provision in Mr. Whitbread's bill, which threatens to teach parish boys to read, and particularly to *write*. No alarm can be more worthy of the danger. If you teach them to write, says Mr. Rose, they will leave the plough and get into counting-houses ; and surely every man who has a plough or a counting-house, will be distressed to think that the one must be raised at the expense of the other, and that while he is carrying
on

on a great trade with merchants abroad, he is starving at home, because his clerks will no longer whistle at the plough-tail, or are dunning his customers when they should be threshing his corn.

But this is not all, Sir—Is it not to be dreaded that the art of penmanship may produce yet worse effects, and that boys who have acquired a good running-hand will leave their masters, go to sea, and become *pursers* of His Majesty's navy, and from thence make a rapid transition to the *slops* and *perquisites* of a public office? Who can tell where such forward boys may think proper to stop? Teach them a few scraps of French, and they will want to be *Foreign Secretaries*! Flog them through a dozen pages of Cocker's Arithmetic, and they will leave their regular business to be *Chancellors of the Exchequer*!—Instruct them to try rhymes and point epigrams, and they will be for going abroad as *Ambassadors*! Ah! Sir, well may we say of such calamities, as the old woman said of her son who was hanged for forgery—"All this comes of *learning to read and write*!"

But, Mr. Editor, although I am as much a friend to ignorance as the Gentlemen who took part in the late debate, I am not for promoting any farther increase in the breed of idiots. People in high stations may be as ignorant as they please, because they can *afford it*. When the celebrated Lord Chesterfield was once pleading the cause of literary men, he said they *lived* by their *wits*, and very wisely added, "Thank God, my Lords, *you and I* are *otherwise* provided for." No, Sir, there is a certain degree of knowledge necessary for even ploughboys, and all mechanics above ploughboys, and no man will employ them without it. Far different is the case with those who aspire to high stations. They have the means to conceal their incapacity, and they may prove very highly applauded Governors of nations; they may carry on war, raise

VARE,

taxes, form armies, make peace, and other such trifling articles, whom no man at the same time would trust to guide his plough, serve behind his counter, or work on his shop-board. I hope, therefore, that while there are such fine openings for men who, as Dogberry says, are "the most senseless and fit," a little knowledge will not be denied to those who have no other means of getting their bread.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
Wednesday, July 15, 1807. IGNORAMUS.

[*Aug. 7.*

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE OPPOSITION MR. WHITBREAD'S
 PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BILL EXPERIENCED IN THE HOUSE
 OF COMMONS.

[From the same.]

CRIES R—, "Teach your ploughboys to read and to
 write,

They'll pant for high food and rich gravy,
 Aim at least to be *clerks*, as a matter of right,
 Or *pursers*, perchance, in the navy.

Nor with these will the louts be contented, I ween,
 But aspire to still higher darings,
 And grasp, when impell'd by a longing so keen,
 'The state's *candles-ends* and *cheese-parings* !'

Ah ! give to his warnings their merited force,
 Nor treat them as party inventions;
 For it must be allow'd *he* has run the same course,
 By the aid of no better pretensions.
Aug. 15.

THE ROSE :—AN EPITAPH.

[From the Oracle.]

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A *Rose*, to fortune and to fame well known ;
 Fair Science beam'd not on his humble birth,
 And deep Contrivance mark'd him as her own.

Low

Low was his cunning, but his plans well laid ;
 Fate did a recompence as largely send :
 No Jobber came but he was amply paid ;
 He gain'd his object—but he got no friend.

For him no more the Forest's hearth shall burn,
 Or busy Agents with assiduous care
 Wait with impatience for his blest return,
 With open mouths, the Treasury gifts to share.

Oft did their pockets to his wishes yield,
 Their firm decisions his assurance broke ;
 How often o'er their heads the sword did wield !
 How bow'd the country under G——'s yoke !

But now with dirges dire, in sad array,
 'Through Cuffinells Churchyard lately was he borne ;
 Approach, and see the *Rose* that liv'd to-day,
 Plac'd where it should be—next its kindred Thorn.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
 They, unexampled, near their Thorn repose,
 And were he here, this truth he'd "vow to God."
Aug. 21.

TILSIT FAIR.

[From the Morning Post.]

FROM Tilsit—have you heard the news
 Of a confounded racket,
 Where the great Bear durst not refuse
 To wear the Fiddler's jacket ?

A Corsican Usurper base,
 A conqueror yet a donor,
 Diffus'd insignias of disgrace,
 And badges of dishonour.

This Conjuror play'd up such a tune,
 As set mad Europe dancing ;
 And, in the sultry month of June,
 Set many Monarchs prancing.

Thus

Thus to the Fair with speed they went,
 And all got drunk together ;
 A motley crew that ev'ning spent,
 All tied—like stirks in tether.

There crouch'd around the servile tree
 Queens, Emperors, and Kings,
 With slaves of every degree,
 Quell'd, sycophantic things.

O Europe, where is now thy blush ?
 Must nations thus depart ?
 Must all fall, like a broken rush,
 To base-born—Bonaparte ?

No—Britain's empire's on the sea,
 Begirt by rocks and waves ;
 Ships are her walls—her people free,
 And never will be—slaves.

Aug. 15.

HAM AND TURKEY.

[From the Oracle.]

NAPOLEON one day took young Jerome aside,
 And whisper'd, " As you have forsaken your bride,
 On purpose to please your Imperial Brother,
 For granting that favour, I'll do *you* another.
 Though in face like a Jew, yet I know you love *pork*,
 And as with the Prussians I've finish'd my work,
 I'll give you Westphalia, where you shall be *King*,
 Provided each year to my table you bring
 A *Ham*, fat and tender, of that country's breed,
 By way of a *tribute*—a small one, indeed."
 Low bow'd Royal Jerome, his whiskers he curl'd ;
 " Dear brother," said he, " you, who've conquer'd the
 world,
 Have a right from your slaves what you please to command
 So permit me the *honour* to *slave* your hand,
 And to say, when my tribute you sit down to eat,
 Without *Turkey* you'll find 't will be still incomplete."
 Well pleas'd at the hint—though in viands not nice—
 Boney jump'd up, and swore " *he'd try hard for a slice.*"

Aug. 24.

EPICRA

EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

Utrum horum mavis accipe.

WHILE the *French* are now making each Nation a
Brother,

Our Statesmen are busied in blaming each other :

Two Changes at present might better our lot—

If the King could but see—or the People could *not* !
TAUPE!

GEORGE AND GUSTAVUS.

[From the Morning Post.]

“ Degeneres animos timor arguit.”

WHILST Europe trembles to her utmost bound;
 And fell Oppression stalks gigantic round;
 While vassal Kings by weak disunion broke,
 Wearing at once the *sceptre* and the *yoke*,
 Crouch at the feet of a despotic Lord,
 Whose law is conquest and whose right the sword;
 Say, is there none in these degen'rate days,
 Whose daring spirit should command our praise?
 No virtuous Monarch but on Albion's shore?
 Is Honour fled, and Chivalry no more?
 Forbid it gracious Heav'n! some breast inspire
 With martial ardour and heroic fire;
 Prompt some young Prince, who follows Virtue's laws,
 To aid Britannia in a righteous cause;
 Unconquer'd realm! that still sustains the fight,
 Still pants to hurl th' Usurper from his height.
 'Tis done! Eternal Mercy heard the groan,
 And rous'd the Hero of the Swedish Throne:
 Yes! 't is Gustavus' self, who summons forth
 His brave and hardy warriors from the North:
 Firm as the rock he makes his dauntless stand,
 To guard *his* rights of Scandinavia's land;
 While, true to all the virtues of his race,
 He scorns *advantage* tarnish'd with *disgrace*.
 Ye Sov'reigns all! if ye deserve the name,
 If yet your bosoms own a kindred flame;

Fly

Fly to his banners, fight on Freedom's side !
 Haste ! haste to stem Oppression's blood-stain'd tide :
 Freedom is Glory : Slav'ry ever stains :
 Then rise, and shake off your ignoble chains :
 Let all the thunder of revenge be hurl'd,
 To crush the rude Disturber of the World.
 And thou, brave Prince, unknown to abject fear ;
 By Honour led, pursue thy bright career ;
 To thee, perhaps, the glorious task belongs,
 'T' avenge a Frederic's, injur'd Frederic's wrongs.
 But, gen'rous Monarch, if the foe prevail,
 Fame must be thine, though all thy efforts fail ;
 For in the future annals of this age,
 George and Gustavus will adorn the page ;—
 Two Sov'reigns' names who blush'd at others' crimes,
 And dar'd be virtuous in the worst of times.

F. W.

THE NEW WAR PARTY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WE have had parties in this country who have been loth to give up a national contest however unsuccessful, and although they have been fairly beat out of every argument by which it could be supported. They have at length, however, submitted to fate ; but their submission has been attended with mortifications which made them more willing to embark in a fresh contest, however hopeless.

A *new party* now appears, disposed to profit by the example of their predecessors, so far as to carry perseverance into obstinacy, and to improve upon it, by declaring that all mankind in the civilized and uncivilized world have hitherto been most egregiously mistaken, and that a state of *perpetual warfare* is the state in which alone the world should exist.

Of what numbers this party consists cannot perhaps be exactly ascertained. Sometimes they appear to be *ministers of state*—sometimes *writers of pamphlets*

at

and *posting-bills*—and sometimes *ship-brokers* and *shopkeepers*.

Where they originated is equally a doubtful question. Some think they derive their principles from the *books*, kept in the *Custom-house* and *Excise-office*. Others are of opinion they sprung up in a *coffeehouse* near the Royal Exchange; but from whatever soil they have risen, they are known by a fixed abhorrence of the blessings of peace, and a wonderful propensity to carry on war, with friend or foe, no matter which, provided they can *calculate* the profits of a battle or a siege, and have a decent share in the *outfit* of fleets and armies.

Their language is appropriate and characteristic. They are great dealers in terms of obloquy and reproach; and appear, when speaking of the enemies with whom they wish to be continually at war, to have studied at that ancient school in Thames Street, where, Addison says, the best fish is sold and the *plainest English* spoken.

The means of carrying on *temporary* wars are too well known to be specified.—In addition to these, the *new party* employ every species of insult, personal and national, every mode of irritation, and every kind of assertion, that is not particularly connected with truth or justice.

They have long been labouring to perpetuate the war with France, and have just agreed with some congenial spirits in America to create such a portion of “hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,” as may make a war in that country destructive in the outset, and interminable by common means.

Whether they intend to be incorporated, we know not. At present, however, they seem to employ a common seal—a *death's head*—a thing very terrible, although *empty*.

Sept. 4.

MORE ABOUT THE POOR *.

[From the same.]

“No wonder this nation prospers, since it is governed by idiots, whom all true Mussulmen are bound to honour.”—SMOLLETT.

IT glads me, Rose, thou *honest* soul,
 With sapient *Jenks* to hear thee howl,
 And screech with Turton, like an owl,
 Against the wight
 Who 'd teach the poor—O crime most foul!
 To read and write.

It well becomes them, hungry wretches!
 To think of *Ps* and *Qs* and *His*,
 And learn to grin at Rose's speeches,
 With letter'd gums;
 They 'd better mend their ragged breeches,
 And hide their b—ms.

Why then, perhaps, each saucy slave
 Might for a time his labour wave,
 To find how men of state behave,
 And see what passes;
 He 'd think—vile thought! e'en Rose a knave,
 Your Jenkies asses.

What loss would the revenue feel,
 When every peasant home would steal,
 Nor more to public-houses reel,
 With roaring spunk;
 And cease to mind his country's weal,
 By getting drunk!

Some rogues their greedy views might raise,
 To having slops, and means and ways,
 And snatch for catching rats the praise,
 In old St. Stephen's;
 Two of a trade, the proverb says,
 Are ne'er at evens.

* See p. 254—256.

Oh! teach them not to read a prayer,
 Lest Heaven should then become their care;
 And if the dogs should once get there,
 In time bethink ye—
 They might not leave *a place* to spare
 For Rose and Jenky.

The poor, who toil at plough or spade,
 Were beasts by nature surely made;
 Then why with morals have each head
 With letters cramm'd?
 Let them be ignorant till dead,
 And then be d——d.

Sept. 5.

DUNCE.

N GENERAL W—T—K'S TWO CORPORALS, AT BUENOS AYRES.

[From the Morning Post.]

INSTEAD of the thundering cannon's dread shock,
 To tumble the roof on the floor,
Two Corporals were sent to give a loud knock,
 And entrance enforce at the door.

Had fam'd *Uncle Toby* but read the dispatch,
 He'd have dash'd down his pipe in a crack—
 And cried—" *Corporal Trim!* to assail a door's latch
 Was a d——d little mode of attack!"

Sept. 19.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

O AN OVERBEARING GENERAL, WHO WAS ONCE A
 PRIVATE SOLDIER, AND WHO GAVE A PETULANT
 ANSWER TO A CIVIL REMONSTRANCE.

"SIR, I'm a Soldier"—angry Milo cried.
 "You *once* were one"—an Officer replied.

PORTSMOUTH.

AN

AN ANTITACTIC EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post.]

WHEN Cr——d descants on his knowledge of war,
 His tactics and skill that he glean'd from afar;
 We listen and gape, and suppose him Eugene,
 Till into a *convent* he's cautiously seen,
 And then we confess all the truth of th' expression,
 That valour and skill mean, *sometimes, discretion*;
 That *regular* soldiers are, like volunteers,
 Not *always* divested of what are call'd *fedrs*.
 Sept. 24. G.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND, ESQ.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE resignation of this celebrated character is an event of some importance in the *literary* world. Although not a very voluminous writer, few men have *illustrated* a greater variety of subjects. As a *commentator*, he exceeds the most industrious names in Dutch, German, or English lore; and it may be said, with confidence, that no man of late years has published a work without hoping to profit by some of his *notes*.

It is not therefore sufficient, or becoming, to dismiss the resignation of such a man in a single paragraph. Especial honour is due to a *name* which no human being ever contemplated without respect, and which thousands have repeated as the passport to wealth and happiness.

Of Mr. Newland's family we know but little.—His progenitor was a Mr. *Cash*, descended from the *Bullion* family. The name of Cash was changed to Newland some years ago, when the *Guinea* trade began to decline, in which the family had long dealt.

In surveying the services Mr. Newland has rendered to English literature, there is no branch in which he
3.
has

has so eminently excelled as in *political history and political discussion*. In this respect, instead of a present of plate from the Bank, we should have expected to hear that he had been dignified by the choicest honours in the gift of Government. But Governments are said to be ungrateful.

The light which his able *notes* have thrown upon many subjects of political importance is too well known to require our feeble testimony. In the first proposal, and ultimate execution, of measures which, looking merely at the propriety of them, we should have thought hopeless—in the framing of bills and acts of parliament—in sanctioning questions of war or peace, negotiations, subsidies, expeditions, and all the *et cætera* of modern legislation and official wisdom, he has been considered as the grand, though sometimes imperceptible, instrument. It seems to be universally allowed, that, without his aid, the minds of many honest representatives could never have been made up, nor their understandings enlightened in such a manner as to bring them to a vote. Indeed, the numbers whom he has taught to *see things* in a *new light*, to *comprehend* what appeared *unintelligible*, and to *support* what they could not *sanction*, nor defend by *unassisted* reason, exceeds all calculation.

Justice compels us to say thus much of the important services of Mr. Newland, because there appears in certain persons an unwillingness to allow him due praise, and because they who owe their all to him, and who know there is nothing respectable in their character but what he bestowed, affect to talk with indifference of their best benefactor. Our readers may remember, that it was but lately, that a gentleman* who knows the truth of all we have advanced, and who could have written a much better panegyric than

* Rather remarkable for his Rosy colour.—EDIT.

ourselves, had his head been as full of the subject as his heart, openly declared, nay, and vowed to God, that he "knew not of one instance in which the abilities of our author had been employed!"

Perhaps Mr. Newland's modesty may have in some degree obscured his services. What he has done, has too often been done confidentially; and this has been no inconsiderable advantage to the ungrateful, some of whom have been known to attribute that to *deliberation, conviction, argument, or conscience*, which was entirely owing to the *manuscript notes* with which our author was in the habit of illustrating certain objects of discussion.

It was an equal proof of his modesty, that, although one of the most *promising* men in the kingdom, he never aspired to any of those honours which he enabled others to acquire. He had a considerable share of what is called parliamentary interest; and on that account it is, perhaps, wonderful that he never was appointed to conduct an army or a fleet. But with such extensive influence it would yet be more wonderful if he had had the good fortune to escape censure; and the impartiality which has dictated this encomium obliges us to add, in this place, that he dabbled rather too much in elections; and that some of his *writings*, on these occasions, were little better than *libels* on the *good sense* and *honesty* of the people of this country.

One other objection seems to attach to his character; and we shall dismiss it here, rather than recur to the most unpleasant part of our duty. He was an eager promoter of *marriages* among the *upper ranks*, and this, no doubt, with the honest intention of preventing the evils and temptations of celibacy; but, to whatever cause it might be owing, we certainly never heard of any marriage in which *he alone* was consulted that did not prove unhappy.

Although the humblest man in his own person and conduct,

conduct, such was his extreme popularity, that every one was *proud* of his correspondence; a circumstance rather unfortunate than wonderful. For such was his knowledge of heraldry, that he probably created more *gentlemen* and *esquires* in a year, than the College, by its tedious process, can create in ten.

His merit, as to matters of *taste*, has sometimes been called in question, but perhaps unjustly. He has never, indeed, leaned much to *poetry*; but in music and painting he distinguished himself by his liberality. He was the first to raise the salaries of the theatrical performers far beyond what is on record in the history of the stage; and this perhaps may have brought upon him the suspicion just alluded to. Certain it is, he has sometimes contributed to make *rich* actors, when he could not make *good* ones.

In the knowledge of architecture he excelled. No man built faster; which occasioned the late Dr. Johnson to say of Mr. Newland's customers, that "their palaces rose like exhalations." One of them, it is well known, expended 40,000*l.* upon a house, from the small salary of 800*l.* a year*, and was to expend as much more if the person who furnished the *materials* had not been obliged to *stop payment*. Nor is it in single houses only that Mr. Newland's talents have been displayed. The greater part of the new buildings at Margate and Brighton have been *laid out* by his influence.

The *religion* of a man of his eminence will naturally be an object of inquiry. He is supposed to be principally attached to the established church, the dignitaries of which have ever bowed with reverence to his name. With the dissenters he has for many years had little connexion, although they do not affect

* Among the best *judges* in the *race* of life, we have understood, that this gentleman was not considered as a good TROTTER.—EDIT.

to under-rate his services in the cause of religion. It is generally thought that a Bible, with his *notes*, would be a very popular work.

But in whatever private or inferior respects this great name has been venerated, it is, after all, its influence in the *political* world that the future historian will dwell upon with the most luminous fluency. A few persons, indeed, have affected to despise and reject his services; but the MAJORITY know better. With respect to his temper, some have pretended to be insulted by the offer of his assistance in making up their minds on great questions; but this is probably owing to their own irascibility, since wiser and greater men have agreed to *pocket such affronts*.

To conclude: the unprejudiced part of mankind will not leave it to posterity to celebrate the merit by which so many have profited. Proofs so striking as those which have been lately exhibited are irresistible; and their value will not be thought the less because they have been published under the cautious and unassuming name of REPORTS.

Sept. 23.

THE CIVIC GIANTS.

[From the Times.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU may very probably be much surprised at receiving a letter from us. Though we are always occupied with the duties of our *posts*, we cannot refrain from taking some notice of an attempt made in your paper of this morning to *take us down* from our *elevated situations* in the Guildhall of the City of London, where we have remained for so many years, with the most perfect reverence of all good and industrious Citizens. We are much older than the *Lions at the Tower*, or the *two Gentlemen at Saint Dunstan's*,

Dunstan's, or the *State-coach*, or the *Man in Armour*, to the salutary terror of all unruly and wayward apprentices.

In reproachful language you have called us *monsters*, and talked contemptuously of our *Giantships*. We beg to remark, that our race is of higher antiquity than all "the *blood* of the *Howards*;" and, indeed, we may ask confidently, "can *Bourbon* or *Nassau* go higher?" If you read Holy Writ, you will recollect the sons of *Anak*, "who were *Giants*," and you will find something also about *Gog* and *Magog*. You may have read, it is true, in profane history, of a rebellion our ancestors once made against Heaven; but you must remember that this great City was, in Charles the First's reign, guilty of the same crime. You cannot think of visiting the sins of the forefathers upon their children after so many generations, and all London will bear witness how loyally and how "meekly" we have "borne" our "faculties." We have been called wooden-headed, it is true; but on that score "let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Our family has long ago been settled in this happy land, as our original patrimony in Cambridgeshire, the *Gogmagog* Hills, sufficiently evinces. Our *size*, we should think, is rather to our credit than otherwise; as the general admiration of your *Brights* and *Lamberts*, and our relations from *Patagonia*, and still more from the *Sister Kingdom* of *Ireland*, where we formerly established alliances with the *Kings* of that country, abundantly proves. Our antiquity has led people to call us *Saxon* and *Danish*, though we mount so much higher. When you talk of our being improperly in the company of the effigies of Lord Chatham, and of the pictures of *Kings*, *Queens*, and *Judges*, our antiquity is our sufficient defence, for we are no intruders.

But it is not merely on our *antiquity*, nor yet on our long-

long-acknowledged *superior rank, titles, and honours*, that we *stand* here and *maintain* our *positions*, scarcely ever, till now, disputed. We have other merits of a peculiar nature. We are the most ancient, *steady*, and *fixed* observers of the exercise of all the City's just rights and privileges, and hospitalities. We have constantly supervised all your concerns, the most important and the most minute, with *equal* attention and observation. No Common Hall has been held for time immemorial but in our presence. Courts of Hustings, and Courts of Conscience, have passed under our review. No Lord Mayor has been chosen, no Sheriff has been elected, no City Members have been returned to the Great Council of the Nation, but under *our eye*. By virtue of our exalted stations, we have been of your company in all your splendid annual or occasional festivities and hospitalities. We have witnessed all the elegance of your profusion, and shared in all the joviality of your entertainments. When Kings and Queens, and Nobles and Judges, and Ministers of State, have graced the joyous scene in your ancient Hall, there we have always been also: Foreign Princes, and the Ambassadors of Foreign Princes, have been regularly introduced to us; and have been made acquainted with our titles, distinctions, and rank: and we have done them the honours of the City, in that *quiet* and philosophic way, that becomes our age, and the peculiarity of our *characters and dispositions*. Illustrious and learned Foreigners have carried our fame back with them to the distant lands whence they came; insomuch that there is no great city or court abroad which has heard of *London*, and which has not heard of *Gog and Magog*. Thus our long experience, and our long services, plead "trumpet-tongued" in behalf of our just and *high* claims and privileges.

It is true, notwithstanding a vulgar error, that we have

have never condescended to *walk down* from our *exaltation* to take a personal part in your Courts of Justice and of Common Hall, or to mix in the crowd, or to go up with an Address, to make two in the feast, to pour out festive libations, or to join the busy throng in the mazy dance ;—but that was no part of our duty, and, we are bold to say, *was never expected from us*. Those good and worthy Citizens who know us, know that it was quite *natural* and befitting in us to preserve our constitutional *immoveability*, and not to *unlend* even for a moment. In truth, it would be entirely foreign to our character and destination *to stir from where we are*, except on some such occasion as the approaching ruin of our Hall, *or without proper attendance and assistance*.

But, Sir, these are times of strange and daring innovation. New doctrines, subversive of all the prescriptive rights of the *higher* classes, are abroad. The Citizens of London have made a noble *stand* against the inroads of modern politics and philosophy ; they will never suffer the works of their revered ancestors to be humbled *to the ground*. To dream of *lowering* our just and antiquated dignity, *or* knocking down *Guildhall*, and, with your own impious hands, abolishing the Corporation of “ the first city in the world.”

The fire of London was an awful calamity ; but her citizens survived it, and rebuilt her like a phoenix, more glorious from her ashes ; but who ever seriously attempted in all the revolutions of politics, of plagues, and of fires, to attack *us* ? How little has any living Mayor, Alderman, or Deputy, seen of the honours of his City ! How many great events have we, from an undisturbed *pre-eminence*, witnessed ! He that looks on us sees at once the pride of his forefathers, the witnesses of the growing prosperity of this immortal capital, and the partakers of its present pro-

prosperity, festivity, and glory. We are the links bind together ages and events in the history of London. Man, woman, and child, animated by true London hearts, must revere and must preserve us. We have been neglected in the too rapid increase of false modern refinements; but we still present an awful, hoary ancient, constitutional front, in testimony of what London was, and is, and we trust ever shall be.

We must be excused for any literary inaccuracies both because we are unused to correspondence, and also because we are fatigued with the important business of this day, whereon we have been engaged in the election of your present Lord Mayor.

*Guildhall, Tuesday Evening,
Sept. 29.*

GOG.
MAGOG.

GOVERNMENT OF PORTUGAL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE reports so very prevalent lately, respecting an intention of removing the *Government* of Portugal to the Brazils, have occasioned no small sensation among the friends of Governments in general, and, I need not tell you, are pretty much the same in all nations. And in truth, Sir, I am so puzzled about this matter, that it is principally with a view to procure more explicit information that I now trouble you.

Those who compose my circle of acquaintance are all staunch friends to Government. I do not mean the government of Mr. Pitt, or Mr. Fox, Lord Grenville, or the Duke of Portland, but any government, and all government which sheds its benign influences on their heads; and consequently are not a little alarmed at this new idea. They are, like myself, exceedingly perplexed at the thought of transporting a whole Government from Europe to America in ships, like any other cargo

cargo of emigrants, voluntary or involuntary; and wish farther light to be thrown on the subject, before they can class it with the other prodigiously clever things which regular governments have lately been contriving for their preservation.

What surprises me, in the first instance, is the cool flippancy with which this subject is treated by certain newspaper writers, as if putting a whole Government aboard of ship were really nothing more important than a man's removing out of a noisy into a quiet neighbourhood; or coming to town because the roads about his country-house are infested with robbers. These gentlemen seem to think the removal of a Government just as easy as for a man to send his goods up by the waggon, while he follows with his family in the stage. But *we*, Sir, who know a little of the appurtenances belonging to a Government, all its links, its wheels within wheels, and its numerous *et ceteras*, cannot so easily conceive how such a mass of furniture can be conveyed by land or sea without a great deal of damage. We are not of opinion, for example, that a set of vigorous ministers can be put up in a bale, and booked at an inn for twopence; or that a whole court can bargain for a passage with the master of a vessel, as if they were taking a voyage for their health in the hoy. To us, indeed, this notion of shipping off a Government appears to savour of the pleasant whim of one Archimedes, who said he would move this earth if he had but another to put his foot upon.

Will you, therefore, Mr. Editor, if you happen to be deep in this secret, inform us how a Government can begin its travels to so great a distance, who are to be of the party, and how to be provided for during the voyage? *Official* men will not be satisfied with the slight information hitherto given. They know too well what belongs to a Government not to be sensible that a Court is not a Government, and that a Royal

Family is not a Government. The question therefore is, whether Ministers and Secretaries of State, First Lords and Second Lords, Paymasters and Treasurers, Clerks and Deputy Clerks, Overseers, and Receivers General in particular, are likewise to be transported; and whether it is proposed to take up a quantity of tonnage sufficient to convey all salaries, pensions, reversions, perquisites, and per centages, things without which, they are of opinion, the travelling Government must starve at sea as it would at land.

In such a scheme, you must at once see, that without a regular conveyance for the various Public Offices, and all the good and wholesome things contained in them, which make men love Governments, especially those easy articles called sinecures, it would be impossible to stow any Government whatever in the hold of a ship so as to make the packages firm. And, Sir, as there are few Governments that are not in some degree composed of Church and State, how is the former to be removed? Do your flippant paragraph-writers really think that it would be a mighty easy thing to put a diocese on board, or inclose a cathedral in a deal box, and write upon it, "This side to be kept uppermost?" Do they really suppose that Deans and Chapters, Canons and Prebendaries, could be preserved amidst storms and tempests, and the rolling of the ship, merely by writing "*Glass*" upon them, as if they were a parcel of empty bottles and glasses?—We have lately heard much of the Church being in danger, but who would not tremble more than the Northampton Electors themselves, if they were to see the whole system of ecclesiastical policy entered at the Custom-house for exportation, lying on the wharfs in packages, and pawed about by the filthy hands of Wapping porters and tide-waiters?

I hope, Sir, that these few hints of what really com-
pose

pose a Government, will convince the public that they have somewhat too hastily approved the idea of transporting a whole Government. For my part, unless I receive better information respecting the above points, I must deprecate the idea of making the mother-country in her old age dependant on her children. Who knows where such a restless disposition may end, and what would be the consequence if some of our daring speculators were to remove our Government to Bengal, or Botany Bay? (South America is out of the question.) Why, Sir, in time, Europe would change characters with Asia or America, and become a parcel of colonies dependant on those who had no means of protecting them but by running away from them. Indeed, I cannot conceive that this scheme originated in Portugal. It appears to me to be the suggestion of some of those politicians who have lately extended their friendship to another helpless state by knocking their houses about their ears; and as it cannot reasonably be expected that they should take so much pains for nothing, I am told their intention is to take possession of the Brazils, and let them to the Portuguese Government at a certain annual rent.

I am, Sir, yours,

Oct. 8.

NO TRAVELLER.

OFFICIAL SITUATIONS.

[From the same,]

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG the laws lately enacted by the Wesleyan Methodists, at their last yearly conference, I find the following very singular clause:

“That no person shall be permitted to retain any *official situation* who holds opinions contrary to the total depravity of human nature.”

Now, Sir, although I am unacquainted with the official

official situations held by the Methodists, I humbly presume they are of a different kind from those held by other persons, that the public are more familiar with. With regard to this last, the above law might very safely be turned into a sort of general remark, perhaps in the following words :

“ That no person *can hold* an official situation, without acquiring opinions in favour of the total depravity of human nature.”

I do not mean to enter deeper into this mysterious doctrine. Mr. Wilberforce has written ably on the subject, and persons who have yet any religious scruples may be resolved on applying to Mr. George Rose.

I am, Sir, yours,

Oct. 10.

AN OFFICIAL CALVINIST.

TRAGEDY IN PARIS.

[From the Oracle.]

[We have been favoured with a Fragment from Paris, which we hasten to lay before our readers, as it evinces genius which we have not lately been accustomed to find there, and truth, which we feared had deserted it for ever. It is part of a Tragedy, which, from the magnitude of the action, and the rank of the Performers, has lately occasioned some commotion in a spot where eternal apathy was supposed to have taken up her residence.]

THE DEATH OF THE TRIBUNATE.

A NEW TRAGEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT PARIS, ON THE 18TH SEPT. 1807,
BY THE ORDINARY COMEDIANS OF HIS MAJESTY
THE EMPEROR AND KING.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

(No Music.)

The curtain rises, and discovers **NAPOLÉON BONA-
PARTE**; **BOULAY DE LA MEURTHE**, Counsellor of
State;

State ; FONTANES, President of the Legislative Body ;
and FABRE DE L'AUDE, President of the Tribunalate.

Bonaparte.

YES ; 't is your Emperor summons you together.
Now, friends, the hour is come, the pressing hour
To show your zeal ; haste, then, to sacrifice
To my security——

Boul. What ? Whom ? The nation ?

Font. Honour ?

Fabre. Integrity ?

Bon. The Tribunalate.

The very sound is hateful to my ears !
From the remembrances, vain though they be,
Which this curs'd name awakes, the present day
Must set me free for ever : I confess,
(What I would hide from every breast but yours,)
That I am full of terrors ; such, alas !
Is my unhappy fortune !—But you know
The eventful story of my life too well,
To think that, trembling, moody, discontent,
I long would hesitate to reassure
My dark distrustful spirit : briefly, then,
The Tribunalate must perish.

Fabre. But, dread Sire !

What unforeseen alarms, or what suspicions,
Have kindled thus your sudden indignation
Against your humble Tribunes ? Ever, ever,
Faithful interpreters of your high will,
Submissive, uncomplaining, never curious,
Far less importunate ; from their low state,
On the proud elevation you have reach'd,
They gaze without or jealousy or envy.
The right which you conferr'd we sometimes use,
But ever in the hope to please you better ;
We talk, 't is true, but we can " take suggestion,"
And hold our peace. If this appear too little,
And perfect silence be enjoin'd us all,
We cheerfully submit ; pronounce your pleasure,
And, with the word, your docile Tribunalate
Shall neither speak, nor breathe, nor vent a sigh ;
But, to the hearing organ bounding all

Its

Its faculties and powers, become, 'At once,
The happy rival of that house of mutes,
The Legislative Body !

Font. Hold, s'death, Fabre,

Is this the language of a subject ? Dare you,
Proud and presumptuous, urge, in these bold terms,
Your futile claims ? Say, are these specimens
Of that deep silence, Sir, to which the Tribunes
Would, as you vaunt, " so cheerfully submit ?"

Boul. Declare your wishes, Sire, and, howsoe'er
Th' event may prove——

Bon. Forbear, and be attentive.

I will not now recall the past, nor give you
My reasons for the blood which I have shed :
Suffice it that I did but what I thought
Necessity enjoin'd. I will not make
The rash unthinking multitude my judge,
Who hold that Monarchs are ordain'd to spare,
And that to make and keep a people happy,
Is the whole art of empire ! Victory
Succeeding victory has fix'd my power
Beyond the shock of fate, and my sole name
Bears terror with it to the heart of Russia.
By me alone, Paris, dissolv'd in glee,
Dances and laughs, her finger on her lips,
In flowery manacles, at once protector
And victim of a master whom she rais'd.
The gallant Frenchman flies to arms, fights, dies,
And, 'midst his triumphs, wonders at the yoke
To which his fate condemns him ! Emperors, Kings,
Confess my equal claims, and style me " Brother !"
Yet more, the ardent, ever-active foe,
At whose inspiring voice Europe twice rose,
And, with his Albion, leagu'd against my power,
Pitt, the implacable undaunted Pitt,
Sinks to an early grave !——

The afflicting loss
Of Denmark's navy rack'd my soul no more,
Forgot in other triumphs ; Portugal
Was now within my gripe ; the destinies
Of trembling Europe waited on my will ;

And

And Fortune, like a captive, trac'd my steps,
Chain'd to my car of glory : But one care,
One busy care, which I can neither still
Nor banish from my bosom, checks, of late,
The rapid flow of my prosperity.
A dream (can Bonaparte fear a dream ?)
Has conjur'd up, and planted in my heart
A pang that racks me with severest woe,
And, though I still avoid it, still pursues me.
'T was night, and deepest horror reigr'd around,
When, full before my sight, a Tribune rose,
Whose manly eloquence ran through the realm,
And rous'd all France to deeds of death and vengeance.
He spoke, he mov'd—I see him yet, and wav'd
A flaming poignard in his outstretch'd hand.

ON THE FEATS OF THE LATE MINISTERS.

[From the Morning Post.]

THOSE wondrous men, oh ! what did they do ?

No tongue can tell, no mortal can show !

To all so kind and civil.

Why, what did they do ?—for the truth you call,

Then—one half-year they did—nothing at all—

And 't other half-year—play'd the devil.

Oct. 15.

GENUINE COPY OF A LETTER,

PICKED UP A FEW DAYS AGO IN THE STREETS.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

To ———, Esq. Denmark Hill.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just received your letter, in which you affect
to complain very grievously of my servants, because
a few nights ago they broke open your stables, and took
away all your horses. Your complaint is surely very
unreasonable, and you must be convinced that it is so,
when

when you see how calmly I can argue the matter with you. You cannot but know that there has been for some time a desperate gang of horse-stealers and house-breakers in your neighbourhood, and I had very good information (though I don't choose to say from whom) that they meant to steal your horses on the first opportunity. I thought, therefore, that the best thing I could do was to be beforehand with them, because, had they been taken away by these fellows, you know, my good friend, they would by this time have been endeavouring to commit trespasses on my premises.—As to your ostlers, stable-boys, and postillions, having been beat about the head by some of my men, it was all owing to their own obstinacy in pretending to stop up that narrow lane that leads to your house, and particularly in not opening the stable-doors the moment my people desired them, and I am sure they desired them to do so very civilly. The same obstinacy must account for a few stacks of hay having been burnt, some of your windows broken, and a cottage or two thrown down in the hurry of bringing things away.

You complain also that we have taken away all the corn, hay, oats, and beans, all the water-troughs, and all the bridles, saddles, stirrups, &c. that we could find. But, my dear Sir, be pleased to consider for a moment; of what use were these things when you had no horses? Had we left all these materials (of which, by the way, there is no such *vast* quantity), the gang might have brought their own horses, and fed upon them, for I am told they are dreadfully in want of good fodder. So that you see, my dear Sir, all I did was out of pure self-defence and friendship for you; for had these fellows come first, depend upon it they would have done just as I have.

And let me add, that if you will be but cool, and argue the matter calmly, you cannot, I am sure, be in the
the

the least offended at the trifling liberty I have taken in removing your horses. If the leader of the gang had got them, they might have been of some consequence to him, as he has lost a great many lately. But as for yourself, there they were in your stables, eating their heads off, as the saying is, and doing nothing to pay for their keep. Besides, you know, my dear friend, that you never was a clever horseman, and your walking on foot will just do as well, while every body knows that riding is my *forte*.

With respect to what I have brought away, it is true I did not much want them, and now I have seen the poor beasts I am surprised that I should ever have been afraid of whatever hands they might have fallen into; but then, my dear friend, this shows my disinterestedness. Between ourselves, they are but very so-so cattle—some of them old and broken-winded, and some seem to have got the spavin, and some the staggers: I would not give one of my racers for a dozen such; besides, I can spare very few boys to look after them, my own stud requiring all the hands I can procure. So that, my dear friend, if you think you have lost much, you may console yourself that I have gained little.

But all this has the appearance of an unneighbourly action; but while the leader of the gang makes no scruple to do such things, I really don't see why I should not meet him in his own way. The beasts are safe with me now, and as soon as we can get the gang dispersed I promise you shall have them all back, and every saddle, bridle, and bit faithfully accounted for; that is to say, provided that you make no more work about this affair, and provided I hear no more of your intending to join the gang. Should any thing like this take place, only think of the consequences! Why, I shall never have it in my power to show you such another proof of my friendship.

My

My respects to your wife and family, who I hope were not disturbed by this little *fracas*; and I remain,

My dear Sir, yours affectionately, &c.

Little Britain, Old——.

[Oct. 22.]

NEW THIEF-CATCHING DOORS.

[From the same]

MR. EDITOR,

IN your Paper of Monday you inform us, that “A young gentleman, in Dundee, has just invented and finished a model of a door, which, when once locked, it is impossible for a *stranger* to open; and in case of a *thief* making the attempt, it is equally impossible for him to avoid being caught in the act, and detained on the spot, until a person, acquainted with the invention, comes to his relief.”

Now, Sir, there is something in this paragraph which appears a little obscure; if, indeed, that obscurity should not happen to be in my understanding; I have, therefore, determined to consult some of your more intelligent writers on the subject. I am a friend to men of genius, and I hate thieves. I hail with joy every attempt to reward the former, and detect the latter; but this new *door* I do not perfectly understand, and I suspect that some part of the inventor's account must have been accidentally omitted.

The excellence of the invention no one can doubt. Who would not applaud the discovery of a door which not only keeps all within safe, but has even the gift of apprehending a thief? But it requires some explanation. It is easy to conceive, that this door may have the power of detaining a *thief*, when it has once caught him; but in what manner is it enabled to know a *thief* from a *stranger*? a good moral man, for example, and perhaps an *enemy to Popery*. The account says
of

of this door, that when once locked, it is impossible for a *stranger* to open it; but it does not say, that a *stranger* will be caught in the attempt, whereas the moment a *thief* tries at it, "it is *impossible* for him to avoid" being not only *caught*, but *detained* on the spot, until a person acquainted with the invention comes to his relief, which, by the bye, if the family happen to be out of town, may be a considerable time.

It is this distinction, however, between the *stranger* and the *thief* which puzzles me; but if the account is to be taken literally, and this door is really possessed of the power of discriminating between these parties, I cannot deny that it is one of the most remarkable discoveries which has been made from the first invention of doors down to the establishment of Police-offices. So important, indeed, is this discovery, that it threatens a complete revolution in the whole system of house-breaking; for when these doors are once erected, the most expert house-breaker on earth can do no more than be guilty of the *intention*, and be *nabbed* at once. An immense expense must thus be saved to the public by reducing the establishments of watchmen and thief-takers, and other officers, which, somehow or other, have lately become almost sinecures. We have nothing to do but provide ourselves with these rational and discerning doors, and every man may catch his own thieves, free of bribery and *forty pounds* reward; and in the mean time *strangers* may visit at all times of the night, without any risk of being *taken in*.

It frequently happens, however, that when one branch of business decays, the persons who got their bread by it must either starve, or apply to some other occupation. In all probability, therefore, house-breaking being no longer practicable, they who have been proficient at it, must take to be highwaymen, footpads, or pickpockets. We cannot expect they will

will condescend to starve in compliment to a man of genius, who has destroyed their trade, and therefore, as before said, there may be an increase of hands in the above-mentioned employments, especially as in one of those branches, that of pickpockets, their being *notoriously known* to our police-officers, is no obstruction at all to the regular progress of trade. But I am hopeful, that if these new-invented doors answer their purpose, the ingenious contriver may extend the principle to the gentlemen of the *scamp* and the *pad*, and contrive something in our pockets, or about our bridles and saddles, which shall as effectually catch and detain the rogues, as if they attempted our doors, and likewise distinguish between the *stranger* who merely enters into civil chat on the road, and the *highwayman* who salutes us with—"B—st your eyes, your money!" Indeed, I have no doubt that the latter may be as practicable as the former; and the moment I have seen a house-breaker in the custody of one of these doors, I shall expect that the public will be furnished with an assortment of personal thief-takers, and portable bailiffs, adapted to the highway, the streets, the lobbies of the theatre, or any other places where sudden transfers of property are usually made.

In the mean time, I could wish, that some of your intelligent readers, who know more of the construction of this new door, than the Papers have yet told us, will be so good as explain the machinery by which a *thief* is known from a *stranger*. In the distant parts of the country we have no means of discerning the one from the other, and therefore no safety but in considering all *strangers*, after a certain hour in the night, as *thieves*, and firing away accordingly. But, Sir, if I am requiring too much, in requiring that this property in the new doors be *explained*, I hope that, at least, the *fact* will be ascertained by the testimony of

of the Minister and Churchwardens, the Parish Clerk, Schoolmaster, and Exciseman, or any number of such learned and competent witnesses. That done, we cannot fail to consider this as one of the most useful discoveries of modern, ay, or ancient times, and a most effectual preservative against those nefarious persons who have hitherto found it too easy to make away with our money and plate, our wives and daughters, our man-servants and maid-servants, and the cattle that is within our gates.

I am, Sir, yours,

Oct. 29.

A FRIEND TO MAN-TRAPS.

ZEALAND: A NEW GIBRALTAR.

[From the British Press.]

MR. EDITOR,

“IT being now in our power to secure the trade of the Baltic by the permanent possession of Zealand (the Danish Governor having released us from the stipulation to evacuate that Island), it may be worth considering, whether the only danger to be apprehended, that of a frozen passage over the Belt, may not be obviated, by keeping a squadron of galleys, or other vessels, in constant motion up and down the Channel dividing it from Holstein, during severe weather, to keep the passage open, which it is known may be effected by constant motion. This obvious and simple defence against a frozen passage, will, no doubt, have occurred to Ministers; but it would be a satisfaction to the public, to know that so important an advantage can so easily be obtained; and if any of your Readers can give any information, it will oblige

“MANY CONSTANT READERS.”

The above article is copied *verbatim* from a Ministerial print* of Monday morning.

* Morning Post.

Some of the most important plans of Bonaparte have been originally communicated in vague and doubtful hints of this kind; and it struck me, on reading it, that the above article was intended for a like purpose. I hope, therefore, that Government do not seriously intend to evacuate Zealand, as the accounts of yesterday, as well foreign as domestic, would lead the Public to apprehend. Upon this presumption, I have turned the subject anxiously in my mind, and beg leave to submit to you such improvements as have suggested themselves on this head. I like very much the plan of "keeping a squadron of galleys or other vessels in constant motion up and down the channel that divides Zealand from Holstein, to keep the passage open, which it is well known may be effected by constant motion." The principle is fairly laid down, that water never can freeze if kept in perpetual motion. To communicate, however, perpetual motion to the narrow seas that divide Zealand from Holstein, by galleys, or other vessels, it must be obvious that there must be a string of them, as close as a string of carriages coming from a popular play at Drury Lane, on a night of Mrs. Jordan's performance; for the motion communicated to the water by a vessel in its passage, does not extend very far; and if they did not follow each other in quick succession, I fear the operation of an intense frost, in a single night, might make a very serious impression upon the Great, as well as the Little Belt. To obviate any kind of danger then to be apprehended from any want of motion, I would recommend, that the vessels employed upon the service be Newcastle or Blythe, or indeed any other colliers, and that they should be full freighted. It might be also advisable to detain in the Baltic a great proportion of the transports, laden, from the arsenals of Copenhagen, with such naval stores as pitch, tar, hemp, timber, and other combustible materials. Thus
provided,

provided, when the frost set in, I would order all the vessels upon a circumambient cruise, and, at the same time, set their cargoes on fire; for, be assured, Mr. Editor, that heat is as great an antidote to ice as motion. Zealand, thus encircled with flames, would, on a dark night, present a most magnificent and terrific appearance; while the inhabitants remained safe and secure from French attack, in the centre, like so many salamanders, in the midst of fire. The vessels too, in their flaming course, would look like so many comets shot from the heavens, and revolving round that favourite Isle. There is another expedient which might be used, either singly, or in aid of this plan. All the boats employed upon the Northern Whale Fishery, might be instructed not to cut up the whales which they should take, for blubber, but to proceed with them entire to the Baltic. You have probably read an account of several recent experiments at Cheltenham, in which it appeared, that some dead carp, rescued from the cook and the frying-pan, having some powder, prepared by a celebrated military gentleman, put into their mouths, immediately revived, and being put in a pond, instantly skipped and plunged about, as merrily as in the merriest day of their lives. Now, Sir, I would lay these dead whales at the entrance of the Great and Little Belts, and having put some of this famous powder into their mouths, the moment they came to life, I would start them forward; and I would also have vessels with harpooners stationed at the other ends of those streights, to turn the whales, and drive them back again. The motion of these huge masses, tumbling and tossing about, would be a hundred times more violent than that of galleys and transports, and consequently a hundred times more effectual in preventing the congelation of the sea. To render the motion as furious as possible, the whales might be hunted backwards and forwards by
some

some light vessels manned with harpooners, to wound and irritate them; a practice perfectly safe; for should any one of the whales be accidentally killed by excessive fatigue or wounds, it will be easy to restore him to life with a little of the Cheltenham powder. The only objection which I see to this plan is, the difficulty of procuring the necessary supply of whales in time; but, considering the proximity of Iceland and Greenland, the great scenes of the whale fisheries, to the Baltic, I think that objection would not be decisive.

Yours,

Oct. 29.

MUNCHAUSEN.

 EPIGRAM,

ON THE DOLEFUL COMPLAINTS OF "ALL THE
TALENTS."

[From the Morning Post.]

"THE country, I think, 's in a very bad way,"
Says Grenville and Petty, and Tierney and Grey;
"It will never be better, I'll venture to say,
Till the *ins* are all *outs*, and *we've absolute sway*."
"Oh, if *that* be the case," cried a wag who was near,
"The country indeed 's in a bad way I fear;
God help us I pray, for aye and amen,
If we *never get better till you're in again!*"

Oct. 30.

ANON.

 THE RIDICULE.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY!!!

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR.

I HASTEN to send you the following early and important intelligence, which I have received express from a friend of mine at Paris; and which will, no doubt,

doubt, be read with avidity by all ranks of people in this country.

Know, then, Sir, that ever since Napoleon understood from his *immaculate* consort, that the *belles* intended to lay aside the *ridicule*, and to betake themselves to the corners of their pocket handkerchiefs for holding their cash, he has been most weightily occupied in devising a mode by which he might ennoble that *term* to the highest rank among words, thereby making it palpably evident to the whole world, that, whatever may become the object of his regard, however worthless or insignificant, can immediately be raised by him to the highest pinnacle of grandeur. The project is without delay to be submitted to the consideration of the Legislative Body, who will, as in all other cases, be previously commanded as to the manner of carrying on the mockery of a pretended free discussion. He has already, it is said, prepared the decree, that *no time may be lost* when the deliberation is finished; and copies of the same have been handed about among the first circles at Paris, that bear all the marks of authenticity. I have translated the one that my friend sent me, which I now enclose you for insertion in your Paper, remarking that I have left a few of the words as they are in the original text, as they could not be put into an English dress, without losing their force and spirit.

I am, &c.

R.

THE DECREE.

WE, Napoleon, the *bombastic* and *tyrannical*, by the Grace of God, Usurper of the Crown of France, to the exclusion of the legitimate family; who, though not daring to detach one of our ships, except by stealth, out of our harbours, have nevertheless decreed the British Islands in a state of blockade; we, who owe our good fortune to our auspicious marriage with the

cast-off mistress of Barras, who have made abject slaves of those who murdered their pious and amiable Sovereign, under the specious pretence of liberty ; we, who sacrificed the Duke d'Enghien, and numberless other persons to our insatiable ambition ; who have been of every religion, yet condemned all : we, who, under the impotent reign of our best abettors, *All the Talents*, plundered and fettered the whole of the Continent,—do decree, That from henceforth it is our Royal will and pleasure, that the term *ridicule* shall be exclusively applied as an epithet to all Princes or States, who have been, are, or may be subjected to us, either under the name of alliance or conquest, or who dare not resist our ruffian-like impositions ; thereby significantly explaining the use that every one of them has been, or may be of to us. Thus the Emperor of Austria we denominate our *ci-devant Ridicule*. Our dearly beloved friend, the King of Prussia, who has faithfully conducted to place us in our present state, *notre Ridicule Frederique*, and his subjects *nos Ridicules Prussiens*. The Confederation of the Rhine shall be known by the appellation of *notre grand Ridicule* : and our brother *Louis's* subjects shall be called *nos Ridicules Stoiques*. Hamburgh, Bremen, Lubeck, &c. shall be denominated *nos petits Ridicules* : but in consideration of our dearly beloved brother Jerome's easy acquiescence to repudiate his wife, and of his being a very counterpart of ourself ; and besides his promising to send us *liberal donations* of his Westphalian acorns, we hereby distinguish him by the more endearing epithet of *notre propre Cochon*, and his subjects *nos petits Cochons*. Farther we declare, that it was our will and pleasure to have given the epithet of *notre Ridicule Naval* to Denmark ; but those cursed English have resumed their wonted vigour since the dismission of the *Broad Bottoms*, have reached the goal before us, and deprived us of the booty in spite of

of our good ally the Crown Prince, whom we shall now call *notre Ridicule furieux*.

At our Imperial Palace of the Thuilleries, Oct. 1,
1807.

Oct. 30.

NAPOLÉON.

“ ALL THE TALENTS.”

A NEW SONG, to the TUNE of the “ *Tight Little Island*.”

[From the same.]

A SHORT time ago, as we all of us know,
Pitt was plac'd at the head of the nation;
But when he, alas! went, the folks were content
With a terrible Administration.

Oh what an Administration!
There never was such in the nation;
They turn'd out all the good,
Got in *Whig-blocks* of wood,
To show a *Whig* Administration.

The *broad-bottom'd* Lord never hinted a word
To assist the *thick-headed* taxation;
And the charming Lord P-tty, who trips with Miss Betty,
Got up to the top of the nation.

What a head to an Administration!
A dinner's his grand relaxation;
And though *meat* may be *meet*,
Yet his conduct wa'n't *meet*,
When *meeting* the Administration.

It in P-tty's head pops, as himself's fond of *hops*,
He'd tax all the beer in the nation;
But his tax soon fell dead, on the *bier* it was laid,
To be buried by Administration.

His *pig-iron* a *bore* to the nation:
This head to the Administration
May shine at a ball,
But took no steps at all
To figure in Administration.

Billy W-ndh-m turn'd coat, with the wind he chang'd note,
 Nor bluster'd in sermonication ;
 Nay, they're all chang'd, good lack, so that *Grey* turn'd to
How wick-ed an Administration ! [black,

Yet this was the Administration
 Hash'd up for the use of the nation ;
 And Abb-tt look'd pleas'd,
 While the country was teas'd
 With this terrible Administration.

There was *Sammy* the *Brewer*, he thought, to be sure,
 A title he'd get for his wrath, Sir ;
 He fermented away, with his *charges* so gay,
 But his *hog's-head* gave nothing but *froth*, Sir.
 What an error in Sam's calculations !
 What a waste of his dregs and orations !
 Like his porter, *all but*,
 No more he need strut,
 Nor *brew* for the Administration.

Then rubicund Sh-rry, so funny and merry,
 To Somerset House recreation ;
 With his balls and his routs, how he laugh'd at the *outs*,
 When he'd got *in* the Administration !
 No *Trotter* was he in the nation,
 He *gallopp'd* away on his station ;
 For the playhouse was left,
 Of its Manager 'reft,
 While he manag'd the Administration.

Cr-f-rd, Wh-l-ke, and M-rr-y, went out in a hurry,
 To get wealth and fame for the nation ;
 But some how or other, didn't do one or t' other,
 But fail'd, like their Administration.
 Hard battles they fought in their stations,
 Took convents and fortifications :
 From America beat,
 They *beat* a retreat,
 Turn'd out, like their Administration.

There was Er-sk-ne, God wot, by chance he had got
 The noble Lord Chancellor's station ;
 And there were some more, a precious half score,
 Who tool'd with the strength of the nation.

Now I have shown you this Administration,
 Without flattery or depreciation ;
 If you don't like the *sketch*,
 Send it on to *Jack Ketch*,
 And he'll *hang up* this Administration.
 Nov. 6.

ON SEEING THE NEW PEERAGES IN THE
 GAZETTE OF TUESDAY LAST.

[From the Morning Chronicle]

BOLD Robin Hood and Little John,
 As ancient legends say,
 Their neighbours' chattels seiz'd upon,
 And robb'd on the highway :
 But in those rude and distant times
 Plain honesty was taught,
 The King proclaim'd them—" Wicked Crimes,"
 And thieves were hang'd if caught.

C——t and G——r, better known,
 As modern tales repeat,
 Attack our neighbours, burn their town,
 And rob them of a fleet.
 Alas ! how chang'd are England's laws,
 Vice triumphs in our fears,
 The King proclaims it—" Honour's Cause,"
 And makes them British Peers.

Nov. 6.

E. G.

SHIP NEWS EXTRAORDINARY !

[From the same.]

ARRIVED the *Cockle Shell* (Minikin, commander),
 from Lilliput, after an extraordinary quick pas-
 sage. An ode has appeared in one of the papers de-
 voted to the interest of the *Big-Endians*, of which
 we have attempted the following translation :

When the man-mountain
 Gave an account in,
 Of his naval exploit,
 The fam'd *pull away* fight,

'T is notorious,
 What rapture,
 At a capture
 So glorious
 All Lilliput felt,
 When we spied
 The foe's pride
 So fast tied
 To the end of his belt.

Though a stranger
 Our danger
 Determin'd to share,
 He strips to his buff,
 And for Lilliput's rescue,
 Swims away to Blefuscu,
 Though the seas were so rough,
 And the distance so far.
 Then his brave pair of spectacles
 Became the receptacles
 Of the arrows so bright
 That were aim'd at his sight !
 Yet, ye Gods !
 Though such odds,
 How he tore,
 From their shore,
 Many more
 Than a score
 Of their stout men of war !

But giant Gambier,
Unparallel'd Peer ;
 Though he with less pains
 Had his *pull* at the Danes,
 Where was the merit,
 The skill, or the spirit,
 In sharing the sight,
 Not the toils, of a fight ;
 His hands in his pockets,
 And nothing to do,
 But look at the rockets,
 And laugh at the show ?

AN ADDRESS

TO BE GIVEN BEFORE THE DINNER, AND TOASTS AFTER,
ON THE ENSUING CIVIC FEAST AT GUILDHALL, NOV.
9, 1807.

[From the same.]

RAGOUTS, Fish, Soups, Wild Ducks, and Capons.
This day our festal table grace;
Port, Sherry, Hock, Champagne, and Claret,
Crown the *homogeneous* mass.
With straining throats, capacious stomachs,
Let us gorge in spite of sorrow,
Pain and head-ach, broth and gruel,
We will banish—till to-morrow.

To his *Blest Shade*, who sav'd the State,
Alike in war and finance great;
Of Statesmen which this world e'er saw
Most honest, wisest, greatest—*Pshaw!*

BY ALDERMAN C——S.

I give as a toast the three glorious C's,
Our Church, Constitution, and *King*:
Then fill up *full* bumpers to three noble V's,
Wine, Women, and Whale-fish-ing.

BY ALDERMAN B——CH.

Mars, noble Mars, is all my boast,
Turenne and *Pyeman* be my toast.

BY THE SHERIFFS.

Feeling hearts to rigid Gaolers;
Solace to the child of woe;
Freedom to all guiltless Debtors;
Justice, ever sure, but slow.

Nov. 7.

NEWS FROM NORTHUMBERLAND.

[BY EXPRESS.]

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

Nov. 7.

YOU cannot be ignorant how your cursed town and the politics thereof have ruined one of the finest young men of the North. We sent him up to you above twenty years ago, as proper a youth as you could set eyes on, very straight grown, quite 'cute in the head, and in high spirits for getting at the top of all your politicians. Ah! your place soon spoilt all this! In a few years he began to droop, and got at last quite down-hearted. He would associate with nobody but one Mr. *Secession*, a gloomy conceited fellow, that would never show his face where there was any body cleverer than himself. In conversation with this fellow, he would always be talking of some *Pitt* in the South, that had been the ruin of them both, by being too *deep* for them. *Melancholy* marked him for *her own*. We used to call him a sort of a young *Robin Grey*. To be sure he did recover a bit last January twelvemonth, but then that did not hold above a year and a quarter. About last March, something happened, what it was I do not know, but it threw him all aback again. A little before this he had been uncommonly thoughtful, and was often overheard repeating to himself

——“ The *Bill's* the thing
Wherein to catch the conscience”——

and there he would stop, and nobody could hear a syllable more. Well, as I was saying, in March it was that this matter happened, and made him worse than ever. Poor gentleman! he came down here, and went, one day in May, to our county town, to get,

get, I suppose, something for the good of his spirits, and, would you believe it? another cruel thing happened there, crueller than all before. He came back so dismal we could scarce bear to look at him. He was full of sad fancies. Sometimes he thought himself glass, and that he was *seen through*. Then he seemed to think himself a deed, or a letter, for he was always talking of his being *unscaled*. Very often he would say he was pierced through the heart, and would over and over again call out "*There's Percy for you—there's Percy for you!*" Thus he has gone on all the summer; but the worst of all was the night before last—you know what a day the *fifth of November* is here: well, that night, he actually dreamed that the *unenlightened vulgar* had made a *Guy Faux* of him, and burned him. You may be sure he could not be very well pleased to be thus *made light of* for their amusement or instruction. It is a sad thing, Sir, to see him now fancying himself a piece of charcoal, and going, as he says, to be sent to London, to be there mixed up with some other materials, and made into gunpowder for *blowing up* the *Parliament*.

Oh! Mr. Editor, these are sad doings, and all proceed from some ill beginnings in the South. I shall say no more about them for the present; only I hope there will be a law for preventing any more *fifths of November* in these parts; and I wish you to assure this unhappy gentleman, that he will not be sent up by us to Parliament *in any shape whatsoever!*

Nov. 10.

SANCHO PANÇA, JUN.

ON THE ART OF SCREAMING.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS the public have now had leisure and opportunity to recover from the shock occasioned to their finer feelings by the late accident at Sadler's Wells (which,

by the way, they have done surprisingly soon), I beg leave to trouble you with a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, in consequence of a conversation with some persons present on that celebrated night. I hope that now, when we are all calm and quiet, a little good advice will not be refused a patient hearing.

Having been for many years a frequenter of public places, and by virtue of my rank in life admitted to all the most fashionable circles, I have had sundry and excellent opportunities to study the whole theory and practice of *frights* and *fears*; and I have, therefore, no hesitation at all in pronouncing, that the late accident was occasioned—not by pickpockets—nor by fire—nor by water—but solely by *screaming*.—Your readers may exclaim Pooh! and Pish! at this opinion, but I trust they will at the same time permit me to explain myself.

I repeat it, Sir, that the whole mischief was occasioned by *screaming*, a genteel accomplishment usually brought forward in all cases where there is *no* danger, and generally as carefully suppressed where there *is*.—Now, Sir, I should have no objection whatever to *screaming*, if it were put under due regulations. I am aware that to *scream* prettily is part of the education of every young lady of fashion: but although it is taught at school along with other species of music, along with the piano-forte, the harp, the triangle, and the rest of the necessary branches of polite education, I am afraid that the theory and practice of it is very ill understood in some of our genteel seminaries, and therefore very awkwardly performed at home.

The general routine of teaching the art of *screaming* is to give Miss a few elementary lessons with a *spider*, or a *father-long-legs*, placed first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson with a pretty *squall*, the creeping intruder is placed on her bosom, although it is well known that a spider had rather see a
blue-bottle

Blue-bottle than all the bosoms of an opera-benefit. But this by the bye. As soon as the pupil is perfect in the *spider* and *father-long-legs*, she is to be taught to *scream* at a *mouse*, and here there are several gradations, for which, I believe, our governesses generally make an *extra charge*. First, there is only the *report* of a mouse, which may pass off with a few *Good Lords!* or *Oh La!'s*. Next the *noise* of a mouse is heard behind the wainscot, and this generally produces a very promising and tolerably shrill cry—and lastly, the little animal is introduced *in propria persona* running across the room, which is followed by the true musical shriek in *alt*, heard all over the house, bringing up the maids, and perhaps the footmen, to see that it don't come too near the open end of Miss's petticoats, if she happen to be so far *undrest* as to have any.

From these lessons they are taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes on the scale of *screaming* (which, like our modern pianos, has got additional keys), and they learn, at the same time (if their parents choose to go to the expense), the *sostenuto*, the *crescendo*, the *swell*, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with the usual prayers of *Oh L—d!* *Good G—d!* *Help!* *Murder!* *Fire!* &c. all which produce, I will do them the justice to say, a very fine effect in genteel company; overturning tables and chairs, spilling boiling water, bruising the lap-dog or cat, and perhaps throwing a lighted candle on the train of a muslin gown; the father swears, the mother faints, the daughters are in fits, and the company jump about; and in a few minutes it is unanimously agreed that there was nothing the matter, but they *were so frightened!*

Now, Sir, in all this system of education, genteel and useful as it is, there are some small defects. Although the pupil is not only told that *screaming* in

company, or at a public assembly, is a fine accomplishment, and mighty attractive, but is likewise taught how to *scream* from the lowest note to the top of her gamut; yet, unfortunately, she is not taught the proper occasions when to *scream*, and when to sit quiet, nor how elegant outcries should be managed so as to produce only elegant mischief, awkward mistakes, and dress-disordering disclosures of the *dear me!* and *bless me!* kind; and other little *rumplings* and *rumpusses* which have a tendency to draw people's attention, and *make one be talked of*. It is plain, that, for want of a due management of the *tonish scream*, some people have lost their lives, and others their limbs, which is not a very pleasant circumstance; and however we may speculate on such matters, there is really no affectation, and nothing graceful in dislocations or compound fractures. How horrid, Mr. Editor, to think! instead of a gay Colonel, or a dozen of Bond Street beaux, hanging over one with harts-horn, eau de luce, and burnt feathers—to have a filthy coroner, and his dozen of jurymen, pawing one about nobody knows where, to find out a verdict!

I would therefore, Sir, recommend it to those Governesses who teach frights-by the quarter, to consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the science of *screaming* to some decent regulations: for example, to teach their pupils that an *earwig* may be killed without ringing the family *tocsin*, and that a *mouse* may be caught without a *posse comitatus* of ushers, teachers, nurses, and servants, roused from their four-pair-of-stairs beds, and armed with flat candlesticks, poker, and pewter *pots*. They may also, while they preserve the privilege of *screaming* in full force, hint to their pupils, that it would be as well if violent outcries, and sentimental timidities, were confined to domestic circles, or ladies' routs at farthest. Among *friends* such things are very becoming, and, added to the equally genteel accomplishments of fits, faintings,

faintings, &c. give a grace and a *je ne sçai quoi* to the young votaries of artificial manners. But in public places, where there are always a great many of that class whom *nobody knows*, there is less room for the display of graceful timidity; and the *scream*, or even a *chorus of screams*, has too much the appearance of what passes among the vulgar, when they see a man just going to be hanged, or to leap out of a window, or fall from a scaffold, or any of those things which are performed without an attention to the laws of etiquette, the music of the voice, or the graces of attitude.

I beg, however, that, in thus endeavouring to limit the practice of *screaming*, I may not be thought to argue against that genteel cowardice and beautiful timidity, those captivating fears and interesting alarms, which have long been the privilege of well-bred persons. I would not for the world strip them of such terrors as create a pleasing variety in the display of beauty, which are so ingeniously taught at schools, and encouraged by the perusal of novels containing long galleries, blue lights, dark chambers, deep dungeons, and ghastly spectres. I argue against nothing of the kind, from a shriek to a convulsion, that can be practised with *eclat* in company, and graced by the usual accompaniments of chalked floors, and variegated lamps, displayed in festoons with infinite taste, and glimmering among evergreens. All I contend for is, that where there is *real* danger they will *sit still*, and reserve the scream, the shriek, and the higher octaves of exclamation, for the amusement of confidential parties, where the sudden shutting of a door, the falling of a screen, the approach of a ravisher, or other such elegant timidities, may be worked up into a fit, heightened by vociferation, and decorated with all the attitudes of the Grecian costume.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Nov. 10.

A QUIET SOUL.

THE

THE SHIP-STEALERS.

[From the same.]

IF Denmark's Crown Prince had but studied Crown Law,
 And his industry equall'd his feeling,
 At Bow Street he'd learn what a felony was,
 And from Ministers, what was *Ship-stealing*.

But *Ship-stealing* now is a triumph, it seems,
 And to Statesmen an high exaltation;
 And *Sheep-stealing*, too, has exalted a few,
 Though Rome call'd that triumph—"Ovation."

Nov. 13.

POLONIUS.

UNEXAMPLED FORESIGHT!

IN THE PRESENT MINISTERS FROM 1792, UNTIL THE
 ARRIVAL OF LOUIS THE XVIIITH IN OLD ENGLAND;
 WHICH, INSTEAD OF BEING CALLED *HOSPITIBUS FERA*,
 OUGHT TO BE NAMED *REFUGIUM PECCATORUM*.

[From the same.]

WHO says that Melville, Castlereagh, and Canning,
 Mulgrave, and others, are not great in planning?
 For ages past, has not Britannia tried
 To humble France, and check the Bourbon pride?
 Once Marlborough storm'd them at the gates of Lisle*,
 And England's colours floated in Belleisle;
 E'en Cromwell dar'd them to the lion's den,
 And kept their slaves in awe of freeborn men;
 Yet, spite of all, the Bourbon race prevail'd,
 And England's wealth and character assail'd;
 Tore from her side the child † her loins had borne,
 The brightest jewel that her King had worn!
 With England's ruin in each restless thought,
 No means neglected, and no wretch unbought!
 In peace or war these haughty rivals rose,
 By nature made our everlasting foes.

* The Duke of Marlborough besieged Lisle, and advanced as far as Peronne, on his way to Paris.

† America,

With

With men like these what measures could succeed,
 But such as plung'd them in the deepest need?
 Behold them kneel—all asking for support,
 And begging alms at proud St. James's Court.
 See wand'ring Louis, with heart-rending grief,
 In Yarmouth Roads soliciting relief.
 Relief he gets—no matter how or when †,
 For Britons always feel and act like men.
 Then cease to murmur at our friends in pow'r,
 Since they have done what none e'er did before:
 To lowest penury brought Capet's race,
 And rais'd a lucky soldier § in his place.

Nov. 11.

NOUS VERRONS,

EPISTLE OF MOLLY BRUSHER.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

MY name is Molly Brusher, and I am a House-
 maid in the family of His Grace the D— of
 —, and being one day lately in His Grace's library
 mending a curtain which had been accidentally torn,
 a gentleman was introduced to His Grace, whom I
 afterwards learnt was the Right Hon. Mr. George
 R—, who, after congratulating the D— on his
 looking so much better since he saw him last, began
 nearly as follows:—"My Lord D—, and please
 Your Grace, I have been thinking it was time I should
 be made a Lord of, for I have done the State as much
 service as any man; and I vow to my God in truth, I

† This alludes to Louis XVIII. (then Monsieur) having once been refused permission to land in England, though he was actually beating off the coast. It will be recollected that this unfortunate Prince would not sign the treaty of Pilnitz, or agree to the partition of his country. Mr. Burke is known to have reprobated this treaty in the strongest terms.

§ Bonaparte; i. e. by their original interference with the interior government of France, and their subsequent mismanagement of the war against her. These wise politicians began the contest, and they are left to finish it! *Nous Verrons.*

never,

never, like other people, thought of places, or pensions, or sinecures, or emoluments, for myself; but I own I have helped my friends with that liberality which a great country owes to the independence of the two Houses of Parliament. With these disinterested feelings, which I vow to my God in truth I possess, I hope Your Grace will see that I have some peculiar claims to be made a Lord of, as I have worked through life like a horse, and have never had a moment's rest since I was a p——r of a man of war."—The Duke smiled, but never lost his countenance; and he then said, "that he could not mention it to the K——, as he must frankly tell him he could not be spared from the H—— of C——, where his services were wanted now more than ever, otherwise he would be most happy to comply with his request, as far as depended on him."—"Well, well, my Lord Duke, and please Your Grace, let us compromise the matter—I will give up my own pretensions to be made a Lord of, provided Your Grace will make a Lord of my eldest son G——, who married a beautiful Lady that has claims to the title of F——m (at least in my opinion), and is himself a most amiable youth, of an elegant person and adorned mind, a sweet temper, and has a nobleness and dignity of deportment, with the most religious and virtuous character, that my dear ever to be lamented friend Will P——t used to say he was as like me as two peas. Should my son succeed, or not, in his mission to A——, I shall expect his being made Lord F——m on his return, and it must be done, or ———, or ———, or ———." His Grace bowed, but said nothing, and muttered something about thick legs, white faces, and vulgar manner, all which I did not distinctly hear; and my Lord —— coming in at the moment, Mr. R—— retired, and, I thought, looked rather cross, but he cast a roguish eye at me as he went off. I hope, Mr. Editor, I shall not be com-
mitted

mitted by this information to you; but my sweetheart is an honest lad of your party, and persuaded me to write to you, and has promised me marriage and maintenance, if I am turned away from my place.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, respectfully,

Nov. 14.

MOLLY BRUSHER.

PIDCOCK AND THE PREMIER!

[From the Oracle.]

WE have authority for saying that there is no truth in the report mentioned in the daily papers, that His Grace of Portland has lately received several presents of *Ourang-Outangs*, or *Mèn-Mountains*, or some *Strange Wild Creatures*; &c. &c. from *Botany Bay*!—It is however curious, as well as ludicrous, to observe as a fact, that *Pidcock*, the Proprietor of the Wild Beasts at Exeter Change, hearing of the arrival of some "*Monstrous Things*" at Bulstrode, and believing, according to his information, that the Duke would be apt to dispose of them rather than keep them for his private amusement, visited His Grace last week for the purpose of making such a purchase as would greatly enrich his collection. *Pidcock* was received at first with great condescension and affability by the Noble Duke, who thought him a messenger from town announcing some very important news, or some excellent *wind-fall* for the disposal of the Premier! But when he talked to him about the *monsters* which he learnt he had for sale, His Grace instantly changed his civil reception into terms of the strongest reproach. Poor *Pidcock* trembled with fear, for no visitor could be more unwelcome—not even if appearing in the shape of the *gout* or *stone*! It is shrewdly believed at Bulstrode and at Burlington House, that the extraordinary mission of *Pidcock*, to treat for the supposed *Strangers from Botany Bay*, was a *trick* of some *wag* of the late

late Ministry, and that a *Cabinet Council* will be held to take this *serious* affair into the *gravest* consideration!

With the greatest deference, however, to the profound politicians who surround His Grace, we are apprehensive that all ideas of summoning a Council on this occasion will be dropt. Should it, however, be persisted in, it is believed that a more animated debate will take place than even when the ultimate fate of *Copenhagen* was resolved on. The worthy Nobleman will be attacked by the Secretary for the Home Department, whose office it was formerly, as the Noble Duke well knows, to monopolize all the *good things* of the *Colonies*! Lord Castlereagh, on the other hand, will maintain, with equal zeal and gravity, that he, as Secretary for the War Department, which now swallows up all colonial patronage, and consequently presents, would alone be entitled to the *Wild Beasts* or *Men-Mountains*, if such strangers had actually been received from Botany Bay; and that they would be better seen at *East-Sheen* (His Lordship's country retirement) than either at *Bulstrade* or *Exeter Change*. To prevent, however, all future disputes on this very important subject, His Lordship—who *seriously* suspects that some such strangers may now be on their voyage thither—is to insist on his *right* of *search* and *capture*, provided they be found in a Botany Bay trader!

[Nov. 23.]

A HINT OF "VIGOUR,"

TO OUR "VIGOROUS" ADMINISTRATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SUCH "vigour" have our Ministers display'd,
 Such bold contempt of honour, justice, trade;
 Such spirit in each public act we see;
 Such general "vigour," matchless energy,
 That in these times of "vigour" we advise
 A measure for the Church—secure and wise.

Ten

Ten pretty youths, the sons of York are known;
 Ten daughters fair does Canterbury own.
 Let pious Perceval an Act prepare,
 And introduce a clause, with holy care,
 To intermarry, for the public good,
 This pretty progeny of Prelates' blood.

Oh, what a measure! "vigorous" and new,
 To bless our Church, and Popery subdue.
 'T will crush the "Talents," Catholics strike dumb;
 And furnish Protestants for years to come.
 England will bless our joint Archbishops' race,
 And pray for a prolific Church embrace.

Nov. 30.

E. G.

STRICTURES ON THE NEW OPERA, OF TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

[From the same.]

MR. Canning has objected to the *foreign* termination (*entre nous*) of Mr. Bellamy's song in the New Opera. He thinks that in a comic opera the vehicle of the music should be as simple and as free from *difficulties* as possible. He objects too that such *frivolous* words should have been set to so *grave* an air, an union which he alleges to be as monstrous as the "*desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne*" of Horace (the critic is better read in Horace than Boileau), or as that of Secretary of State and a punning jester in the same character.

Mr. Canning is *not* the author of the puns in the new opera; the words "List and we'll unlist you," being an obvious attempt to pun on the name of the performer (Liston), to whom they are addressed, make at best but a nominal pun, and are therefore unworthy of Mr. Canning's acknowledged excellence in this science.

Lord Castlereagh thinks the character of Jeronymo in the new opera quite overcharged—'t is so unnatural
 that

that a man in office should be so shamelessly deaf and blind to all antecedent engagements.

Lord Melville has pronounced Mrs. C. Kemble's manner of singing the plaintive ditty in the new opera, of "I have lost my place," to be a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind; the exquisite feeling with which this admired actress gave the air, had a powerful effect upon his Lordship's sensibility. He was heard to say, that he had not been so much moved by any theatrical exhibition since the *trial scene*, in the serious comedy which was got up some time since, with such splendid scenery and decorations, but which was finally withdrawn from the stage, notwithstanding its pageantry and plot, on account of its *bad moral* and flagrant violation of *poetical justice*.

We are authorized to contradict a report prevalent the whole of yesterday, in the literary circles, and to state positively, that Messrs. Pybus and Frere are not the *joint authors* of the admirable distich in the new opera, which Liston gives with such force of recitation, "While they talk, I'll walk." To which of those gentlemen this exquisite *morceau* is to be attributed, delicacy to each precludes us from determining.

Nov. 23.

IMPROMPTU

ON GRASSINI HAVING BEEN LATELY ROBBED ON THE
CONTINENT.

GRASSINI plunder'd! great her loss—
Yet what is gold and silver?—dross,
On which the miser doats;
Of cash and jewels though bereft,
The robbers still what's richer left—
They did not take her *notes*!

New Inn, Nov. 16, 1807.

W. D.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF MAIDS AND
BACHELORS; OR, MY HEART FOR YOURS:

WRITTEN BY LUNLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

LET truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd,
Mark ev'ry fear that agitates the mind,
Search those conceal'd, examine those confess'd,
And meet the greatest in an author's breast.
This night is fated to an anxious bard,
Whose diffidence solicits your regard.
Though whispering hopes first urg'd his trembling lyre,
Those hopes, alas! now one by one retire;
For apprehensions, crowding on his view,
Wake ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:
Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear:
The terrors thicken as the doom draws near.

The drama's muse should, like a painter, trace
Each mark'd expression of the human face;
Group'd with effect, the imitated show
With force should strike, with animation glow;
Till, touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,
The finish'd figures from the canvas start!
Few can excel; since few can well imprint
The living lustre and the blushing tint,
Which fairly seem, when drawn from Nature's bent,
That very Nature which they represent.
The tow'ring freedom of a bold design
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;
While lights and shades a mingling aid compose,
Softened by these, and spirited by those:
Though bright not glaring, though subdu'd not cold,
Gay without glitter, without harshness bold.
Rules still should guide, yet no restraint impart:
Art follows genius, genius governs art.
One little happiness, one careless touch
Transcends all labours, when it serves as such:
Nature, and only Nature, can inspire
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy, and the fire!
In her they live, in her their force declare,
Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!

Our

310 PROLOGUE TO ADRIAN AND ORRILA.

Our trembling artist, who, enslav'd by fear,
 This slight sketch sends for exhibition here,
 Attempts to mark (though conscious of defect)
 Contrasted passions, and combin'd effect.
 If he, too daring, want the skill to reach
 Those nobler lines which taste, which science teach,
 Fail not to recollect, ye critic band,
 That style, when mingled, asks a master's hand.
 Hard is the task with Teniers' mirth to share
 Correggio's elegance and Guido's air!
 On you he rests.—If aggravated Taste
 Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,
 His brightest tints will darken to a shade,
 Like Crayons moulder, and like Fresco fade;
 But should applause a happier sentence give,
 Fix'd by your smiles, the colouring will live!

PROLOGUE TO ADRIAN AND ORRILA.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

LONG has the Stage determin'd to impart
 Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
 Barr'd from all avenues with rigid sway,
 Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
 With elevation now, the alter'd Muse
 That praise rejects, which Virtue should refuse;
 In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,
 Unless that vividness the just can please;
 In-wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,
 Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;
 Roud of no praise, of no distinction vain,
 Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
 Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
 And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!
 Licentious follies rarely intervene,
 And truth, and sense, and honour, claim the scene!
 When love's distress shall in our story rise,
 Let sighs break forth—for those are *Nature's sighs*.
 When persecuted Worth in grief appears,
 Be proud to weep—for those are *Virtue's tears*.

But

But to our author : Each dramatic bard
 Solicits, but in vain, a long regard ;
 Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
 They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
 They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,
 Uncertain honour, fugitive applause !—
 Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compose,
 Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those ;
 For in our days, when Envy smiles to sting,
 Grief follows Joy, and praises censure bring.
 Then, wits and heroes, and the critic few,
 Here let me pass, and, Ladies, plead to you ;
 You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,
 All critics comment, and all heroes fight !
 Protection from the fair at once conveys
 Ample renown, consolidated praise ;
 For truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,
The smiles of Beauty are the wreaths of Fame !
 Urg'd still by them, by their reward impress'd,
 Each noble passion animates the breast ;
 They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
 Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind !

ABRAHAM NEWLAND ;

A DISINTERESTED PANEGYRICAL IMPROMPTU.

BY OLD NICK.

[From the British Press.]

Magnum nomen. CICERO.

FRIEND—NEWLAND hath just expir'd—O matchless
 name,

Most *sterling* writer on the rolls of fame !

POET—Just dead ?—I've seen so little from his pen,
 I vow I thought him dead the Lord knows when !

PUBLIC CABBAGE AND POTATOE COMPANY.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE Public are respectfully informed, that a number
 of high-spirited and patriotic Gentlemen have had
 a Meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved to
 form

312 NEW AND MOST BENEFICIAL SPECULATION.

form a PUBLIC COMPANY for the SALE of CABBAGES and POTATOES, the Capital to be 100,000*l.* and raised in Shares of 10*l.* each, to be paid by instalments. It is obvious the advantage the Public will reap from so high-spirited a plan; but, as many poor Green Grocers will be thrown out of their employment, it was most generously proposed, that those persons, provided they held five Shares, should have the preference of being employed in the Concern, so that they might be partakers of the loaves and fishes with the very high spirited and patriotic Gentlemen who are Promoters of this Plan, and consequently are to be the Directors.

Nov. 12.

NEW AND MOST BENEFICIAL SPECULATION. CAPITAL, THREE MILLIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE Founder of this new Joint Stock Company intended to keep the nature of the project a secret, excepting to the private meeting held at his own house. But some friends, whose judgment he greatly respects, being of opinion, that it might interfere with some of the other numerous schemes which are daily appearing, he takes this method of asserting his undoubted right of priority, by announcing, that the main object of the new Company is to be *the manufacture and sale of HAIR BROOMS.*

It is proposed, that the whole concern shall be divided into Ten Thousand Shares of 300*l.* each, of which there shall be paid down only 10*l.* per cent. at the time of subscribing, making the sum of 300,000*l.* to be laid out at the discretion of the Founder, who will afterwards declare himself. Future calls to be regulated by a Committee of Managers, consisting of twelve, whereof one half to be nominated by the said Founder,

Founder, and the rest chosen by them out of the body of Proprietors.

The Founder flatters himself, by the rapid success that has attended all the other schemes of the same nature that have been lately produced, that he has already unfolded as much of his plan as will induce a sufficient number of Subscribers to come forward. But having heard it rumoured, that some timorous persons are making haste to sell their shares in concerns of the joint stock kind from idle apprehensions, it may be advisable to enter into some farther explanations, by way of raising and supporting the spirit of national adventure.

The chief ground of apprehension and alarm, I understand, is the Act of the sixth of Geo. I. c. 18.

Now, to say the truth, it is not wonderful that persons of weak nerves should be shaken by such denunciations from the Legislature as this Act contains. But surely there must be some means of evading the force of an Act of Parliament which tends to cut up honest speculation by the roots. Nay, if there were not some certain method known in law for overturning such Acts, surely so skilful a lawyer as Mr. Brown, of Golden Lane, would hardly venture to propose his five million bank, in the very face of that enormous breast-work of law which the Bank of England has so long considered as the impregnable bulwark of her monopoly.

But even admitting that the proposed scheme is against law, it is very little the worse on that account. In the first place it may be taken for granted that all wise promoters of schemes of this kind take shares, not to keep, but to sell. Now, considering that at the present moment there are not above half as many projects afloat as in the memorable times of the South Sea, and that they are not wilder nor less plausible, there is evidently a good chance that the furor which

has taken a century to accumulate, will not abate till the shares are at a premium. This point being once gained; and the profit secured by the prudent adventurer, the courts of law or the parliament may dissolve the Company, or abate it as a nuisance at their own time, as was formerly done. But it is possible this may not happen yet for a year or more; and when the time does arrive, there will indeed be a cry, a very great cry of distress, but it will be from the poets, country gentlemen, and spinsters, who buy shares at second hand; while the original speculators from whom they bought them, are enjoying their profits in silence. Thus, though one cannot pretend to doubt that bubbles must burst now as well as a hundred years ago, when they are blown equally thin, yet a man may safely manage them who is at due pains to understand their nature.

It is on these principles that the Founder of the British Hair Broom Company presumes to call for the support of the enlightened adventurers who have set so many other machines of equal importance a-going.

The minuter branches of his plan he reserves for the General Meeting; but he has been so much struck with the ingenuity of the proposals for the new Fire-Office, to be called the Eagle, that he cannot help referring to them as the groundwork of his system. In particular, he entirely approves that original invention of forcing business, namely, by employing the capital of the said Eagle Company in buying lands, the houses to be built on which, at any future time, shall be compelled to insure themselves in that Office. Thus, as the proposals observe, it will soon be able to *command* an extensive business. This naturally suggests the propriety of an understanding with the Eagle, by which the said houses shall be compelled to buy their brooms from the British Hair Broom Company exclusively. The members of the Company will
of

of course be bound to sweep with nothing else. And in order to secure the supply of the best bristles, every Subscriber shall be enjoined to keep at least one pig of the lean long hair sort, a breed which of late years has been greatly declining in England.

Some persons of small experience doubt how so large a capital can be employed to advantage in the making and selling of brooms. To which it is sufficient to answer, that the objection applies alike to all other schemes of this kind. The South Sea Company set out with catching whales, and they have to this day the legal right to half the water on the globe; yet they have long ceased to have either boat or harpoon, and use no more water than bubbles out of their fountain in Broad Street. There are a hundred ways of laying out money; and though there be not so many of getting it back, yet, while shares sell for a profit, that is nothing to the purpose. The Founder has considerable experience in matters of this kind, and he is ready to stake his life, that seven years hence the British Hair Broom Company will be as flourishing a concern as any of its rivals. It is not intended, that it shall have much of its property in goods or in buildings; and when the general crash occurs, that Company will escape the easiest which is not incumbered with brewhouses, wine-vaults, and distilleries at its tail.

Subscriptions will be received at Cole's Coffee-house, in Air Street, until the 23d instant; when a general Meeting will be appointed.

Nov. 18

CITY SUBSCRIPTION GAZETTE COMPANY.

[From the Oracle.]

AT a numerous MEETING of GENTLEMEN, held at SWELL HALL, Honey Lane Market, on Tuesday Evening last ;

LORD SHOT, in the Chair ;

BEVAN LARK, Esq. Deputy ;

It was unanimously Resolved.—That a Company under the above title be immediately formed, and that the Capital shall consist of 1,000,000 Farthings, to be raised by Shares of Eight Shillings each, by instalments of Two-pence Weekly.—To calculate upon the innumerable advantages that will accrue from this promising concern, would be superfluous.—The subscribers will have the inestimable privilege of going on foot through all the turnpike-gates in the united kingdom, the exclusive right of reading four hundred provincial newspapers, and the uncontrolled permission, never to drink small, when they can get strong beer.

Subscriptions are received at the following respectable NIGHT-HOUSES: the Goose and Gridiron, Tobit's Dog, the Hole in the Wall, and the Finish, where a prospectus may be had gratis; as also of the Secretary, Mr. Coddle, Old 'Change, Cheapside.

Nov. 20.

PUBLIC COMPANY OF SCAVENGERS.

[From the Times.]

AT a Meeting of very respectable Citizens, held at the Old Sea South House, the great profits arising from Night-work, and cleansing the Streets of the Metropolis, were taken into consideration. It was agreed, that a Committee be appointed to carry the following resolutions into effect:—

That

That a sum, not exceeding 500,000*l.* be raised in shares of 20*s.* each, and to be the Capital of the Public Company of Scavengers.

That the Directors be chosen from among the most athletic part of the Subscribers, with a salary of 500*l.* per annum each. It was thought necessary to add that salary, and to have tall, raw-boned fellows for Directors; as they will have to perform the duty of flogging the refractory menials employed in emptying privies, and sweeping the filthy parts of the town, viz. Wapping, East Smithfield (not omitting the quarter of the Jews), Pettycoat Lane, Smock Alley, &c.

That to increase the employment of the labourers, and consequently the profits of the Subscribers, it was resolved to use none but *genuine tools*, and to do the work in a twentieth part of the time at present occupied by the common Nightmen.

That the Labourers do consist of 1000 men; and to distinguish them from the Firemen of London, it was agreed that their dress be a yellow jacket, buttoned behind, flannel breeches, black collar, tin cap, and jack-boots.

That Parliament be applied to for a Bill, to enable the Directors to employ the Bow-street Runners, to press into the service of the Company of Scavengers all uncertificated bankrupts, fellows who have stood in the pillory, men who have robbed their creditors, all the known black-legs, men of ruined characters who have no apparent means of getting an honest livelihood, and all those scoundrels who are at present seeking to rob the Public under the pretence of certain Institutions for carrying on trade; ring-droppers, resurrection-men, and fellows returned from transportation.

Subscriptions are taken in at the different Banking Houses in the Old Bailey and Cold Bath Fields; and by his Honour, the Secretary, *Jack Ketch*.

N. B. " Ces singes Directeurs des affaires commerciales (ils sont beaucoup de singeries pour amuser leur propres amis), sont l'image de ces hommes ignorans et présomptueux, qu'on élève à de grandes charges et qui deviennent souvent la risée du Public."

NEW PHYSIC COMPANY.

[From the same.]

AN individual, ever anxious to promote the welfare of society, and alleviate the afflictions of his fellow-creatures, has, by dint of perseverance, and the exertion of those abilities which a College education never fails of affording, discovered a **MEDICINE** that will entirely preclude the necessity of application to *Medical Men* for the future; and of course prove a considerable saving to those who use it.

It is calculated for all disorders, and to produce every effect in each of them; the nature of its operation being governed entirely by the will of the Patient; and may be so managed as to induce maladies, in order to accommodate those Ladies who consider sickness as a desideratum.

The Inventor, therefore, thinks it a very desirable object to form a Company for carrying this important Discovery into effect. The sum necessary to bring it to perfection must be considerable, as it will be but justice to pension all Medical Men who will be thrown out of practice by this institution. The Capital cannot, therefore, be less than 7,000,000*l.* in Shares of 20*l.* each.

The number of subscribers consequently must be great; but there is no doubt that the Company will divide an annual profit of at least 200*l.* per cent.; and as a farther inducement for persons to subscribe, the Inventor has discovered a mode (which will only be communicated

communicated to Subscribers on their taking an oath of secrecy) by which the same dose will be made to answer several times, and with various effects.

The Inventor is so convinced of the extreme importance and practicability of his plan, together with the immense profit that must accrue from it, that he has no hesitation in saying, as soon as notice shall be given of books being opened for Subscription, the Shares will all be engaged in one day.

The time of the first Meeting he cannot at present fix; for as the Subscribers, of course, will be numerous, he purposes applying for the ground on which part of Bedlam lately stood, to erect a temporary room for their accommodation; and flatters himself, for so important a national concern, the great bell at St. Paul's will be permitted to be tolled, the better to notify the hour of meeting.

DYOT-STREET, St. Giles's, Nov. 20, 1807.—

At a period when so many Establishments are forming, embracing objects of public utility, a party of Gentlemen, animated by the most ardent zeal for the welfare of society, have formed an Institution under the name of The MATCH and TINDER COMPANY. Its beneficial effects cannot fail to be obvious to every housekeeper, particularly during the winter months. How frequently does it occur, that the servant is unable to strike a light from the badness of the tinder! The consequences are, that the industrious tradesman is detained from business for want of his breakfast; and from the regularity of his domestic arrangements being destroyed, bankruptcy and all its concomitant evils too often follow! Often in the dead hour of night a sudden pain in the bowels attacks us: in vain the sparks fall on the *adulterated* tinder; no light can be produced, and the unhappy sufferer

320 PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION BLACKING COMPANY.

sufferer is left in the dark, subject to inconveniences too painful to relate.

The Capital proposed to be raised is One Million Sterling, to be divided into 500,000 Shares. Offers from Russia have already been received, of several extensive forests for match-wood; and as a fleet will speedily sail for Sicily for the importation of *genuine* brimstone, there is no doubt that the opposition arising from the beggarly tribe of Old Match-women will be terminated, and, with the addition of a severe winter, the whole of them annihilated.

For the further encouragement of Subscribers, it is proposed that half the amount of each share may be paid in old shirts, shifts, drawers, &c. to be valued by the Committee of the Tinder Department: thus showing the proud Usurper of France, that, although he may threaten to reduce us to rags, yet even from them he will find Commerce derives new and incalculable advantages. The Public are respectfully invited to meet the Committee, at their house, in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, on Monday evening next, when a Lecture on Ignition (accompanied with various novel and interesting Experiments) will be given by one of the Members; after which the Subscribers will be regaled with a hot supper, consisting of all the delicacies the neighbourhood can produce.

Times, Nov. 21.]

I. P.

PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION BLACKING COMPANY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AT a numerous MEETING of the PROMOTERS of the INSTITUTION, held at the Boot, in Leather Lane;

Sir JOHN BLACKWELL, Bart. in the Chair;

Resolved, that a fund of 100,000*l.* be immediately raised

raised by Shares of One Shilling each, and that a deposit of one tenth be paid on each Share.

The Committee reported, that they had made diligent inquiry respecting the various Blackings in repute, and that they were enabled to state, that ***** BLACKING, manufactured at *****, was now held in the highest estimation; that, although it was introduced to public notice by extraordinary puffing, yet its merit induced every one who had tried it to continue its use, and to take every opportunity of recommending it.

Resolved, that a Deputation immediately wait on Mr. *****, to treat with him for the purchase of his right to the Invention; it being the unanimous opinion of the Meeting, that if so desirable an object could be accomplished, this Company might defy all competition.

FINAL MEETING of the PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION BLACKING COMPANY, held at the Boot, in Leather Lane;

ANTHONY VARNISH, Esq. in the Chair;

Sir JOHN BLACKWELL, Knt. being indisposed.

The Chairman reported, that Mr. Timothy Lightfoot, the Treasurer, had *brushed* off with the whole Fund, and that the Deputation who had waited on Mr. *****, the Proprietor of the ***** BLACKING, at *****, could not prevail on him to dispose of his right thereto, in favour of this Company, although they had made him the most liberal offers.

Resolved, That this Meeting being fully sensible that any attempt to establish a rival Blacking, would totally fail of success, from the high estimation in which the above popular article is held; and the *mis-hap* of the Treasurer having damped the ardour of the undertaking, that this design be altogether abandoned.

Resolved, That the Characters of the Promoters of this Company ought not to be *blackened* in public esteem, as there is no *direct* proof of their having shared the spoils with the Treasurers.

Signed, by Order of the Meeting,
JACOB BRUSHWELL, Sec.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY.

[From the Times.]

THE Writer of these remarks has had frequent opportunities of observing, and has never ceased to lament, the numerous hardships and privations that the poor and labouring classes of the community, in the Metropolis, and other large towns, are, from the pressure of the times and other circumstances, some of them to be sure unavoidable, obliged to undergo: among these, and one not the least to be regretted, is the necessity they are under of laying out the scanty earnings of a laborious week at one of those retail distributors of petty articles, commonly called chandlery, some of them now become of the first necessity, such as tea, sugar, candles, bread, tobacco, snuffs, &c. &c.

The disadvantage that must attend the purchase of inferior articles at an advanced price, with the risk of short weights and false measures, has been long so obvious to the Writer, that he has been for a great length of time revolving the circumstance in his mind, and endeavouring to discover some remedy for so great an evil; and, thinking he has at last discovered it, he calls upon the philanthropy and public spirit of the country to assist him in this laudable undertaking. He feels himself more emboldened, at this time, to unfold his plan, as the present ebullition of public spirit seems only to require a proper direction to be given to it, in order to become highly advantageous

to the country; and is further encouraged by a consideration that the plan he has to offer promises at least as many advantages to the public and the subscribers, as most of those which have been lately proposed for public sanction.

It is proposed to raise a capital of five millions sterling (with a power of extending the capital, if required), in shares of one pound each, five per cent. on each share to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder by such instalments as shall be convenient to the subscribers (no person to be allowed more than ten shares), for the purpose of establishing

A GRAND NATIONAL, PHILANTHROPIC CHANDLER'S SHOP COMPANY.

The principal object the Projector has in view is, to establish a grand depot, or warehouse, in some central situation, which, by means of the Company's Agents (who are to be settled in every market-town and sea port in the kingdom), is to be kept constantly supplied with the best sort of those articles usually composing the stock-in-trade of a chandler; that is to say, tea, sugar, bread, butter, candles, tobacco, soap, snuff, pins, wafers, writing-paper, red herrings, pickled herrings, sand, brick dust, and many others too numerous to be mentioned.

That there shall be a station in the neighbourhood of every populous street, lane, court, and alley, in the metropolis, and in all the large manufacturing towns.

That the establishment at each of these stations shall consist of a clerk or book-keeper, and a shop man or woman; and, as it is imagined there will not be more than one thousand of these stations requisite, no difficulty is likely to arise in finding persons (friends and relations of the earliest subscribers will, of course, be best provided for) sufficiently qualified for the undertaking.

dertaking, nothing more being deemed necessary than a fair character, and a knowledge of book-keeping by *double entry*. The salary of the book-keeper or clerk should not exceed 200*l.* per annum ; the others in proportion.

It is recommended that the grand depot or warehouse should be a building in the most finished style of architectural grandeur, in some very public situation : if no place sufficiently magnificent can be immediately met with, no time should be lost in setting about a building of the above description ; the good effect of flattering the vanity of the subscribers, in these respects, being well known, and the prospect by these means of soon doubling the original value of the shares sufficiently clear.

There are several other matters of a minor nature, such as the source of profit, the number, duties, and salaries of Directors, Auditors, Trustees, Solicitors, Clerks, Warehousemen, Porters, &c. &c. ; but these will be more fully explained at the meeting, which it is intended to hold on the 31st of this present month (November), at the Wild Goose, in Blow Bubble Street, where the attendance of such persons as are willing to become subscribers is earnestly requested.

Nov. 19.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE long had it in my intention to draw your notice to the growing abuse of Joint Stock Companies. They are rising up every day in such abundance, with so little pretension to public countenance, and are established with such facility, that, as your Correspondent *Why-not* says, it is only necessary to insert an Advertisement in the Newspapers, to procure
a Sub-

a Subscription of a Million for any project whatsoever. I hear at this moment of no fewer than a dozen new Companies which are in the contemplation of Speculators.—There is to be,

1. *A British Fishery Company*—which, I think, would be commendable, if the great national object of exploring all our Coasts, and taking full advantage of the abundance with which we are blessed, could be effected by such a Society; but this I doubt.

2. *A genuine Milk Society.*

3. *A National Light and Heat Company*—to which the Originator might have added, *national intoxication*, for the gas will make us drunk without liquor.

4. *A British Coal Company*—by which we are assured that we are to have the *best mains* and *Pool measure*.

5. *A Grand Shields Coal Company.*

6. *A London Commission Sale Company.*—This is a sort of Pawn-broking Scheme on a great scale.

7. *The Britannic Wine Company.*

8. *The London Genuine Wine Company.*

9. *The Old English Ale Brewery*.*

10. *The British Distillery Company.*

11. *Another Fire Assurance*, the Eagle, being the *thirteenth*, under Sir William Rawlins, which is to deal under price.

12. *A Surrey Institution, for the Promotion of Literature and the Arts.*

Besides these, I have heard of a dozen others, which are *in embryo*—such as a *Butcher's Meat Company*—grass fed, and of mature age; a *Poultry Company*—where the Capons, Turkeys, &c. are to be fattened without gin, laudanum, or any other narcotic; a *sharp Vinegar Company*, to overthrow the present monopoly; a *Tobacco and Snuff Company*; a *Fresh Butter*

* There are five New Brewery Companies in all.

Company; a *Foreign Fruit Company*, to destroy the combination among the Grocers; a *Wax and Tallow Candle Company*; a *real Oil Company*; a *genuine Tea Company*, by Ladies, in which there is to be a *Board of Tasters*; a *Boot and Shoe Company*, to put an end to your *right and left* shops; a *Merchant Tailors' Company*, to employ *females* only in the trade; an *Upholder's Company*, to supply Egyptian Monsters three hundred per cent. under the fashionable price, &c. &c. &c. For, in every article of consumption, in every species of manufacture, in every line of trade, there are now projects of Joint Stock Companies going on. And you will observe, that I have not in the above list enumerated any of those that are already established; though, if I had given you a list of all the *Hopes*, the *Providents*, the *Philanthropies*, and the *Fill-pockets* of all kinds that have been lately established, I should more forcibly open the eyes of the public to the growing nuisance. It is not confined to the metropolis; for every county, every town, has now its Joint Stock scheme; every Provincial Paper is filled with their plans; every Country Banking Shop has its prospectus; and every where the *Treasurers*, the *Solicitors*, the *Secretaries*, and a Board of *Directors*, are provided at *adequate salaries*; for it is a settled point, that the Originator, to save trouble, forms his own Board. The whole *machine* is therefore prepared to *start*, and *Subscribers are ready to be taken in*.

It would require more space than, I fear, you can assign to the subject, to lay open all the mischiefs with which this new taste for great Companies is fraught. It is not enough that, one after another, they sink into a state of apathy and insignificance; that they utterly fail of producing the good they profess to have in view; that they are found to be profitable only to the knot of Undertakers; and that though they

they are unproductive to the body of Proprietors, they are baneful to the community at large; yet day after day they rise up in succession, and the dupes of last year become the dupes of the present. Of course there are exceptions to this statement, and there are objects which can only be embraced by a numerous proprietary. These objects, however, are capable of a clear definition, and must be obvious to every one. For instance,

1. All public works which require not merely a great capital, but many years to complete, during which there can be no return for the money invested, are proper objects for a Joint Stock Company: such are Bridges, Docks, Harbours, Aqueducts, Canals, Railways, Roads, &c. : and accordingly the Legislature have, with some precautions (but certainly with too much facility), erected Companies into Corporations for accomplishing such objects. We say, with too much *facility*, because they have in many cases suffered valuable tracts of country to be laid waste, or inundated, and nuisances to be established, without a rational project of solid benefit, either to the undertakers or to the public.

2. Institutions where great risk is to be run, and of long continuance, and for which there ought to be an adequate and permanent security, such as Companies for Assurance of every description, and particularly against the hazard of Fire, and Assurance on Lives, are proper objects. Nothing but a great capital, beyond the means of a few individuals, can be a proper basis of security to the public, particularly in Institutions for Life Assurance, where a risk may go on twenty, thirty, or forty years, *upon an original compact*; and thus of course to the individual it is of essential consequence that the fund should not be subject to dilapidation, nor to the changes incident to private affairs. I may, perhaps, some day trouble
 3 you,

you, Sir, with an illustration of this distinction, and of the importance of it ; to this I am strongly tempted, by observing in your Paper advertisements from *very young Societies*, holding out the boast of already making a dividend of six and seven per cent. to their Proprietors, a thing which may be very expedient to raise the price of their shares on the market, but which would not tempt me to make an assurance on my life at their office ; for penny wise pound foolish most truly applies to a Society for Life Assurance. But this by the way. To Companies of Insurance there can be no objection, provided their principles are clear, their establishment economical, and that good security shall be taken for the performance of what they undertake. But I would suffer no such Society to be incorporated, or to have exclusive privileges. This is now pretty well understood, and the day is past, I hope, when speculators can shelter themselves under a charter from the consequences of their own mismanagement.

3. Institutions for the promotion of Literature and the Arts, where no dividend is to be received, can only be established by subscription, and they may be of great national use, if they are not fettered by illiberal restraints. An institution of this kind, for *Painting and Engraving*, as was once suggested by my worthy friend, Mr. Alderman Boydell, might be rendered truly valuable, and I shall some day give you the plan. Add to these,

4. *Commercial Companies*, for exploring foreign Trade, and making settlements abroad ; Banking Companies, &c. These have, in former times, received the countenance of the Legislature ; but experience has shown, that they are frequently injurious to trade, and almost always useless.

Now, Sir, I think it will be admitted as an universal axiom, that no Joint Stock Company can be necessary,

cessary, or ought to be admitted, where the business which it proposes to transact, is within the grasp of private capital and individual management. It is among the bad signs of the times, that instead of the sober and steady pursuits of wealth by industry, men all desire thus to become *sleeping partners* in Joint Stock Companies. It is more a proof of our wealth than of our prosperity. It shows, indeed, that we have a *surplus* capital, but that we have not the means of employing it in profitable occupations. It proves either that we are very rich, or that the burdens of taxation and the expense of luxury are become so heavy, that every man hunts for the means of getting something more than five per cent. for his money without trouble, and in a way that shall enable him to *sleep in the country*, for that is now indispensable to *brokerage*, as well as to *shop-keeping*.

But, Sir, the material object is the serious and infallible ruin that this new rage for great Companies will bring on the nation. They are, as to all the consequences which they bring with them, of the same character as the *monopolies* and *exclusive privileges* which were granted, or rather sold, by the Stuarts in the latter part of their dynasty. Nay, I understand that last winter only one of these Companies did actually presume to offer a sum of money to the State to incorporate them, or, in other words, to grant them the privilege of being extravagant and indiscreet with impunity. Sir, they are all vicious, if they are to deal in articles of daily consumption; and their own arguments will demonstrate the truth. I was very earnestly solicited to become a Subscriber to several of them, and I shall in a second letter enumerate the arguments that were used to convince me of the *public utility* and *private gain* that must flow from them.

A PLAIN DEALER.

GRAND

GRAND JUNCTION COMPANY OF ALL THE COMPANIES.

[From the same.]

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I coincide in a great measure with the opinion of your intelligent correspondent *A Plain Dealer*, in his letters on *Joint Stock Companies*, yet I hope he will agree with me, that truth is not at all times to be spoken; and I could have wished he had not endeavoured to interrupt the golden prospects held out to the people of this country, at a time when they are likely to be excluded from all concern with the rest of the world.

Of such projects so timely proposed, I am afraid your *Plain Dealer* will prevent the execution of many. Besides those he has already enumerated, I know of others that are in contemplation, and which want only the presence of some Alderman as a *Chairman*, and some Banker who will hazard his character by receiving subscriptions. There is nothing more wanted at present than a "commodity of good names."

Your Correspondent, however, is alarmed chiefly at the *number* of the Joint Stock Companies, as an *awful* visitation upon the public. To obviate this danger I would propose, with due submission to your Correspondent, that the whole of the new Companies unite in one *Grand Junction Company*, with some very superlative and super extra name. It is impossible to say what the union of so many projectors may produce. They may, indeed, bid defiance to the *laws* of the whole world. Their different geniusses would mix, amalgamate, and dovetail, into one another with a surprising effect. Indeed, there seems already a natural connexion between many of them, which wants only to be confirmed in a general meeting of the whole. The *Wine* Company, as has been observed, may be
of

of great service to the *Vinegar* Company, and the National *Cyder* Company may assist both; nor is the connexion between the *spirit*-makers less obvious with the *wine*-makers; as the latter may borrow all their *strength* from the former, while their *taste* and flavour will be produced by the usual *sloe* process. A profitable branch of the *Copper* and *Lead Mines* Company might be joined likewise, for the purpose of furnishing the bright ruby *transparency*; while the Imperial *Glass Company* might *blow crusts* on the bottles, that infallible proof of *age*.

The expediency of such a *grand junction of companies* is particularly necessary at the present crisis, and will serve to answer the scrupulous objections of some persons who have been required to subscribe to the *Genuine Wine* and *Genuine Spirit* Companies. These persons, very sillily no doubt, have actually been asking where *Genuine* wine is to come from, now we have lost Portugal, and how we are to get at *Brandy*, without the consent of the French? Such an union of powers, however, as I propose, would soon obviate all these difficulties, as might be duly sworn before the Lord Mayor, once a month, or oftener. By the bye, I understand that some of the new Companies have been looking out for a set of stout swearers, and have applied at Westminster Hall, the Old Bailey, and the Long Room at the Custom-house, for information on the subject. They have very properly rejected the offers of some *qui tams* to swear for *once and away*—they must have persons who will swear *by the year*, and find their own blushes.

As to a name for this society, there seems some difficulty; *Eagles* and *Peacocks*, *Swans* and *Geese*, are exhausted; the *Humming Bird* is a good name, but does not imply magnitude. The *Shark* Office has been proposed, and sounds well; but perhaps something more comprehensive and sonorous might be adopted

adopted with more propriety—such as the *Grand National HUMBUG Confederacy*. I like the word *confederacy*, and it has lately been very popular: every body knows that it means an apparent *union* of persons who cannot *agree*, to promote a scheme which they do not understand, and by which their own pockets may be picked without their knowing it!!!

I am, Sir,

A LOOKER-ON.

* * This is the most plausible scheme of all that we have seen. I requires only that the public should read a list of the societies that have been actually established or projected, to see what a profitable scheme it must be, if they would all coalesce. In the following list there is not one that is not now positively on foot.

1. The London Genuine Malt Distillery and Rectifying Company, at Vauxhall—Capital 140,000*l.*—Shares of 50*l.* each.

2. The Public Distillery for making and rectifying Genuine British Compounds—Capital 200,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.* each.

3. Another Rectifying Distillery, on a smaller scale.

4. Another making and Rectifying Distillery, on a large scale—Capital 300,000*l.*

5. London Genuine Wine Company—Capital 500,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.* each.

6. Britannic Wine Company—Capital 250,000*l.* to 500,000*l.*—Shares 100*l.* each.

7. Genuine Wine Company—Capital 50,000*l.*

8. London Subscription Wine Company—Capital 100,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.* each.

9. Genuine Wine and Foreign Spirit Company.

10. Golden Lane Brewery, Brown and Parry's—Capital 300,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.* each.

11. The Old English Ale Brewery—Capital 75,000*l.*

12. Maiden Lane Brewery.

Weston Street Brewery.

Public Brewery, Deptford—Prospectus at the
Mark Lane.

British Ale Brewery, Lambeth—Mainwaring's.

United Public Brewery, Bankside.—Shares
os. each.

The London and British Vinegar Company—
al 100,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.* each.

Vinegar Manufactory Company — Capital
0*l.*—Shares 25*l.* each.

British Commission Company — Capital
0,000*l.*—Shares 100*l.*

National Light and Heat Company, by Mr.
or—Capital —Shares 50*l.* each.

National Deposit, Interest, and Credit Bank—
al 3,000,000*l.*—(By the same Gentlemen)—in
Shares.

The London Bank, Brown and Parry—Capital
0,000*l.*—Shares 100*l.*

Linen Company, for Commission Sales—Ca-
500,000*l.*—Shares 100*l.* each.

London Clothing Company—Capital 100,000*l.*
ares 25*l.* each.

British Coal Company—Capital 300,000*l.*—
es 50*l.* each.

Newcastle and Sunderland Coal Company—
tal 100,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.*

Shields Coal Company.

New Medical Laboratory, for the preparation
sale of Genuine Medicines—Capital 50,000*l.*—
es 50*l.*

United Public Dairy, for the sale of Milk.

Corn, Flour, and Provision Company, upon
y large scale, with the object of supplying Go-
ment, &c.

London Commission Sale Company—Capital
0,000*l.*—Shares 50*l.*

334 MORE ABOUT JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

32. Albion London Information Office.
33. Rainbow Fire and Life Office, Commercial Road.
34. Paper Company, by — Dodd, Esq. Change Alley.
35. British Copper Company.
36. New Copper Company, John Jones, Lambeth.
37. Eagle Fire and Life Company.
38. Hope Fire and Life Company.
39. United Woollen Company.

Nov. 20.

MORE ABOUT JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

[From the same.]

“ The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them.”

MR. EDITOR,

I READ with much pleasure the other day, the Letter of *A Plain Dealer* in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the subject of Joint Stock Companies, and shall be happy if you will permit me to co-operate with him in enlightening the public upon a species of commercial nuisance, which is multiplying every week, to the discouragement of industry, and the ultimate ruin of the unwary. I perfectly concur in opinion with your intelligent Correspondent, that Joint Stock Companies are not only unnecessary, but prejudicial, in all undertakings to which the capital or credit of an individual is commensurate. They are seldom well managed. The Directors having a distinct and separate interest from the Proprietors, the affairs of the Company are generally administered, either with negligence or extravagance; sometimes with a mixture of both. In cases where by Legislative Charter they have obtained monopolies of particular branches of trade, as in the case of the East India Company, the public

public have paid an exorbitant price for every article of demand, while the Company, instead of being enriched by its apparently enormous profits, languishes under a prodigal and slothful administration.

But nothing in the way of argument can so forcibly illustrate the danger of encouraging such speculations as the following account, which I find in Anderson's History of Commerce, of the projects in 1720, of which the South Sea Scheme, though not perhaps the most absurd in principle, was certainly the most ruinous in effect.

I shall transcribe the passage, which in itself is most curious, and is besides very applicable to the projects now in contemplation, as enumerated by your correspondent:—"Not a week," says this writer, "passed without fresh projects, recommended by pompous advertisements in all the newspapers, directing where to subscribe to them. On some six-pence per cent. was paid down, on others one shilling per cent. and others came so low as one shilling per thousand, at the time of subscribing. Some of the obscure keepers of those books of subscription, contenting themselves with what they had got in the forenoon, by the subscription of one or two millions, were not to be found in the afternoon of the same day, the room they had hired for a day being shut up, and they and their subscription-books never heard of more. On others of those projects 2s. and 2s. 6d. per cent. were deposited; being such as had some one or more persons of known credit to midwife them into the Alley. Some were divided into shares, instead of hundreds and thousands, upon each of which so much was paid down, and both for them and the other kinds there were printed receipts, signed by persons utterly unknown. Persons of quality of both sexes were deeply engaged in many of them, avarice prevailing at this time over all considerations,

ations, either of equity or dignity ; the gentlemen coming to taverns or coffee houses to meet their brokers, and the ladies to the shops of milliners and haberdashers for the same ends. Any impudent impostor, while the delusion was at its greatest height, needed only to hire a room near the Alley for a few hours, and open a subscription-book for somewhat relative to commerce, manufacture, plantation, or some supposed invention, either newly hatched out of his own brain, or else stolen from the many abortive projects of former times, having first advertised it in the newspapers of the preceding day ; and he might in a few hours find subscribers for one or two millions, or more, of imaginary stock. Yet many of these subscribers were far from believing the projects feasible ; it was enough for their purpose, that there would be very soon a premium on the receipts for those subscriptions, when they generally got rid of them in the crowded Alley, to others more credulous than themselves. And in all events the projector was sure of the deposit-money. So great was the confusion in the crowd in Exchange Alley, that the same project or bubble (for this was the name they went by) has been known to be sold at the same instant of time, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than at the other end. Among these bubbles there were some so barefaced and palpably gross, as not to have the shadow of any thing like feasibility. The infatuation was at length so strong, that one project was advertised in the newspapers thus : — ‘ For subscribing two millions to a certain promising or profitable design, which will hereafter be promulgated.’

I must just observe here in passing, that I read an advertisement of a similar nature in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 23d of October, where a Company, calling itself the *Britannic Wine Company*, proposes

poses to raise from 250,000*l.* to 500,000*l.* by subscription, promising that a Prospectus of a Company, under the above firm, will soon be laid before the public.

“ These instances,” says Mr. Anderson, “ out of hundreds more which might be produced, are sufficient to display the frenzy of the time. Yet all men were not infatuated, and one advertisement in a weekly paper, well enough burlesqued the madness in the following strain: *At a certain (sham) place, on Tuesday next, books will be opened for a subscription of two millions for the invention of melting down saw-dust and chips, and casting them into clean deal boards, without cracks or knots!*”

In fact, the author whom we have just quoted, enumerates considerably more than two hundred of the *stocks*, subscriptions or projects, and *bubbles* of the time, some of which are little less ridiculous than that now mentioned. Among them I find a fishery for the fishing up the wrecks of ships on the coast of Ireland—Companies for bleaching and whitening coarse sugar without fire—for curing the venereal disease—for importing jack-asses from Spain—for fattening hogs—for a more inoffensive method of emptying or cleansing necessary-houses—and many other equally absurd. As soon as the fatal writs of *scire facias* were issued, they operated like Ithuriel’s spear, reducing all these grand and fanciful schemes to their proper size and value; but not till thousands had been ruined by the temporary delusion. With these professions against Joint Stock Companies, you will not be surprised if I avow my intention of taking my wine, beer, milk, and coals, from the individuals who have hitherto supplied me with those articles quite to my satisfaction, at the risk even of being denominated by our modern speculators, what I have no scruple in subscribing myself,

AN OLD-FASHIONED FELLOW.

SECOND LETTER OF THE PLAIN DEALER, ON JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

SINCE my last letter a number of new projects have been announced to the public, and some of them of great magnitude.

1. *A London Bank*, with a capital of five millions, by Mr. Brown, the Gentleman who was the originator of the *Golden Lane Brewery*, the *Hope Assurance*, &c.; and who has, like the Abbé Sieyès, his *pigeon-holes* filled with new schemes, to be brought out one after another.

2. *A National Deposit, Interest, and Credit Company*, with a capital of three millions. This is on the same plan as the London Sale Commission—that is, a plan by which, instead of a single broker, a *confederacy of Directors* would get into the *secret* of manufacturers and traders in *distress*, from which, however, they would solemnly declare that they would not individually profit!

3. *A London Vinegar Company*, at which we only hinted before, is now advertised. It has been waggishly asked, what use there is for a *Vinegar Company*, when there are two or three British and London *Wine Companies* on foot?

4. *A London Corn, Flour, and Provision Company*. This, we suppose, is taken up in consequence of the great public benefit, as well as private advantage, that has been derived from the *London Flour Company*, already in existence! The projectors mean to apply to Parliament for a charter to *bake their own bread in the country*, without the rules of the assize, and sell it in the streets in waggons. By this expedient the price might undoubtedly be reduced, because, like the American flour, with which we have been nearly poisoned for this twelvemonth past, it might be compounded
of

of any trash they please, and the poor be cheated with impunity.

5. *A London Clothing Company*, by which "*the Tailors are to be done over!*"

6. *An Albion Information Office*, by which people may be informed, at a certain expense, of what they may learn for nothing at any open shop in the street.

To these may be added, a Covent Garden Cabbage and Cauliflower Company, a British Potatoe Company, an Imperial Hair-broom Company, a Silk and Worsted Stocking Society, and a genuine London Blacking Company, &c. &c. &c.

Now, Sir, I promised to send you an account of the arguments which the authors of these institutions make use of, to gain subscribers. They are all for the public good—all to reduce the price of the commodity—all to give you that *genuine* which is now *adulterated*—all to destroy monopoly, combination, forestalling, regrating, and other monstrous mischiefs, to which the poor deluded people of London are now subject; and all of them, at the same time, hold out to the adventurers, dividends of from 10 to 50 per cent. for their money; nay, one of them promises 300 per cent.

Let us begin with the *Breweries*. No fewer than *five* companies have been established, to rescue the public from *bad beer at an increased price*. This was a most tempting proposal. There was, after the series of unfavourable harvests, which we suffered at the beginning of the new century, an universal complaint against the beer. It was not merely lowered in quality, but composed of substitutes for hops and malt, which were thought to be pernicious; and to add to the evil, it was said to be the practice of all the great brewers, both in town and country, to buy up the leases of ale-houses, so as to deprive the publican of the freedom of going to the best brewery for his liquor. If this statement be true, it was a crying evil;

but it *was*, and *is*, capable of an easy remedy. It depends entirely on the Magistrates; for if, instead of the reluctance which they now feel at the licensing of new houses, they would make it a rule, whenever a public tap was known to be the property of a brewer, and that bad beer was the consequence, to license a *free* house, in the immediate neighbourhood; the competition would be renewed, and the people would be served with a wholesome, palatable, and strengthening beverage. We know that the worthy Chief Magistrate of a city in the county of Kent has announced this to be his determination, and the inhabitants have already reason to be grateful to him for his device.

But instead of this, what was the plan of reform adopted successfully by Mr. Brown?—A *Joint Stock Company of Publicans!* The consequence of which is, that all those Publicans are now more *deeply* and *irrevocably* tied down to a particular brewery, than they were before to a brewer. And they cannot help themselves; they must take their beer from their own brewery, however wretched the trash may be; for *every one of the subscribers is liable to the last shilling for the whole transactions of the Company*, and of this responsibility they cannot get quit even by the sale of their shares. The common law of the land has wisely provided, that *all* and *each* of the partners in a trade shall be answerable for the whole debts of the concern, to the last shilling of his property, and in his person if he has not property. All the subterfuges and expedients that have been resorted to by plausible Solicitors, of introducing clauses into the deeds of settlement, by which, forsooth, the partners are not to be answerable beyond the amount of their respective subscriptions, are laughed at by real Lawyers, and would be scouted by a protecting Judge. This indeed was demonstrated in a recent instance. A respectable trader suffered a verdict in the Court of King's Bench, for

for 3000*l.*, because he had held a few shares in that precious concern, the *manufacturing of paper from straw*.—And I am confident, that every holder of shares in a brewery, a distillery, an insurance-office, a theatre, or any other concern *which is not incorporated*, is answerable for the whole engagements of the concern; and that his heirs, administrators, and assigns, will also be liable to the last penny of their fortunes. What an argument is this, Mr. Editor, for reflection before you enter into these speculations, and for prudence and economy in their management after you are engaged! I shall exemplify this observation by and by, in the practice of some of the existing societies.

But to return to the arguments in their favour. I was strongly solicited to become a Member of the new Distillery Institution, “because it must be so very profitable!”—“A Distillery,” said the Agent, “requires an immense capital. When two, three, or four individuals embark their whole fortunes in such a concern, they must go on in a *jog-trot*. They must buy malt and sell spirit regularly. They cannot wait for favourable markets; they must live by their trade; they cannot speculate; and they are for ever at the mercy of the Rectifiers. Not so a Joint Stock Company, into which persons put only their *spare* cash. A thousand Partners at 100*l.* or 200*l.* each, can wait for times and opportunities: their dividend may be increased by taking advantage of seasons, and it is of little consequence whether it comes to them this year, or the next. Every one of them has another trade, or business, or fund, upon which his living depends—this is only a comfortable *addition*. We shall be our own *rectifiers* and *consumers*, as well as *distillers*,” says he; “for all the free publicans will become partners, and the profits must therefore be immense!”

Here you see, Mr. Editor, in this Company also

they propose to involve and tie down the consumers to the shop ; and this is the way in which the public is to be protected. I have lived long enough to be convinced that the public can only be truly served with all commodities, both of necessity and of luxury, by that distribution of industry, wealth, and poverty, of which society is composed. It is by the conjoint influence of the *poor man*, the *middle man*, and the *rich man*, that we are indebted for the regular supply of our markets, and by which every thing finds its level ; by which seasons are to a certain degree equalized ; the wants of one district are recruited from the surplus of another ; contrary winds, frosts, inundations, droughts, rains, and scarcity, are provided against ; and this great metropolis is put into a situation of security, as happily tempered and as equal as the flowing of the river with which it is blest. The *poor man* brings his produce to market as soon as it is raised. The *middle man* takes up and reserves, in hopes of gain, what the retail dealer does not want for the day ; and the rich grower brings his crops to market, and *checks* the *middle man* when the price is up to his expectation. This is the course of practice ; and all this is harmonized and kept in order by the merchant, who, judging of the probable wants of any town or country, or of any season, imports from or sends abroad the article which is in request, or he keeps it in store for the time of necessity ; and thus the rich grower himself is kept in awe, and the public have the best protection which they can enjoy. No doubt this admirable order may be occasionally disturbed. Speculation may be extravagant, as has been of late most seriously felt by the ruinous importation of flour, upon which there has been to the individuals a loss of half a million of money, and, what is of more consequence, a fatal check given to the agriculture of our own country ; but these disorders

ders are in their nature temporary, and the supply of the markets, when left to itself, like water, finds its level.

Can it be endured then that companies shall be established completely to disorganize this well-regulated machine? Is it to be believed that the markets can be served better, or so well, by a company under the care of a board of directors, unacquainted with the nature of the business they are appointed to conduct—the wants of the public—the times to lay in—the sources of supply—the management of the article while in their custody—and all the other requisites which are only to be acquired by the industrious, careful, and knowing individual who was bred to the business, and who pursues it for the maintenance of his family? The idea is absurd. It is an impudent fallacy wherever it is attempted. And you must look for the secret of all these schemes in some dark designing project of self-interest lurking at the heart of the projector, and which he recommends to a horde of his friends by the proposal of letting them in to a part of the spoil.

The constant and uniform application to a broker, a merchant, a banker, or other monied man, is, “Put down your name for ten or twenty shares, and you shall be a Director.” Here is the bait. Let what will come of the Society, the Directors must be paid. “The labourer is worthy of his hire.” The practice is universally established. Public meetings are very liberal, and a single resolution *settles the job*. I am sure that it is the *facility* with which the subscribers to several new companies have been drawn in to propose grants of remuneration, that is the source of this inundation of new projects that has burst upon us, and that threatens to bear down all sober, honest, and humble industry. I do not wish, Sir, to be particular, and I will not descend to personality. But I solemnly call on all the unwary, unsuspecting mem-

bers of Joint Stock Companies, particularly on Assurance Companies, to investigate their affairs; and see whether their Directors and Auditors are not mistaking *deposits* for *profits*, and taking the average demand of the first years of their establishment, when, to use a very homely, but a significant expression, "it is all holiday at Peckham," as a test and criterion of their progressive expenditure. Sir, nothing can be so fallacious; and the time will come when the responsible part of such companies will be made to pay dearly for the extravagance in which they acquiesced.

Figure to yourself what must be the situation of the father of a family, who, after having paid to an Assurance Company a premium on his life for twenty or thirty years, with the solacing idea of leaving 4 or 5000*l.* at his death to be some recompense to his family for his loss, shall find in his declining years, after the payment of all his money, that, as claims were not made on the company in the first years of their establishment, they had foolishly taken their *receipts* for *profits*, and had squandered money on superb houses, extravagant commission to induce solicitors to betray their clients, and an overpaid Board of Directors! Such a man must be miserable, if it were not that he has the consolation of knowing that the law will protect his family; and that if there is any one man of substance in the society, whether his name appears to the policy or not, his claim must be recovered even if the Company be insolvent—the *Ayr Bank* to wit.

I myself belong to an Insurance Company, established for some years on a solid footing. It is truly respectable, as much from the quantity of business it transacts, as from the prudence with which it is done. I mean the British Fire Insurance Company. Sir, the Directors of that Company did, of their own accord, unsolicited by us, propose to reduce the salaries that we had granted them—and by that means

means they were enabled safely and honourably to add one per cent. to the annual dividend of the Proprietors. A noble act, and worthy of imitation ! I hope it will be followed universally ; and if not, I would recommend to the body of Proprietors at large of all the existing societies to call meetings, which they are all empowered to do, and reduce the salaries to something that is adequate to the labour of the Board and to the means of the Society. I am not for imposing a duty on any man without a reward—nay, I think that business will not be attended to either for the nation or for a society gratuitously. I am well aware of the temper of the times in which we live—but I would *pay those only who work*—I would pay by the day and not by the piece—I would, in short, take those old-fashioned societies for my model, where those only receive their reward who perform their duty.

Sir, you have published some of the provisions in the Act of the 6th George I. They go to the suppression of all such Companies as shall make their shares *transferable*. This is perfectly understood, and no reputable Society has ventured to evade the law. There is nothing in the shape of a *transferable* debenture, action, share, certificate, receipt, or other voucher, of property issued. But there is no positive law against a numerous proprietary for dealing in any article, except cash, bills, &c. as bankers ; and except ship insurance, and issuing transferable securities, &c. Proprietary Companies may be established, and in some cases they are proper ; the Subscribers, however, are all joint partners, and they can only dissolve partnership (or, in other words, go out) by mutual consent : in such cases, though a new partner is admitted, the responsibility for all the acts, during his time, follows the retired partner and his posterity to the end of the engagements they may have incurred :

this is the common law of the land, thank our forefathers.

A PLAIN DEALER.

P. S. I shall probably request your indulgence for a third letter to illustrate the positions at which I have only glanced.

PUBLIC COMPANIES.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE immense advantages this metropolis is likely to receive from the public spirit which now animates a great and respectable portion of the community cannot fail to be highly gratifying to every friend of his country. Each day produces new establishments for the health and benefit of society; and as there is little doubt of their embracing every possible description of trade, we may now enjoy the hope that the whole class of retail tradesmen will be rendered useless, by the more splendid establishments of public commercial companies, and the odium of being "a nation of shopkeepers" for ever removed.—The houses in Cheapside and Bond Street will then present an appearance similar to the untenanted buildings in Pickett and Skinner Streets; and the vulgar bustle that formerly existed in the City be as much unknown as in the most retired quarters of Mary-le-bone. The proscribed list of Brewers, Wine-merchants, Commission Warehouses, Rectifiers, Tailors, Pawnbrokers, Stationers, Auctioneers, Milk-sellers, Lamp-lighters, &c. reduced to their original insignificance, will no longer boast their humble one-horse chaise, or country lodging—from the superb mansions of the newly-created Directors and Treasurers the gorgeous equipage will alone be seen to drive. No longer will the taverns resound with the festive hilarity of common shopkeepers:

keepers: in the corner of a dirty tap-room they may be suffered to meditate on their former comforts over a pint of *Golden Lane* beer, by a *gas light*, while the Committees, to whose pious labours the country is so much indebted, are quaffing unadulterated wine of their own importation!

To the various Insurance Companies what prodigious obligations do we owe! The ravages of a fire are no longer contemplated with dismay: from the poet in the garret to the shoemaker in his stall, all are insured; while the housekeeper, who formerly viewed with horror the approach of this destructive element, may calmly light his pipe by the flame, or roast his potatoes *gratis* upon the glowing embers! Protected as we thus are from fire, why should we, in this age of improvement, suffer any inconvenience from water? On the summit of St. Paul's let an immense umbrella be placed, and when the clouds denote a shower, the whole metropolis may be covered by its protecting shade. In the summer it may be used as a parasol; and, thus secured from parching heat or drenching rain, we may pursue our avocations uninjured by either. That the public may fully appreciate the blessings in store for them, and the Legislature confirm the legality of these various institutions, is the sincere wish of

I. P. CANDIDATE FOR A DIRECTORSHIP.

Nov. 25, 1807.

[Nov. 28.

MEDIOCRITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MEDIOCRITY is the order of the day—We have Statesmen that are parsimonious and extravagant, knowing and ignorant, affable and reserved—they would be thought both, and, if it suits their turn, can be neither.

We have men of fashion that are between gentlemen

a 6.

and

and coachmen : like coachmen they hold the reins, and like gentlemen overturn the carriage. It is difficult to say whether they make a better figure in the drawing-room or the stable. The Institution supplies them with the language of philosophy, and their servants instruct them in the cant of the turf. They are neither in full nor half dress, yet they profess to follow the fashion, and their models are to be seen in the press-yard of Newgate.

We have ladies that are neither chaste nor unchaste, but have hit the pleasing *equivoque* called the *demirep*—Having never been able to settle the boundaries of day and night, every thing is conducted between sleeping and waking ; professions are made, and friendships formed, between jest and earnest.

We have men of honour that vibrate between honesty and roguery—and men of spirit that are neither heroes nor cowards. We have *bons vivans* that are neither drunk nor sober, and just flustered enough to be troublesome.

The theatres reflect the manners of the times :—our plays are neither tragedies nor comedies ; our comedies are mongrels begot by operas on farces ; our entertainments are between *petites pieces* and melodrams ; and, if any regular fable be discoverable, it is in our pantomimes. The town is divided between Shakspeare and Mother Goose.

We have theatres starting up in every part of the town, that are neither regular nor irregular. We have concerts that are deserted only when they are public, and crowded when they are private. Ladies' houses are places of amusement, and the established theatres are for select parties.

Dec. 8.

MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. SHERIFF PHILLIPS, ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF POOR-BOXES FOR THE UNFORTUNATE DEBTORS IN THE FLEET, AND OTHER AMELIORATIONS EFFECTED BY HIM IN THE STATE OF THE PUBLIC PRISONS.

BY DR. BUSBY.

WHAT though you've vow'd yourself my friend,
 Why did I on your smiles depend?
 Why fondly dream a *chosen* few,
 Alone, were dear, and lov'd by you?
 'Tis clear we ne'er *engross'd* your heart,
 That Mis'ry's victims held a part;
 And you but wanted *pow'r*, to show
 How wide its milky streams could flow.
 The private hold, and public jail,
 The *Sheriff's* name with blessings hail!
 And our *devoted friend* we find
 The *common friend* of human kind.
Queen Ann Street West.

HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WITH a big bottle nose, and an acre of chin,
 His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
 With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,
 And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that,
 Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rozinante,
 In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,
 Was a little alarm'd, out of fear for his bones,
 Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of stones:
 "Hip! friend," cried the Doctor, with no little force,
 "Do set down your barrow, you'll frighten my horse."
 Hodge quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,
 "You're a curs'd deal more likely to *frighten my barrow*."
Dec. 14.

FRENCH EMPIRE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

PROJECT OF A DECREE.

WE, Napoleon, by the Grace of God, &c. do decree, and have decreed as follows :

Art. I. England shall ~~cease~~ to be a part of Europe.

II. All Geographers, Cosmographers, Topographers, are ordered to conform to the present decree. All teachers of youth in the Prytanæums, Lyceums, and Central Schools, &c. shall instruct their pupils that the Britannic Isles no longer exist in Europe.

III. All English merchandise, and particularly journals, pamphlets, and books printed in England, are prohibited through the whole extent of the Continent of Europe, under the severest penalties. The importation of English ideas is equally prohibited.

IV. England having usurped the Sovereignty of the Seas, we forbid our subjects, and those of our allies, in future, the use of coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, liqueurs, comfits, and sugared pastry ; the wearing of muslins or calicoes ; the use of bark, and other transatlantic drugs ; and, finally, we for ever expel fevers and other maladies in which these drugs have been wont to be used.

V. When the wind shall blow from England, then all the Imperial Palaces on the Continent shall be protected by *paravents*, or wind-screens.

VI. The *Anglomania* shall be punished as an encroachment on the liberty of the fashions, and the Continental Youth shall not henceforth dress *à l'Angloise*.

Given from our Palace of Fontainebleau, Nov. 20,
1807,

Dec. 12,

NAPOLEON.

KING-

KING-MAKING.

[From the same.]

THE following *Jeu d'Esprit* has been circulated on the Continent :

LETTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO HIS BROTHER LUCIEN.

My dear Brother,

WHY will you persist in declining the title of *Monsieur*, my brother? Why, when crowns are raining down on the heads of all the family, do you continue unwilling to try one on? Doubt not that there will be found one to fit you, since there has been found one which sits perfectly well on the little Jerome. Play the child no longer; but be convinced that under existing circumstances there is nothing better for you than to be a King. What are you afraid of? Is it the toils of State? I will relieve you from them, for you shall only be employed to execute my orders. Is it the ridicule which is attached to the elevation of an upstart? Trust to my power and my insolence for your guarantee. Do you fear the poignard of your new subjects? Begin by killing them, and they will not kill you. You see I explain myself with a frankness altogether fraternal. If at length you leave off this opposition to my wishes, and, to please me, consent in good time to take up the trade of King, to which you have such an ill-founded dislike, but which after all is not a bad thing, I will then give you those counsels which I shall enjoin you to follow, and which we shall find to our mutual advantage.

Your brother Louis is always complaining of his kingdom as being too marshy and foggy, and that the air is bad for his health. He has a great longing for the kingdom of the Latins, which I had destined for you, not to put you too much out of your way. I have not yet, however, made up my mind on all this, and

352 MR. JOHN BULL TO ALL THE TALENTS.

as I shall soon have Spain and Portugal to dispose of, I postpone my determination till that moment, because I shall then have wherewith to content you all.

Enjoy, my dear Lucien, the repose which you love, till the proper time arrive. Ere long, called to a more noble destiny, you will display to the world a new sceptre, in the hands of a new Bonaparte. Then forget those arts which at present form your occupation, and devote yourself to those which you may learn by serving an apprenticeship to me. Exercise the arts of intimidating and oppressing mankind, by stifling their very murmurs—*hæ tibi erunt artes*. There will be nothing wanting to your happiness, if you add another still more essential, and that is the art of pleasing me.

Dec. 17.

NAPOLEON.

MR. JOHN BULL TO "ALL THE TALENTS."

[From the Morning Post.]

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I REALLY begin to lose my appetite for my roast beef and plum pudding, so much fretted am I by your scandalous and un-Englishmanlike behaviour. When you came into office I confess I was very much rejoiced. We shall have at least, thinks I, an economical Ministry, and there will be an end of jobs; and then, with such a fund of talent, every plan must succeed; but, Lord bless my stupid head! never to be sure was a hope so completely disappointed: the first three months were employed in removing all the old servants of Government from their places, to make room for their own needy crew, and God knows numerous and starving enough it was.—“Well,” said I to Mrs. Bull, one morning as I was eating my muffin, and my daughter Jenny was reading to me some of the Ministerial appointments in the *Gazette*, “this does not altogether hit my fancy.” However, I still hoped

hoped when the new men had got warm and comfortable in their snug places, the wonderful talents would begin to shine forth, and produce the fruits so longingly looked for by myself and neighbours.

Peace was the greatest blessing to be expected, so about a peace they set; but after sending Negotiators to submit to more insults in six weeks than British Diplomacy ever received in twice so many centuries, they came back the complete dupes of the knaves they had attempted to fraternize with.

I was not sorry, as matters stood, that Lord L—— came home; “for now,” thinks I, “Old England will show them what her lion can do, when he begins to shake seriously his mane.—You will see, Mrs. Bull,” said I, “the devil to pay in the country. We shall have appeals to the nation, sacrifices called for and granted, an army immediately embarked to aid the common cause, the Baltic will swarm with our fleets, and we shall be the beacon which Europe will look to for safety—for existence!”—“I hope,” said Mrs. Bull and the Miss Bulls, “that now there will be an end of alarms; for, I suppose, they certainly will take that nasty Boulogne that plagues us so.”—“Oh,” said I, “to be sure, my dears; there is no doubt of that, for they could not muster up ten thousand troops to guard their boats, in the whole line of coast from Antwerp to Havre de Grace.” But, alas! day after day passed by, and *All the Talents* seemed as if they were struck with the palsy. The first expedition, under the directions of our wonderful War Minister, who had been the loudest and foremost in his disapprobation of his predecessor, was embarked, disembarked, re-embarked, re-disembarked, about ten times in ten months, before it was permitted to leave the country. Our grand expedition, composed of 20,000 of our best troops, and ablest generals, had previously been sent to an island; but you, wise gentlemen,

Ulemen, gave them orders to undertake nothing hostile against the foe, unless by way of desultory expedition, and this was to be confined to one single effort. In case of success, they were ordered to return to their island, eat a hearty meal, and go to sleep; in order, I suppose, that they might not be disturbed by the melancholy cries and complaints of the poor Calabrian wretches, who had been deluded into resistance by promises of support, and then left to an exasperated and unpardoning foe.

However agreeable it was to *All the Talents* to be very inactive, you were still cunning enough to feel that a good loud salute from the Park and Tower guns would not do much harm; so you began laying your heads together to find out in what way you could most easily and speedily achieve some victory, to entitle you to the thanks of the country. Attacking or beating a prepared enemy was out of your plan; but you had no objection to adopt that of a foe, of whose great talents you never lost an opportunity of expressing the highest and most enthusiastic admiration: so you decided that the blow should be immediately struck in a quarter where it was least expected. You remembered Bonaparte had succeeded with 40,000 men in carrying into effect half your plan, with merely the reproach of forfeiture of national faith; it was worthy then of England to show to all Europe that she could do the same feat, notwithstanding the same reproach, with just one eighth of the physical means. Five thousand men then were awakened from their dreaming state in Sicily, and dispatched to the banks of the Nile: to the fleet the other part of this wise plan was entrusted; every opportunity was to be given them to distinguish themselves; and to land troops, and secure batteries that had hitherto been deemed impassable to hostile fleets, was deemed an insult on the bravery of our invincible navy!—"Sail into the Dardanelles, penetrate into

into the Bosphorus, terrify the Turk, bring away his whole fleet, and we will fire off the Park and Tower guns."—"But," said Admiral Duckworth, "suppose you give us a few of those soldiers you are sending to take the defenceless city of Alexandria, and enable us to make sure work, by securing our entrance and retreat."—"Not a single red-coat," said General Fox, "can I spare you: the orders of *All the Talents* are like the laws of the Medes and Persians."

The fleet sailed, and the fleet failed: they returned covered with shame, and wondering how *All the Talents* could make so egregious a blunder.

The army likewise sailed, and failed also; for this simple reason, that (though as I have a thousand times said, and still believe, one Englishman is a match for three Frenchmen) one English soldier, make what you will of him, is not equal to eight French soldiers; and, therefore, we did not accomplish with 5000 men, what *Bony* could scarcely do with 40,000.

Supine at home, disgraced abroad, proud only in your own conceit, yet secure in your warm comfortable quarters, you might yet have had the delightful satisfaction of humbling England, by rendering a disgraceful peace necessary to her temporary existence; but your restless minds must still be ferreting out the means of agitating and distressing the feelings of your venerable Monarch. There your baneful reign ended: on the rock of Catholic Emancipation your vessel split; and I, and the whole family of the Bulls, got drunk, in celebrating the auspicious event.—I have wrote you these few lines because I wish you to know the real sentiments of myself and family. We believe in our conscience, that had our present vigorous Ministry been in six months before we got rid of *All the Talents*, we should, ere this, have won a safe and honourable peace; and we are firmly persuaded, that
before

before six months elapse we shall still procure it by their vigour and capacity.

Yours,

Dec. 17.

JOHN BULL.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU were pleased to suggest, a few days ago, that the office of Secretary of State for the Foreign Department might as well be *abolished*, now that we have no longer any connexion with the Continent. Why, indeed, pretend to carry on a correspondence when nobody will write to us, or why learn to speak French, and German and Dutch, when we have nobody to speak to?

True it is, the Foreign Department never was placed in a more awkward situation. Just when the worthy Secretary had mustered, I know not how many, grammars, and tired the patience of, I know not how many, private teachers, to acquire a little smattering of diplomatic dialogue, he has not an Ambassador to exchange a single *bon jour* with; and as to the other official gentlemen, they already find it to little purpose to mend pens where there is nothing to write, or to stir the perquisite coals, when they may as well go home to their own fires.

In this dilemma, I am of your opinion, that a very considerable saving may be made in all the offices connected with continental affairs. I do not mean by *abolishing* them—that is too harsh a word, and not at all adapted to the politics of the day. We must not suppose that the business of an office ceases merely because there is no business to be performed, or that an office is to be abolished merely because it is useless. My proposition is—
 of a different nature, and goes merely
 to

to *suspension* for a certain, or rather, an uncertain time; and surely no person would complain of being suspended from business who has no business to carry on. And by way of making the matter very comfortable to the parties concerned, I would propose that such suspension continue only during the war.

You will, Sir, at once see many advantages resulting from this scheme, independent of the vast saving. In the first place, the parties would have the prospect of returning to their places one time or other. And, secondly, the suspension, with its necessary consequences, would enable them to expatiate on the blessings of perpetual war, with a kind of feeling which they do not at present possess. They would not only state, with their usual confidence, that we are able to carry on war for many years to come, but they would also boast of our money and resources in a manner they have not yet assumed, and which, in point of *fact*, if not of eloquence, would very much resemble what we hear in our great manufacturing towns. It would then, indeed, be decidedly proved, that there is nothing so like one man out of bread as another!

But the office to which I have hitherto alluded, is certainly not the only one that is now folding its arms. Thanks to the wisdom of a mutual embargo, there is no farther occasion for Boards of Trade, Alien Offices, Foreign Ambassadors, with all their services—of plate; Foreign Messengers, and Consuls; nor for an army of Landing Surveyors, Surveyors of Searchers, Chief Searchers, Under Searchers, and Comptrolling Searchers, and Surveyors of Imports and Exports. Even Smugglers are now reduced to idleness; and for once in our history, there is an æra in which neither rogues nor honest men can turn a penny.

Now, Sir, all the savings by my plan being thrown into the general stock, it would give our burdens somewhat more than *the appearance* of being equal. I cannot

358 A SKETCH, TAKEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

cannot really see why the influence of fashion should not operate on all classes of handicraftsmen. At present war is a fashion, embargo is a fashion, and *no trade* is both a fashion and a cry; and why should not statesmen, who set these fashions, abide by the consequences, like the Manchester-men, who, after invading Spital Fields, have at last been conquered by the manufacturers of Georgian broad-cloth and Salisbury flannels. Every dog has his day—and although the sight might be melancholy, it would yet be edifying, to see a Secretary of State as much out of bread as a dealer in sarsnet; or, when quarter-day came, desired to go to his parish!

I am, Sir, yours,

Dec. 17.

A MODERN REFORMER.

A SKETCH,

TAKEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

[From the same.]

LO! on each side, through every gaping door,
 To Bellamy's the frighten'd Members pour,
 While Abbot thunders, "Order on the floor."
 In vain the Speaker adds (so keen the race is,)
 "Gentlemen will be pleas'd to take their places."
 What is the cause of all this dreadful pother?
 Grave Senators thus jostling one another!
 Has Hawkins Browne begun to *sing* so soon,
 And whine his ditty to an old psalm-tune;
 Is Craufurd offering up an invocation,
 And spouting forth a prayer to save the nation?
 Does flowery Vyse pour out, of tropes, a score,
 With metaphors, *we never met before*?
 Does Montague renew his Latin jest,
 And end with saying—"I forget the rest!"
 Brulgruddery Browne enforce the standing law,
 And swear, by *Jasus*! "strangers must withdraw?"
 Or Sainted Duigenan meekly state his reason,
 Why every *Paſ* be hang'd for treason;

And

And in his moody madness gravely tell you,
 The Pope had got into Lord Grenville's belly ?
 No ! 't is the silky Castlereagh, whose strain
 Once heard, no soul would wish to hear again ;
 Drawling, he drags along a wearied team
 Of hacknied sentences on every theme ;
 Like a dull boy, who listlessly rehearses
 The self-same prosing round of nonsense-verses :
 " Free to avow," and " willing to express,"
 " Prompt to admit," and " ready to confess,"
 " Frankly concedes what fell from t' other side,
 But could not think the *principle applied*."
 " To the *existing plea*" (he did lament)
 He could not yield *unqualified assent* ;
 But had, however, reason to rejoice
 " The measure claim'd the sanction of his voice ;"
 While without end flows on his endless gabble,
 With see-saw air he swings from bench to table ;
 The drowsy tinklings of his intonation
 Keeping due time with ev'ry dull vibration ;
 Then waves his head-piece, dormitory deep !
 That serves to rock his baby-wit to sleep ;
 And wheeling round he begs to state, once more,
 What he had stated twenty times before :
 Again, alas ! our wearied ears are treated
 With repetitions stupidly repeated ;
 And now he rings the never varying 'chimes,
 And fills the void of sense with synonyms ;
 As " notwithstanding, likewise, also, therefore,"
 " Nevertheless, however, why," and " wherefore ;"
 While every period, trickling to an end,
 Echoes with " *late Right Honourable Friend* :"
 And then we have " the country's proud resources,"
 " Our navy, army, and colonial forces :"
 The wisdom in transporting British pelf,
 To wheedle Europe to *defend herself* ;
 Our wealth, and strength, and sure, before he closes,
 All the grand items of the *Bed of Roses*.
 In fine, he would aver, no Member candid
 Denied, that Pitt did more than ever man did.
 The chiming rumble of his senseless strain,
 With dulcet ding-dong, lulls the drowsy brain ;

Till, from the mazes of his own confusion,
Time winds the Noble Lord to a conclusion.
 The cadence dies upon the jaded ear,
 And roaring Fuller bellows, Hear ! hear ! hear !
 Thus ebbs the shallow tide, such eloquence !
 A simpering stream of any thing—but sense.

Dec. 18.

ARREST OF TWO PERSONS, SUPPOSED TO BE SPIES,

AND CALLING THEMSELVES PROFESSORS FROM THE
 UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.

[From the same.]

*Copy of a Letter, sent express from the Collector of
 the Customs at Yarmouth to the Secretary of the
 Treasury.*

SIR,

Yarmouth, Dec. 22, 1807.

BE pleased to communicate to the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, that I have detained here two persons, stating themselves to be Professors of the University of Copenhagen ; they were landed late last night from a Swedish vessel. The one writes his name *O. P. Q. Rosencrantz*, *Z. P.* Professor of Zoology. The other *X. Y. W. Guildenstern*, *L. L. D. C. P.* Doctor of Laws and Professor of Chemistry. I apprehend these are not their real names.

They have produced a passport, signed M—l—ve, as well as a letter, purporting to have been written by the First L—d of the A——y, and is directed to the said Professors Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, with an addition to each of their titles, of A. S. S. ; the meaning of which they say they do not understand, but which probably is intelligible to His Lordship, as well as to the First L—d of the T——y. His Lordship in his letter fully assures them of the protection of the Government, and holds out the most advantageous offers,

offers, if they can escape over to this country, and bring away all the valuable manuscripts, books, records, archives, and curiosities of every description, belonging to the University, and more particularly all State Papers, and *private confidential dispatches* of Foreign Ministers, that they may be made public, previous to the meeting of Parliament on the 21st of next January.

A small part only of their luggage is now in the Custom-house, consisting of some few books, papers, &c. and a large case of stuffed birds and animals, which they solemnly protest are intended as presents to the several Members of His Majesty's Cabinet; each article is inscribed with the name of some one of those Noble Persons, as their Lordships will perceive by the list enclosed, which I have copied *verbatim*. The names affixed to the birds, &c. the Professors say, are Latin. I therefore thought it most advisable to ascertain that fact, and applied to Pater Suorum, the Master of our Grammar-school, who kindly undertook to translate the names into English, according, as he informs me, to the system of Linnæus.

As it was not permitted to the *French Gentleman* who lately landed here (calling himself *K—g of France*) to withdraw from the Custom-house even a night-cap, clean shirt, or a pair of stockings, I hope their Lordships will approve of my conduct in having detained the Professors and their baggages, as I shrewdly suspect them to be Spies, transported to this country for the purpose of assassinating or blowing up the present *vigorous Administration*.

I thought it my duty to examine two of the stuffed animals very minutely. The *Head* of the Goose was *perfectly empty*; but the moment I made an incision with my knife into the head of the Monkey, there issued forth a most foul stench, quite *putrid* and *rotten*. The whole of this little animal is made up of combus-

tibles, and must have been intended to do mischief in this country at a moment when it is blest with a government of *vigour*, which has already contributed so *highly* to the *honour*, *welfare*, and *security* of His Majesty's dominions.

I hope their Lordships will be satisfied that I have done no more than my duty. And with the utmost respect, I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient and devoted humble servant,

JOHN TAKEFEE,

Collector of the Customs, Yarmouth.

To the Secretary of the Treasury, &c. &c.

Treasury Chambers, Whitehall.

LIST OF ANIMALS.

TO WHOM DIRECTED.

Anser Insiapiens, or Silly	His Grace the D— of
Goose - - - - -	P——d.
Simia Nigra Magnitudinis	
Mediæ; or Middle-sized	
Black Monkey - - -	Rt. Hon. S——r P——l.
Bubo Monasticus, or	
Hooded Owl - - -	L—d E——n.
Ampelis Maynana, or	
Silky Chatterer - - -	V——t C——h.
Pipra Rupicula, or Cock of	
the Rock - - - - -	R. H. G—— C——g.
Alcedo Gigantea, or	
Greatest <i>King</i> Fisher -	L—d H——y.
Ardea Pavonica, or Crested	
Stork - - - - -	Earl of C——m.
Cornix Garrula, or Daw	Earl of W——d.
Pelecanus Major, or Great	
Booby - - - - -	Earl C——n.
<i>Stultus</i> Marinus, or Sea	
Gull - - - - -	Lord M——ve.
Cuculus Ridibundus, or	
<i>Quixing</i> Cuckoo - - -	Earl B——t.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

[From the British Press.]

PPRIVATE theatricals, we understand, by fashionable report, will be the leading feature of the approaching festivities. We have been favoured with a list of some of the pieces in preparation at the houses of the following Nobility and Gentry :—

The Duke of Portland—All in the Wrong, and The Doctor and Apothecary.

The Marquis Wellesley—A Peep into the Seraglio, and The Mogul Tale.

The Marquis of Headfort—Errors Excepted; He is much to Blame; and The Devil among the Tailors.

Margravine of Anspach—The Circassian Princess, and Which is the Man?

The Marquis of Lansdown—The Irish Widow, and Catch Him Who Can.

The Marquis of Abercorn—The Divorce; The Widow bewitched; and The Deuce is in Him.

The Duke of Rutland—She Stoops to Conquer, and the Way to Win Him.

The Duke of Bedford—Speed the Plough, and The Highland Reel.

The Marquis Townshend—Grief A-la-Mode, and The Tardy Wedding.

The Earl of Kingston—The Carnival; The Auto-da-fe; and the Interlude of Croppies lie down.

The Earl of Elgin—Time's a Tell tale, and Tit for Tat.

Earl of Derby—The Constant Couple, and The Way to get Married.

The Earl of Barrymore—The Follies of a Day; We Fly by Night, and the Midnight Hour.

Earl Craven—The Inconstant; Fair Rosamond; and Stop Him Who Can.

Viscount Melville—The True-born Scotchman ; Much Ado About Nothing ; and Such Things Are.

Viscount Castlereagh—Two Faces under a Hood, and All 's Well that Ends Well.

Viscount Milton—Liberal Opinions ; Measure for Measure ; and As You Like It.

Lord Rendlesham—Fortune's Frolic, and Bon Ton.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote—The Hunter of the Alps, and Too Civil by Half.

Mr. Coke—The Sheep Shearing, and Laugh When You Can.

Captain Mellish—Wild Oats ; The School of Reform ; and Who's the Dupe ?

Lord Monson—The Honey Moon, and Love in a Village.

Lord Foley—All for Love, and The Way to Keep Him.

Lady Briscoe—The Ephesian Matron, and All the World's a Stage.

Lady Stronge—A Bold Stroke for a Husband, and The Brave Irishman.

The Earl of Banbury—He Wou'd be a Soldier, and Duke or No Duke ?

The Countess of Aldborough—The School for Scandal ; Fashionable Levities ; and Folly as it Flies.

Mr. John Manners—Love Makes the Man, or The Fop's Fortune ; and Matrimony.

Countess of Cork—The Taming of the Shrew, and Mother Goose.

The Duke of St. Alban's—Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, and The Goodnatur'd Man.

The Duke of Manchester—The West Indian ; The Way to Get Rich, and the Waterman.

The Marchioness of Salisbury—The Wags of Windsor, and No Song No Supper.

Col. Greville.—The Manager in Distress, and the Rehearsal.

The

The Duke of Queensberry—Cupid Outwitted, and The Lady's Last Shift.

The Portuguese Ambassador—The Duke of Braganza ; a Day in Turkey ; and The Conscious Lovers.

Lady Ann Wyndham—The Belle's Stratagem ; Secrets Worth Knowing ; and The Fatal Discovery.

General Tarleton—Three-fingered Jack, and Florizel and Perdita.

Earl of Moira—Feudal Times, and The Heiress.

Viscount Sidmouth—The Cabinet, and a Peep behind the Curtain.

Lord Gambier—Hamlet the Dane, and The Veteran Tar.

The Marchioness of Downshire—The Roman Matron, and the Rival Candidates.

Lord Ellenborough—Cato, and The Land we live in.

Lord Sheffield—The Marriage Promise, First Love, and Harvest Home.

Mr. George Rose—The Rat-trap, The Purse, The Prize, and The Recruiting Serjeant.

General Whitelock—Sprigs of Laurel, and Five Miles Off.

The Duchess of Gordon—Mary Queen of Scots, and The Laughing Philosopher.

Lady Augusta De Ameland—The Mysterious Husband, and The Winter's Tale.

Mr. Perceval—The Capuchin, and the Village Lawyer.

The Marquis of Ely—The Chances—The Wheel of Fortune, and Appearances are against Them.

Mr. Abraham Goldsmid—The Benevolent Jew, and Who wants a Guinea ?

Mr. Canning—The Confederacy, Cross Purposes, and The Devil to Pay.

Mr. Skeffington—The Romance of an Hour, The Sleeping Beauty, and Who but He ?

Mr. Thomas Hope—The Child of Nature, Labour in Vain, and The Upholsterer.

The Emperor of Russia—The Royal Convert, and The Clock has Struck.

Bonaparte—The Bravo of Venice, and Abroad and at Home.

Lord Mulgrave—The Midsummer Night's Dream, Seeing is Believing, and Hear him out.

Mr. Beckford—Timon of Athens, and The Connoisseur.

Viscount Cranley—Tom Thumb, and The Turnpike Gate.

General Craufurd—Love Laughs at Locksmiths, and Pizarro.

The Earl of Powis—The Nabob, and Taffy's Day.

The Hon. Mr. Pierrepont—The Fugitive, and Just in Time.

Lord Cloncurry—The Provoked Husband, and The Fair Penitent.

Mr. Robert Heathcote—The Travellers, Every Man in his Humour, and the Fair Circassian.

The Earl of Glandore—The Splenetic Man, The Red Cross Knights, and The Soldier's Daughter.

Lord Gardner—The English Fleet, and The Siege of Calais.

Viscount Dursley—Of Age To-morrow ; and A Cure for the Heart Ache.

Mr. Ferguson—All for Love, The Fatal Marriage, and The Point of Honour.

The Marquis of Buckingham—The Strangers at Home, and O the Roast Beef of Old England.

Miss Brunton—The Honey Moon, and The Wedding Day.

The Earl of Shannon—Twelfth Night, or, What you Will ; and The Weathercock.

Right Hon. Brinsley Sheridan—Arminius ; or, The Champion

Champion of Liberty; He Would if He Could; and The Humours of an Election.

Sir Home Popham—Adventurers; Spanish Dollars; and It's well it's no worse.

Sir W. Williams Wynne—The Cambro-Britons, and St. David's Day.

Miss Ormsby—The Lady of the Manor, Polly Honeycomb, and All in Good Humour.

Lady Hamilton—The Widow's Vow, and Try again.

Mrs. Lambert—The German Hotel, and Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest?

Mr. Perez—The School for Fathers, and The Deserted Daughter.

Mrs. Billington—Chains of the Heart, and The Musical Lady.

Mrs. Scott Waring—Life's Vagaries, and The Wise Man of the East.

Doctor Duigenan—The Capuchin Friar, The Widow of Malabar, and The Inquisitor.

Mr. Macnamara—The Captive, and Foul Deeds will rise.

Mr. Whitbread—The Man of Business, and The School for Friends.

The Earl of Chesterfield—Edward and Eleanora, and The Flitch of Bacon.

Earl Fitzwilliam—The Man of Ten Thousand, and Christmas Tale.

Mr. Graham—Match for a Widow, and A Word to the Wise.

Anacreon Moore—Apollo turned Stroller, and The Fairy Prince.

Mr. Betty, sen.—The Wandering Jew, Old Women Weather-wise, and The Minor.

Madame Catalani—She would and she would not, Music run mad, and The Bank Note.

Marquis of Donegal—May-day, The Strangers at Home, and The Paragraph.

Colonel Thornton—Mahomet, The Honest Yorkshireman, and The Busy Body.

Lord Collingwood—The French Flogged, and England Preserved.

The Prince Regent of Portugal—The Pilgrim, The Man of Enterprise, and The Runaway.

Major Hanger—The Man of Family, Indiscretion, and The Poor Gentleman.

Viscount Strangford—Sea-side Story.

Miss Duncan—The Mistakes, The Note of Hand, and The Letter-writer.

Lord De Blaquiere—The Poor Soldier, Modern Antiques, and The Pavour.

Lord Henry Petty—To Marry or Not to Marry? and The Alchymist.

A PREMIER'S PETITION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

PITY the sorrows of a *weak* old man,
Whose ~~trembling~~ limbs have sought a Statesman's place,
And left him, at the close of life's short span,
In power feeble, and through greatness base!

These purple robes my wretchedness bespeak;
These hoary locks, that tell my lengthen'd years,
Suffuse with shame the furrows of my cheek,
And bid me mourn my *vanity* in tears.

Yon Treas'ry fane, built on Corruption's ground,
With splendid fancies turn'd my aged head;
There sordid blockheads an abode have found,
And safely slumber on a *roseate* bed.

Hard is the fate of folly and of guilt;
Here as I hop'd my *vigour* to display,
The blood of Denmark, which my *manials* spilt,
Disclōs'd my vices to the face of day.

Oh!

Oh! that my Statesman's place I had resign'd—
 Keen are the griefs that wait on a *First Lord*,
 Diseas'd in body, and diseas'd in mind,
 Abroad despised, and at home abhorr'd.

My former Colleague, and my former friend,
 Supplanted by my arts, was forc'd to flee;
 I *lost* my honour, but I *gain'd* my end,
 When G—ge was let to C—nn—g and to me.

Pity the sorrows of a *weak* old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have sought a Statesman's place,
 And left him, at the close of life's short span,
 In power feeble, and through greatness base!
Dec. 26.

C.

 THEATRICAL CODE.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT would appear, that the revolutions which have of late years convulsed the political world, have also begun to reach the extensive and hitherto independent provinces of Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera. Whether this may be attributed to any misconduct on the part of the sovereigns of the Stage, or to the revolutionary spirit of their subjects, or whether a confusion in the finances of a Theatre, as well as of a State, leads to innovating experiments and popular anarchy, are questions which I cannot pretend to decide.

Certain it is, that the great Napoleon, who has the happiest knack at quelling the tumults of the people, has at last formed a code of laws for the French Theatre, which, like some others of his proceedings, may, in time, be recommended for our imitation. It is, therefore, worth while to consider, what probable advantages may accrue from a series of Acts of Parliament, Bills in Chancery, and Motions at Common Law, respecting the family estates, title-deeds, and writings, belonging to Thalia and Melpomene.

jangle in tune, without a bar rest, and apparent discord is often nothing but real harmony. It must also be admitted, in favour of the judgment pronounced on Madame Catalani by such high authority, that as *viva voce* evidence is not usual in the Court of Chancery, vocal music is of necessity rejected; and I must confess, that I have never heard that one of Mrs. Bilington's, or Madame Mara's, or any other favourite Singer's notes, had been ever traced on the margin of a brief of Chancery Pleadings. I have often read, no doubt, such language as this—"My Lord, I have a note of this case. My Lord, I have a note of that." But I never understood that the most famous of the Pleaders at the Chancery Bar ever had in his possession a single note of Madame Catalani. Neither in the Petty Bag, nor in the Hamper, vulgarly called the Hanaper-office, I am confident was ever any such a note found. But, Sir, knowing a Court of Justice as the Mantuan Swain first knew Rome, merely by report, I had, like him, formed strange notions, and fancied a wonderful analogy, sympathy, resemblance, and coincidence, between the representation of an Opera and the hearing of a cause. A Bill in Equity consists of the charging part, the irony, and the interrogatories. In the Opera, irony too often supplies the place of wit; interrogatories may be found in the dialogue; and the Managers will admit, that no Opera in which Madame Catalani performed, was ever deficient in the *charging* part. The story of *Orpheus* moving stocks and stones by his melodies, never appeared a miracle to me; for often have I known English woods and castles vanish before the charms of an Italian singer. Catalani may, with as much ease as *Amphion*, at any time convert her *crotchets* into bricks, and her *quavers* into mortar; and as to the fable of *Arion* carried to the shore by the dolphin, I always considered it as merely typical of some poor cast-away gudgeon,

gudgeon, who was saved from a *Shark* by a *fishing-bill* in the Court of Chancery. But, Sir, to come to the parallel between the hearing of a cause, and the representation of an Opera :

The House opens—the musicians take their seats in the Orchestra—open their books—tune their fiddles—rosin their bows—sound their horns.

The Court opens—the Lawyers take their seats—examine their bags—take a pinch of snuff—blow their noses—stroke their bands—adjust their wigs—inquire the news.

Case of Purcell v. Macnamara.—Counsel opens the case with a gentle *andante affetuoso*—new movement—*Penseroso*—he warms—*Allegro moderato*—warmer—*Allegro Staccato*—impassioned—*Siciliano*. This is called *Eloquence*.

Overture to Semiramide.—Smooth and simple melody—flourish of cracked trumpets and kettle-drums, braying of bassoons, and squeaking of old dulcimers.

The opposite Counsel answers—*Allegro*—in a passion—*con furioso*.

A *solo*, by a fierce fellow, who travels with his fiddlestick over a huge bass viol, at the rate of 150 bars a minute, tearing the music to tatters. This is called *Execution*.

Judgment against the Defendant.

SONG.—Who kill'd poor Robin, who kill'd poor Robin?]

'T was I, said the rook, with my big book,

'T was I kill'd poor Robin.

The Court breaks up.

SONG.—The owls came out, and flew about.

The Clients disperse.

SONG.—The ducks and geese they all swim over,

Fal de ral, de ral de, &c.

The curtain drops—the ladies retire in their red cardinals.

SONG.—There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket.

In

In rehearsing this parallel, Mr. Editor, I have alternately roared myself hoarse, and sung myself asleep. I have alternately acted the Serjeant-at-law, and Madame Catalani at the Opera. I have alternately astounded and delighted my neighbours, broken pianos, and cracked my lungs. But I have not laboured in vain. In my warm anticipations of future improvement, I have sometimes almost convinced myself that music will in time be brought to such perfection as to supersede the necessity of reading and writing, and that every kind of social intercourse will be conducted by flute, fiddle, and sounds, and executed in *solos, duets, trios, and quartets*. From the present rage, Sir, for the *Ars Musica*, and particularly the Italian Opera, singing might be introduced with great advantage, particularly into our national assemblies. When a *country gentleman*, a *boisterous* Member of Opposition, was one day roaring out in the House of Commons, “*Where* will you get money for this expedition? *where* will you get money for that?” the great Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, whose administration he was attacking, answered in the following song—

Gentle shepherd, tell me where, tell me where?

This song, the *burden* of which the famed Orator executed with great taste, walking at the same time out of the House, threw all the Members into a roar of laughter, and bore down all opposition more successfully than the most elaborate and eloquent speech. Need we more than the example of such a master, and the authority of such a name, for the introduction of a song into the House of Commons? No doubt Doctor Duigenan, the Hon. Dennis Browne, and Tyrwhit Jones, might find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to warble in the sweet strains of a Catalani or a Billington; but, in such cases of physical necessity, instrumental music might be substituted for

for vocal. A member of this description, instead of wagging his tongue, might be allowed to flourish a fiddle-stick; by which means, if he said nothing to the purpose, he would at all events "discourse most eloquent music," which is more than can be said of the majority of the House at present.

I am Sir, yours,

Gamut Hall.

SIMPKIN QUAYER.

DANGERS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 2, 1808.]

SIR,

THE following notice appeared in last Saturday night's Gazette:

"Admiralty Office, 26th Dec. 1807.

"The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having ordered a selection of Charts to be made for the use of His Majesty's service, all persons who possess information respecting the situation of any rock, shoal, or danger, not yet published, are requested to transmit the same to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

(Signed)

"W. W. POLE."

Now, Sir, not being in the habit of corresponding with Secretaries, I wish by your means to notify to the Board, that I know of certain dreadful "rocks, shoals, and dangers," that have lately appeared in the Irish Channel, and threaten to put an end to all intercourse between the two countries.

Their Lordships are aware that considerable obstructions have always existed in that passage, particularly the extensive sand called the *Great Conscience*. This however seemed, a few months ago, to give way, drifting towards the coast of France, between which and Ireland it was forming an insurmountable barrier. But all our hopes were destroyed by the sudden

den appearance of the dismal rock, called the *Black Elldone*. It rested on the *shallow part* of what remained of the *Conscience*, which by some strange petrifying quality it immediately fixed and condensed into an immovable bank. At the same moment it was found that the great shoal on the French side had vanished; and now, people who had long turned their anxious eyes towards England, begin to fix them on her enemy.

There are seven or eight other shoals and rocks, which sprung up at the same time with the *Black Elldone*, none of them very terrible in themselves, but extremely so by their connexion with the sand-bank. The *Portland* (so called from a fancied resemblance to the island of that name) looks high at a distance; but, when approached, what appeared to be stone is seen to be only mud. But there is a dreadful whirlpool by its side, which sucks every thing of value into its vortex with inconceivable greed. Indeed, they are all attended with this power of absorption; otherwise, several of them, such as the *Westmoreland*, the *Bathurst*, and the *Chatham*, would be quite contemptible.

The *Castlereagh* (for the people give names to them all according to their fancy) is a quicksand exceedingly dangerous, and changing into all manner of forms. It is in reality of a very filthy slime, polluting every thing near it; but occasionally it appears green and solid like an island, and then the poor wretches, who are betrayed to land upon it, are lost. A continual fog rests upon it, and a drowsy sound is heard, which irresistibly lulls the unhappy mariner to sleep. But its most extraordinary quality is, that, notwithstanding the looseness of its substance, no winds nor tides can move it out of its place.

The *Spercefal*, or *Ape*, is a little rock, with a whirlpool of extraordinary suction. It had nearly drawn in the *Duchy of Lancaster* the first day it appeared.

There are some scattered plants growing on it, but they are said to be poisonous.

The *Hawkboy* has likewise drawn in some valuable prizes. The Dover Castle was the first victim; and the owners are still full of indignation, that so fine a vessel should ennoble this dirty and contemptible flat.

The *Canning* is more above the water than the rest, and whiter. It seems less firmly connected with the great sand. The last breeze we had, it was seen shaking, and many expected it would separate from the rest, and tumble into the water; but some *latent rocks*, which are numerous there, it is supposed prevented it.

Those latent rocks are likewise very dangerous. Of them the *Old Jenk* is the most notorious. The *Dundassifer* stood formerly above the water, but was blown up, and is now invisible, though still to be carefully guarded against. I will not take up their Lordships' time by enumerating all that I have observed; but I cannot help noticing the surprising maal-stroom, called the *Sir Popgun*, which has an attraction for silver so violent, that it is thought it might be removed to France, or any where else, by a sacrifice of a ship-load of dollars. If they once came within its sphere, it would follow them, they say, to the end of the world.

The other "dangers" I have mentioned are more attached to their present places, and could not be so easily removed; but it has been suggested, on the faith of some old experiments, that their gorging whirlpools might be effectually closed by the judicious application of *hemp*. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Cecil Street Coffee-house,
Dec. 31, 1807.

PATRICK DOGARTY,
of Kinsale.

EXECUTION OF "ALL THE TALENTS."

[From the Satirist.]

ALL hopes of obtaining a pardon, or even a reprieve, having failed, "*All the Talents*" began, in sober earnest, to prepare for the fate their merits had so long entitled them to expect. Early on the morning of the fatal day, the culprits were awakened by the bellman's recitation of the usual admonitory verses, to which he added the following occasional stanza, written, as we are informed, by Mr. Thomas Sheridan :

O fatal hour! O day forlorn!
 Ye would not thus be left to mourn
 A set of ousted elves,
 Had ye but serv'd the public weal
 With half the ardour, half the zeal,
 That ye have serv'd—yourselves!

In the course of the sermon delivered by the Ordinary, that reverend gentleman descanted with great eloquence upon the fallacies of hope, and the quicksands of self-conceit. He proved, by the authority of St. Paul, that servants should not attempt to be masters; and added, that a Court of Exchequer was not a dancing-school; that a Treasurer should, for decency's sake, have some little treasure of his own; and that if a mere *pronoun personal* were to squat itself down upon a woolsack where nouns substantive had formerly presided, it must soon cease to be a *pronoun possessive*.

The culprits were now assembled in the press-yard, when some difficulty arose as to the choice of an Ecclesiastic to perform the last sacred function. The Ordinary was of course rejected, as a loyalist and a Protestant; Father O'Leary was, alas! no more; and some of the Party were looking impatiently towards the reverend personage whom they refused; alleging,

ing, that a Protestant was *better than nothing*; when Mr. W——d put an absolute veto upon the business, consigning to the devil all Ordinaries, except *ordinaries on Sundays at two o'clock*, which, he observed, had been the making of himself and his father. At this juncture the astonished Keeper ran into the press-yard to inform the malefactors that he had just beheld a man with a grey beard and a fool's cap galloping like mad up the Old Bailey on a donkey, and swinging something at the end of a rope that looked like a brass butter-boat! "T is the Pope, by the head of St. Januarius," cried the delighted Lord G——e; and the words were scarcely uttered, when His Holiness entered the court-yard. It is not for a hum-drum historian, like the writer of this article, to attempt a description of the meeting. Love of place, hope of absolution, fear of purgatory, and the dread of being *turned off*, conspired to produce a scene to which the pencil of the great Mr. West could alone do justice, when he shall have ceased to depict brass armour, pewter faces, and wooden rocking-horses.

The usual ceremony of knocking off the fetters was now about to be resorted to, when Lord Henry P——y insisted upon first entertaining the Pope with a horn-pipe in fetters, as performed in the *Beggar's Opera*, which he effected in a style that drew applause even from the hands of the most manacled. "My dear son," exclaimed the Pope, in the words of the uncle in the play, "you will have but one more dance, and that will be—upon nothing; but what, my dear boy, is that bundle which so extends your left coat pocket?" "Holy father," cried the penitent skipper, "it is only a collection of notched sticks, no longer, alas! of use." "Pardon me," resumed the Pope, "they are of the greatest use," and instantly delivered them to the Finisher of the Law, with which he abruptly departed.

The feelings of all present were now alarmed with a crackling and hissing noise, and the murky atmosphere

phere of Newgate grew red with conflagration. The Hangman soon made his appearance, and informed the anxious inquirers that he had been ordered by the Magistrate to burn certain newspapers; and that, by command of the Pope, he had added Lord Henry's notched sticks, which had together made as pretty a bonfire as man could wish to be fried in. "Fried in!" exclaimed the affrighted Mr. W——d; "why, zounds, Sir," turning to the Pope, "you don't mean to roast us!"—"Certainly," replied the descendant of St. Peter, with great coolness; "genuine, unadulterated martyrdom can be manufactured in no other manner." A council of war was hereupon called, and Mr. S——n observed, that from the foretaste of that element he had felt in a leading feature in his own visage, he should prefer the vulgar exit by means of a rope. The rest of the malefactors acquiesced in this opinion, and the fire was soon quenched by a few sheets of ———, wet from the press.

At the toll of the bell the criminals, escorted by the Pope, ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and were placed by Mr. *Ketch* in the usual manner, with their faces towards Ludgate Hill. Mr. Sheriff ———, however, objected to this arrangement, saying, that he had read in some law book, either in *Fox's Martyrs*, *Jonathan Wild*, or *Blackstone*, that if a man was a Roman Catholic or an Anabaptist (which he believed meant the same thing), he was entitled to be hanged with his face towards Smithfield. This laudable attention to the liberty of the subject was soon reported in the interior of the prison, and the numerous felons, delighted at the *new prospect* thus opened to them by the humanity of the Sheriff,

"Shook their chains in transport and rude harmony."

"To the right-about face!" cried the Pope: "*All the Talents*" obeyed; and Smithfield, with its horned inhabitants,

inhabitants, instantly saluted their eyes. Mr. S——n disliked the sight of Giltspur Street Compter, and Lord G——e complained that the Protestant Church of St. Sepulchre was thrown in his teeth. Mr. W——d was particularly affected by the view of three of his own drays; and Lord Henry P—— wished it was fair-time, as he had heard the *hops* given at that place were very fashionably attended. The Pope interrupted the conversation, by asking the criminals if they had any objection to a stave: they answered, None at all; whereupon His Holiness sung an anthem, setting forth his own birth, parentage, and education, his connexion with "*All the Talents*," and the cause of their present downfall, the malefactors joining in the chorus with great appearance of devotion. Our reporter was so far from the scene of action that his ear could only catch the following stanza:

I trotted from Rome to crown Emperor Nap,
 Hey, tan ta ra, ra, bo!
 Where I sat in a corner, and wore a fool's cap,
 Hey, tan ta ra, ra, bo!
 I rode on a donkey, so doubtful to view,
 That they could not tell which was the ass of the two,
 With my monkery, funkery,
 Rozary dozery,
 Puzzle 'em, muzzle 'em,
 Bobadil, rob a deal,
 Hey, tan ta ra, ra, bo!

During the chorus, "*Hey, tan ta ra, ra, bo!*" Lord Henry cut a caper in the air, and alighted on his left leg, till desired by the Pontiff to desist, as so much violence might loosen the pin, and cause a premature exit. At the last words of the close, "*bo!*"—" *All the Talents*," by a sympathetic movement, cast their eyes on poor Lord Henry, which Mr. S——n technically called *catching goose*.

The Finisher of the Law now proceeded to adjust
 the

the night-caps, and Lord E—— took off his judicial wig, which he requested Lord G——e to accept: the latter declined the offer. “Nay, take it, I conjure you,” said his friend; “it is a *full bottom*.”—“So is *mine*,” answered Lord G——e, turning on his heel. At the appointed signal the platform dropped, and the culprits were launched into eternity. The Pope replenished his vinegar cruet, to melt himself a road through the Alps, and the multitude quietly departed to their respective habitations.

HILLS OF LISBON.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE topographical blunders which you have noticed in the letters respecting the departure of the Portuguese Royal Family are not inexcusable; if you will admit, what you seem at present to forget—the plea of *state-necessity*. The preparer of these letters, whoever he may be, may certainly inform you, that if it was necessary the French army should see the departure of the fleet, it was also necessary to place them on *hills*, from whence they might enjoy the prospect. But this is not the only excuse I can make—I have another, yet better founded.

When these letters arrived it was discovered that they were too prosaic for a Secretary who understands poetical effect, and who, to the energies of a smart pen, occasionally adds some little *touches* from the *pencil*. They are sister arts; and as, in the present case, where a grand effect is to be produced, it is not necessary to stick too close to nature. All artists, indeed, from Capability Brown to Mr. Knight, hold themselves at perfect liberty to improve upon Nature, where she appears to have done little for herself.

Now,

Now, Sir, what is the case here? Why, no more than this—that Lord Stratford and Sir Sidney Smith had sketched out a very pretty scene, land and water, groups of spectators, &c. &c.; but one ingenious *artist* of the Foreign Office discovered that it wanted a *back-ground*, which unquestionably no landscape should be without. With this idea, he dipt his brush in *colours* of his *own preparing*, and put up a few *hills*, and these he very naturally decorated with a French army, a thing which every body likes best *at a distance*. And for such a *finish*, I think he deserves to be considered at the next election of R. A.'s.

I am, Sir, yours,

Jan. 4.

CLAUDE, JUNIOR.

POETICAL POLITICIANS.

[From the same.]

SIR,

IN your remarks on the *elaborate* accounts from Portugal, you have frequently taken occasion to advert to the *poetical* talents of the writers of those accounts, and of the gentleman who very kindly undertook to favour the public with an edition, which, as the catalogues say, was *Auctior et Emendatior*. These allusions of yours have suggested to me the propriety of inquiring, whether the *poetical* and *political* character may not be so united in the same person, as to produce *very grand effects*.

That a political poet would illustrate the exploits of our *vigorous* Administration, so as to fit them for the sublimest pages of history, is evident, if you will only consider *what* a poet is—that he is a *maker*, one who *invents*, and who is a poet only in proportion to his *invention*; that he never descends to petty details of matters of fact, or pays a scrupulous attention to dates and documents, proofs and vouchers, but soars into
the

the regions of imagination ; plucks the brightest images from nature and fancy ; and adorns his fictions with the sublime or the pathetic, as his subject may require—passing from the horrors of a battle to the conviviality of a banquet, or the *tartness* of a conversation. Now, Sir, without saying one word more on this part of my argument, I would inquire of any true critic, whether such a man would not have illustrated our national affairs in a manner that would have made London a second Troy ; English history another Iliad ; and George Canning, and Lord Strangford, the Homer and Camoens of modern times.

It is said that poets are an irascible race. We read of the *genus irritabile vatum* ; but surely, Sir, no disposition can better suit the modern Statesman, and particularly during the continuance of the present system. The more he has of the *irritabile* in his composition, the more he will be qualified to *increase the number of our enemies*, and to procure us the honour of fighting *single-handed* with the whole world. The very idea is poetical.

At the same time, Sir, I do not contend that all our Statesmen should do business with the Muses. In some departments these ladies would consider themselves as extremely ill-treated by their *addresses*. The old First Lord could gain nothing by his hobbling rhimes ; and as to your Castlereaghs, Camdens, &c. I question whether it would be safe to trust them with a *couplet*. I have no inclination to accumulate characters for a second *Dunciad*. Affairs, too, of trade and finance ought to be exempted. Phillips made nothing of his Cyder, nor Granger of his Sugar-cane. Mr. Perceval, I am sure, has not fancy enough to render his budget an *harmonious* composition, although his last lottery might have made a very pretty episode in *Alfred's* verse. I would, therefore, for the present, try the experiment (or rather continue the experiment, for

for it has been tried) in the case of our Foreign Secretary, and in the appointment of *Diplomatic Minstrels*. An old wit says, than an Ambassador is a civil gentleman, who goes abroad to tell *lies* for the good of his country. The word *lies* is harsh, and was used only in those days when people were rude enough to call things by their proper names: but it is evident, that the above wit means *fictions*, such as arise in the brain of every genuine poet, and form the grand distinction between him and those mere versifiers, who, like domestic fowls, never fly higher than the pale of their own farm-yard. But it is unnecessary to dwell on this topic, as we have already had a very fine specimen of *diplomatic soaring*, and of those noble creations of fancy, which have covered plains with *hills*, and hills with *gazing armies*.

One other objection I shall notice, merely to show how little it bears upon the question. It is said, that *poets are poor*! Surely no objection was ever so insignificant.—*Poets* are poor—and so are *Statesmen* when they first enter upon office; but so far is this from being a popular objection, that I firmly believe the public would not have been very sorry if some of them had continued poor to the present day.

I am, Sir, yours,

Jan. 9. A FRIEND TO MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS.

INAUGURATION OF SIR HOME POPHAM.

[From the same.]

Falstaff. Here, we have taken a thousand pound this morning.

Prince Henry. Where is it, Sir John, where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it? Why, taken from us it is.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the official account, published in all the papers, of the installation of Sir John Stuart and Sir Home Popham in this city, I per-

386 INAUGURATION OF SIR HOME POPHAM.

ceive the public curiosity is not yet satisfied. I suppose, therefore, you will very gladly receive an account of some particulars from an eye-witness, more especially as the Chamberlain's Report, being written in the morning, could give no account of what happened at the dinner.

I have the honour to be of the Court of Assistants of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and I can take upon me to assert, that, so far from being indifferent about the dignity of becoming a Merchant Tailor, Sir Home Popham, at least (*for I will not answer for Sir John Stuart*) showed every token of satisfaction and gladness, as he entered our Hall. Sir Home, it is well known, was bred in the *Merchant* service, and has long very happily blended the merchant with the seaman; and far from despising the addition of the *Tailor*, he looks forward with the highest delight to the *cabbage*.

I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of any man, and I believe firmly, that Sir John Stuart is a brave Officer, but I greatly fear he is merely a *soldier*, and knows nothing about *trade*. Samuel Dixon, at the dinner, put him completely out with a plain question concerning *slops*; and truly I cannot tell how he happened to conquer a French army; for I declare, upon my honour, he looked very much abashed as he walked up the Merchant Tailors' Hall, and seemed to confess, by his countenance, that he and Sir Home Popham were *not fitly matched*. Sir Home, on the other hand—Good Heavens! how the *Tailors* trembled at his glance.

It was just the same at Guildhall. Sir Home marched up like a hero, and seemed quite in his element.—He bowed gaily to the Chamberlain, tipped a smile to each of the Messrs. Dixons, and with wide gulps swallowed down the flood of glory, which the combined mercantile and *slop-selling* interest of this

great corporation were pouring out. He *seized* the sword, and wielded it with such a look, that I trembled, and the half-crowns jingled in my very breeches pocket. But poor Sir John (whom, I must again say, I believe to be a brave Officer) seemed to hang back, and I was not sure at one time whether he would take the sword or no. No doubt any man must have felt some embarrassment in the presence of Mr. Samuel Dixon and his brothers, all standing in the situation so well described in the Report; and, *as a professional man*, Sir John must have been somewhat impressed with awe, when under the eye of *Colonel* Deputy Birch. Some allowance must, therefore, be made for him: but, after all, if my faculty of observation be good for any thing, he and Sir Home are *very different men*, and many persons, I am confident, were sorry to see them put on the same level.

At the dinner, however, I was sorry to see the distinction too strongly marked. Every *trading* heart beat sympathetic around Sir Home. Sir John was overlooked. The citizens remembered, that though he conquered a French army in open battle, yet he brought away *nothing but fame*. The devil a *dollar* or ounce of *plate* can he show for it. The upholsterers and commission-men listened with rapture to Sir Home, while he talked of *silver* and ship-loads of *Peruvian bark*, and of the new *conquests* and new *acquisitions*, which, under the present able Ministers, he anticipated. To *Deputy Birch* he declared, that he would soon provide a mart for the disposal of his *stale twelfth-cakes*, and all the other *refuse* of the city. The Deputy dropped a grateful tear, and assured him, that, at the next affair in Guildhall, he would provide the Chamberlain with a piece of poetry twice as long, and free from the ludicrous applications of the present. In such pleasant conversation passed the evening; and tradesmen, won with the condescension of Sir Home,

handed him their cards and samples of goods under the table, and solicited him for his orders.

I should not omit, that Deputy Birch had exerted himself wonderfully on this occasion in his capacity of *cook*. The dinner was excellent, and the devices at the dessert very appropriate. The Romney and Sensible were exhibited *with all their repairs*. A trading Commodore, with wide pockets, was done to the life. Buenos Ayres pouring a horn of abundance into Birmingham's lap was much applauded; and the Deputy declared that, if his paste had not run short, he intended to have represented *all the sea-fights of Sir Home* in relief, with models of *all the enemies' ships of war he had ever taken*.

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,
Throgmorton Street, A MERCHANT TAILOR.
 Jan. 15.

THE CITY SWORDS.

[From the same.]

A SWORD from the City brave Stuart receiv'd,
 For valour no danger could stop;
 And tell too what none could have thought or believ'd,
 A Sword was awarded to Pop——.
 Jan. 18. HUM!!!

NAP AND NICK; OR, WHO AND WHO'S TOGETHER.

LINES ON THE REPORT PROPAGATED IN THE FRENCH PAPERS, THAT THE EARTHQUAKE CEASED AT LISBON ON THE FRENCH FLAG BEING PLANTED ON THE RAMPARTS.

[From the British Press.]

WHEN the House of Braganza prepar'd to take flight,
 Napoleon and Nick, who in mischief delight,
 A treaty concluded, in which 't was exprest,
 That each, to annoy them, should still do his best.

Nap

Nap swore that he'd send, for his share of the job,
 Thirty thousand d—d scoundrels to murder and rob;
 Whilst Nick, to his friend, made a most solemn vow,
 Under Lisbon, with earthquakes, to kick up a row.
 The winds blow from heaven a favouring gale;
 From the Tagus, with Sidney, the Portuguese sail;
 The French enter Lisbon, get little but curses,
 Few throats left to cut, and, alas! fewer purses.
 At that moment Nick popt up his head, and survey'd
 The tri-colour'd flag on the ramparts display'd;
 The earth was still trembling, the Frenchmen look'd sick,
 Suspecting their friend of some rascally trick;
 The mine was prepar'd, the train laid for the blow,
 And Nicky's own corps had a field-day below;
 The chief engineer, with the match in his hand,
 Stood ready to touch at the word of command;
 In an instant the city had vanish'd in flame!
 In an instant poor Lisbon had been but a name!
 With a voice loud as thunder—between fear and doubt,
 Nick roar'd to his minion to put the match out;
 To quench every spark, for, unless he took care,
 His master's *best friend* he'd blow into the air.

PEEP-BO.

 MR. CANNING'S BOX.

[From the same.]

ON Tuesday evening a Messenger lost Mr. Canning's official box, with office papers in it, by leaving it in a hackney coach, in St. James's Street, which drove off, unconscious of the precious deposit, while the Messenger, unfortunately, forgot the number of the carriage. A lady, who called a hackney coach on Tuesday night, in Cockspur Street, to convey her home from the Opera, found a box in it, of which she has sent us the following description:

A *light* deal box, *loose* in the joints, with *brass* hinges, *shallow*, and of *small contents*, but highly *varnished* and *showy*.

It is secured by a small padlock, with a secret

spring, which flies open to the touch, and discovers the interior, consisting of a little nest of *papier mâché* drawers; contents as follow:

No. 1.—*A new French Grammar*, and *Boyer's Royal Dictionary*, abridged, French and English, with two French exercises in manuscript.

No. 2.—Two old numbers of *The Anti-Jacobin*, and a long string of puns and epigrams upon several distinguished personages of the present day, including Viscount Sidmouth and Lord Hawkesbury.—The *puns* without *wit*, and the *epigrams* without *point*.

No. 3.—An Essay upon political, national, and mental *vigour*, *energy*, and *activity*, illustrated by a series of examples from the works of Monsieur Ragout, Maker of the Fire-works at Vauxhall, and from the new Pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

No. 4.—A large quantity of *Rose-powder*, for decoying *rats*.

No. 5.—A few *candle-ends* and *cheese-parings*, with some *tarts*, *acids*, and *bitters*, with a label annexed, containing the following inscription:

“Doses for Talleyrand and Bonaparte; or, The True Balm of Gilead, for invigorating a British constitution.”

Should the above description answer Mr. Canning's box, it will be restored to the owner, on application to Mrs. O'Shan, Pope's Head,

Jan. 21.

OLD TURN STYLE.

SPEECH OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS TO PARLIAMENT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

I AM “*apprized*” that it was Mr. Canning's intention, that the Speech of the Lords Commissioners to Parliament should be this year framed in the

the shape of a poetical address; as á novelty, and an improvement of the old practice. Indeed, I have not only been "*apprized*" of the fact, but I have obtained a copy (which is more than he has been able to do of any secret article of the Peace of Tilsit) of the sketch which he drew up for this purpose. Although it was rejected by the Cabinet upon a division, it will be obvious to any one, upon comparing the sketch with the Speech actually delivered, that the latter is little else than a reduction of the former to prose.

I am, Sir, &c.

Jan. 25.

PHILOMUSUS.

DRAFT OF THE SPEECH IN VERSE.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

THE King expects you're come to town,
With hearts as zealous as his own,
To save your country from disgrace,
And keep his Ministers in place.

First, you're to know the Peace of Tilsit
Has not made Bonaparte still sit:
For Mr. Canning, who finds out
All he is, or will be about,
And can foresee, by skill prophetic,
Things which he states with art poetic,
Was soon "*appriz'd*," that in his brain
There was a scheme to make the Dane,
And e'en the faithful Portuguese,
Sail and attack us on the seas.
In this most new and dang'rous crisis,
Of which he thus obtain'd advices;
It was our duty from that hour
To place their fleets out of their power.
The King commands us to assure ye
'T was with deep sorrow, not in fury,
He sent his orders for the fall
Of Denmark's ancient capital:
(Though with a real moderation,
Which must insure your approbation,
He was so civil and so tender,
At first to ask her to surrender:)

But

But he congratulates you on
Their happy execution.

Further the King commands us to
Direct you to the pleasing view
Of Lisbon's Court from Europe driven,
Committing to the winds of heaven
* *The hopes and fortunes of Braganza.*
How prettily this rhimes with stanza!
(Canning, assisted by Lord Strangford,
Whose odes deserve the birch of Langford,
Has wrote a poem on the story,
Which shall forthwith be laid before ye.)
When lawful Kings their native land
Abandon to a hostile land,
We should † rejoice.—And how much more,
When we have led them to the shore,
And sent their ‡ household gods to see
On board these very ships which we
By dint of wise negotiation
Sav'd from the grasp of the Great Nation.

We are commanded to inform ye,
The sky on Russia's side looks stormy;
Russia her mediation proffer'd,
And we refus'd not what she offer'd;
Nor did we quite accept it either,
But took a medium, and did neither.
Which seems to common folks a riddle,
But reason must be in the middle.

Prussia, and Austria our dear brother,
Have lately for some cause or other
Made war against us; but for what
God knows;—their Ministers do *not*.

His Majesty has given direction,
That for your judgment and inspection,

* This expression is highly classical; though a mere commentator cannot undertake to say, whether Mr. C. had in his thoughts the "*Spes et Fortuna valet!*" or the "*Hæc Trojana tenus fuerit fortuna secuta.*"—In the next King's Speech it is hoped there will be quotations from the classic authors.

† Macbeth.

‡ "*Ilum in Italiam portans, nictosque penates.*"—VIRGIL.

His Secretaries should submit
The papers which themselves think fit.

His Majesty, with much concern,
Wills that through us you all should learn,
That, notwithstanding his endeavours,
All France's wrongs, and Britain's favours,
The Ottoman Porte (the Porte Sublime
We should have said in former time)
Is still our foe to their misfortune,
Which will their sway and empire shorten.

In one spot only things looks better :
Britain to Sweden is a debtor,
By a most § *sacred* obligation,
For fighting in self-preservation ;
Wherefore she has, *jure divino*,
A title to our British rhino.

|| We are especially commanded,
To say to you what ¶ never man did ;
A saying quite sublime and new,
'Tis that the war which we pursue,
Is strictly just and national,
If any war we so may call.

Europe and all the world's intent
Upon the British Parliament.

If you are still for battle hearty,
Till we have conquer'd Bonaparte,
Resolv'd to face the force combin'd
Of foes increasing, trade declin'd,
Rather than treat with him this year,
By G— we'll beat him, never fear.

Lastly, the King would have you know,
He cares not sixpence for the foe ;
And trusts reciprocally you
Are just as constant, wise, and true.

§ Is this an allusion to the "*Auri sacra fames*?"

¶ Mr. Canning had forgotten to notice America ; an omission which
s pointed out by Lord Mulgrave. Consequently there are no verses
out America.

¶ "Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc, indictum ore alio."—HOR.

A SKETCH TAKEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE SESSIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.—Jan 30.]

THE *giant* speech had clos'd—Lord Ham. arose,
And preach'd most prettily his measur'd prose;
Just in conception, accurate in letter—
His Lordship never play'd *Octavian* better.
Then we behold long-winded, ling'ring Ellis,
And faintly catch what feeble whispers tell us.
Next self-assuming vapouring Milnes appears,
His modesty so suited to his years!
Pitt might declaim—Fox reason—Porteus preach—
But who like Milnes can spout a *written speech*?
How volubly he gabbles through his part—
Upon my life he has it all by heart!!!
Hear with what a grand "*rotundo ore*,"
"*Sesquipedalia verba*" roll before ye!
Pours, like a parrot, from his husky throat
The clumsy declamation got by rote:
Johnsonian periods! sonorous and round;
Less Johnson's massy sense than sullen sound:
With verbose nothings *generously* fraught,
But frugal in his native *thrift* of thought:
The tiny sense, the tumid strain affords,
Is lost amid a wilderness of words;
And then, he gives it with an air so free,
As if his nonsense were *extempore*.
But, Perceval! what means this agitation?
Why stammer so?—*unusual* perturbation!
You! who but now were in such flippant vogue;
So fram'd "to snarl, and bite, and play the dog."
You! who were once so venom-tongu'd and bold—
You! who might challenge Billingsgate to scold;
Who've dar'd such seas as Pitt would never dare,
A fretful, fearless *spitfire* sloop of war!
To fail in words—to shock all common sense, Sir;
Why what can be the matter, Master Spencer?
To see you thus, with *Hamlet* one would fain mark,
"*There's something rotten in the State of Denmark.*"
He stammers on, however out of season,
And strives to quibble, since he cannot reason.

Now

